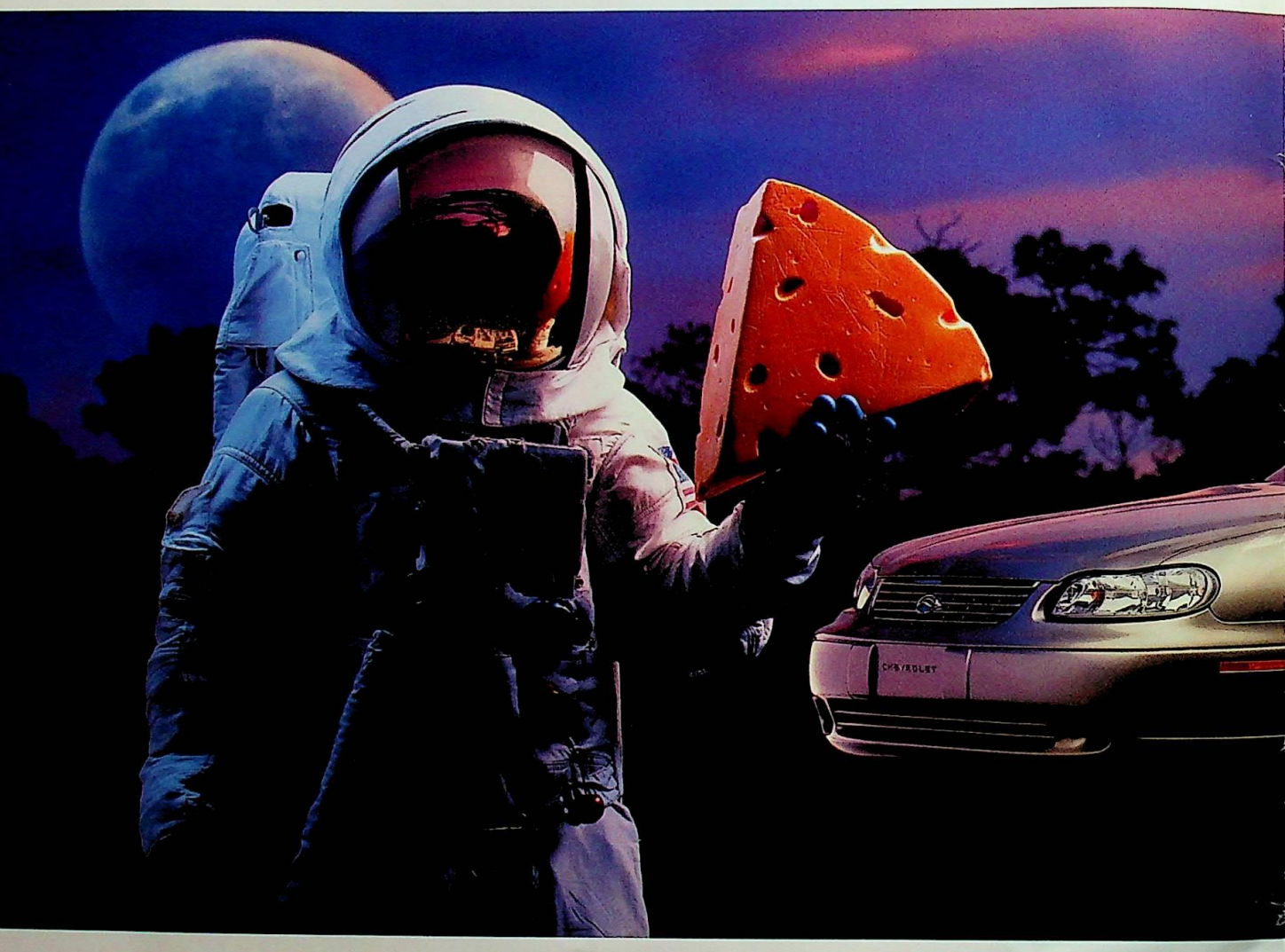
Entertainment Weekly
#433 • May 22, 1998
Godzilla!
EXCLUSIVE! Now It Can Be Told! The Monstrous Truth Behind Summer's Biggest, Baddest Beast!
PLUS! The End of LARRY SANDERS!
www.ew.com
$2.95 (CAN. $3.50)
21
0 92567 10210 5

Things we've noticed

Going places is a

Been there, 1969. ← CASE IN



- Up to 100,000 miles before its first scheduled tune-up:
- More room for five than Camry or Altima.
- Lubed-for-life chassis.
- Have a nice trip.

Malibu. The Car You Knew America

*Maintenance needs vary with use and driving conditions. See your owner's manual for details. †Whichever comes first. **1998 MSRP includes dealer prep and destination charge.

about Americans:

national obsession.

POINT: → The reliable Chevy Malibu.

- Up to 5-year/150,000-mile coolant life!
- Long-life transmission fluid.
- 1-800-950-2438
- www.chevrolet.com/malibu
- $16,195**

Could Build. Genuine Chevrolet®

Tax, license and optional equipment additional. Malibu is a registered trademark and Chevy is a trademark of the GM Corp. ©1997 GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

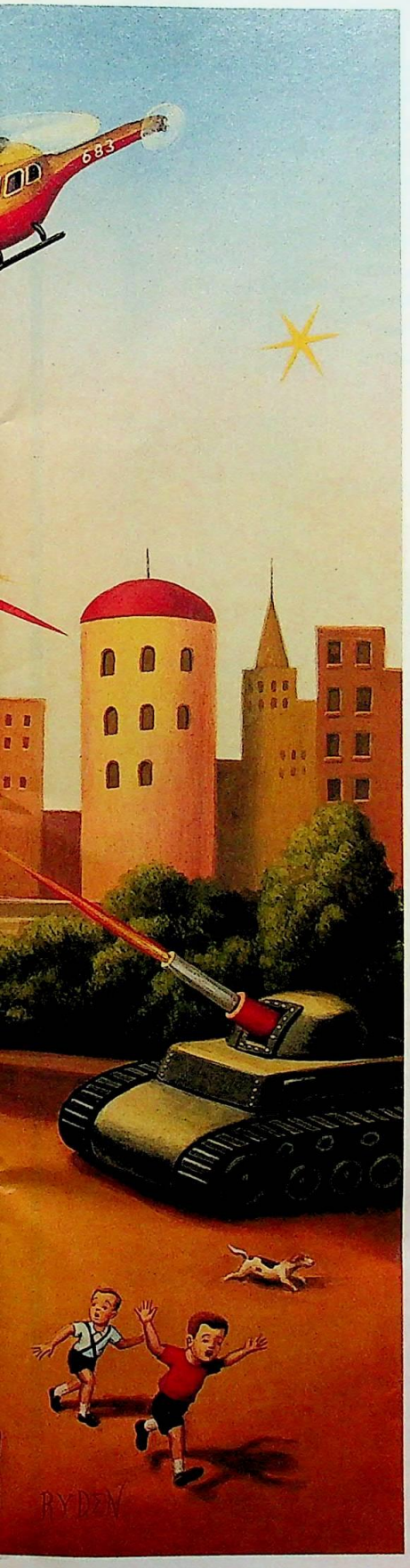
75
80
85
90
100
110
120
130
140
150
160
NAUT
COMPETITO
40
20
8
5
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2

NAUTICA

COMPETITION

FOR STORES CALL 1-800-248-8775

COVER: LETTERING BY DAVID COULSON



Entertainment Weekly
FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1998

NEWS & NOTES

10 Flirting With a Disaster Flick *Deep Impact* makes, well, a deep impact. How will its strong start reshape the summer box office landscape?... *King of the Hill*'s creators consider moving Hank and family to L.A....Remembering singer-songwriter Eddie Rabbitt... **Hot Sheet** ... **Flashes** ... **Monitor** ...and more.

22 Stomp the World—I Want to Get Off! This monster could be bigger than its hype! Inside the making of *Godzilla*, the summer of '98's most eagerly anticipated blockbuster wannabe. BY CHRIS NASHAWATY

32 *Widow*maker Still got your *Garp* T-shirt? John Irving has his. And he has a new book, *A Widow for One Year*, scaling best-seller lists. BY BENJAMIN SVETKEY

34 Flipping Out On the eve of *The Larry Sanders Show*'s big finish, Garry Shandling says his television alter ego never meant to offend anyone. He's kidding, right? BY KEN TUCKER

REVIEWS

42 MOVIES
OWEN GLEIBERMAN on *Bulworth*; also *The Horse Whisperer* and *Woo*. **PLUS:** Reel World; a *Game* Spike Lee; Parents' Guide.

50 TELEVISION
KEN TUCKER on three specials celebrating CBS' 50th anniversary; also the season finale of *Dawson's Creek*. **PLUS:** On the Air; *Buffy* bad boy David Boreanaz; Remote Patrol; What to Watch.

62 BOOKS
TOM DE HAVEN on Richard Price's *Freedomland*; also *The Overspent American*. **PLUS:** Between the Lines; author–mom–Oprah favorite Jacquelyn Mitchard.

68 MUSIC
DAVID BROWNE on albums by rising sons Sean Lennon and Rufus Wainwright. **PLUS:** Hear and Now; two upcoming films have a friendly fight over the rights to disco classics.

72 VIDEO
TROY PATTERSON on grumpy old men Jack Nicholson and Woody Allen. **PLUS:** *Boogie Nights*' revealing laserdisc edition.

76 MULTIMEDIA
DAVID KUSHNER on the return of '80s arcade classics; wedding advice on the Web.

DEPARTMENTS

15 CONTROVERSY
A tawdry tabloid story that's bypassed the States: The Australian obsession with the death of INXS' Michael Hutchence.

18 STYLE A rundown of the hottest cover girls now working the runway. **PLUS:** The steamy romance between mannequins Mark Vanderloo and Esther Cañadas; two movies in the works depict the modeling world.

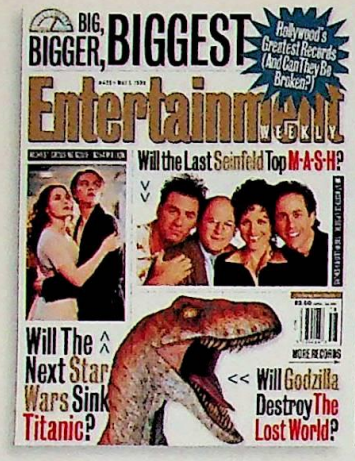
6 MAIL
Kudos and quibbles on our "Big, Bigger, Biggest" issue; a valentine to *Homicide: Life on the Street*; a creator of the Absolut Writers ads objects to a Between the Lines item.

80 ENCORE
May 27, 1979: The ultra-wholesome *Donny and Marie Show* ends its run.

ON THE COVER
***Godzilla* Image: Created for EW by Sony Image Works**

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY (ISSN 10490434) IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, EXCEPT BIWEEKLY THE LAST ISSUES OF FEBRUARY, JUNE, AUGUST, AND DECEMBER, AND WITH AN EXTRA ISSUE IN MAY, BY ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY INC., A WHOLLY OWNED SUBSIDIARY OF TIME INC. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: 1675 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10019. JOHN SQUIRES, PRESIDENT; GEORGE H. VOLLMUTH, TREASURER; ROBERT E. MCCARTHY, SECRETARY. PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY, AND ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. U.S. SUBSCRIPTION: $51.48 FOR 52 ISSUES. [CANADA POST INTERNATIONAL PUBLICATIONS MAIL (CANADIAN DISTRIBUTION) SALES AGREEMENT NO. 545651 GST 124806647RT.] CANADA POST RETURNS: POSTAL STN. A, P.O. BOX 4327, TORONTO, ON M5W 3H5 POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, POST OFFICE BOX 30608, TAMPA, FL 33630-0608. ©1998 ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED. ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY INC.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARK RYDEN



MAIL **SIZE MATTERS.** Our "Big, Bigger, Biggest" cover (#429, May 1) sparked debate about the records we omitted. The most specific shows of support were for Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass, who had 11 gold albums in the '60s, as mentioned by Dennis D. Daniels of White Hall, Ill., and for ABBA, who sold over 100 million albums, and were championed by John Ortiz, of Olympia, Wash. As for our potentially record-setting Leonardo DiCaprio coverage, comments ranged from the subtle ("I was thrilled when I went to my mailbox and found the latest issue of *Leonardo Weekly*," said Scott Harper of Tulsa) to the extreme ("If I see another cover with Leonardo DiCaprio on it, I'm going to scream!" warns Jessica A. Johnson of Newport Beach, Calif.). Don't worry, Jessica; starting this week, it'll be all Godzilla, all the time.

For the Records

THANK YOU, EW, FOR bringing readers such a wonderful issue. I'd like to see this "Big, Bigger, Biggest" issue become a yearly event, like your "Power 101" issue. Now I think you should tell us the Small, Smaller, and Smallest.

MIKE TINSLEY JR.
mtinsley@scican.net
Martinsville, Ind.

DO YOU GUYS HAVE SOMEthing against *Star Wars*? First you call its rerelease one of the biggest gambles of 1997; now you think it's improbable it will sink *Titanic*? *Titanic* may have cornered the market on 14-year-old girls, but geeks come in all shapes, creeds, and sizes, and like the Dark Side, their power should not be underestimated. Frankly, EW, I find your lack of faith disturbing.

SCOTT T. SKONEY
obiwan74@aol.com
Munster, Ind.

WILL THE *SEINFELD* finale top that of *M*A*S*H*? Not likely, and it's not just because of cable and VCRs that offer viewers so many other choices. *M*A*S*H* began as a comedy laced with drama and ended up as a drama laced with comedy. Over the course of its run, *M*A*S*H* probably lost viewers who preferred that the show remain a comedy, but gained viewers who liked the drama. When the show ended, all the viewers from over the years came together to see how the series would end. That is why *Seinfeld*, or any show, for that matter, will never top the finale of *M*A*S*H*.

MICHAEL THOMPSON
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

LEONARDO DICAPRIO'S first appearance on an EW cover in 1998: Jan. 16
No. of Leo photos on covers since then (as of May 1): 5
1998 calendar months without a Leo cover: 0
No. of times he's been on the cover of consecutive issues: 1
No. of times Leo's been on the cover of alternate issues: 1
No. of times Leo's been on the cover of every third issue: 1
No. of children and/or pets I will be naming Leo: 0

RYAN HOPAK
Hollywood

Super Dave

APPLAUSE TO JEFF Gordinier for his article ("Jam + Bread") on my beloved Dave Matthews Band. I am pleased to see that something other than my college paper has noticed this great band.

HEATHER BARTLETT
HeatherB78@juno.com
North Franklin, Conn.

'Street' Smarts

ANYTIME YOU GUYS WANT to devote more space to *Homicide: Life on the Street* and less to *Titanic*, please feel free. *Homicide* is, hands down, the best show on TV. Compared with the raw and powerful *Homicide* (which always leaves me stunned for minutes afterward), the sentimental and touching *ER* is nothing but a glorified soap opera.

DAVID JAMES
james526@ix.netcom.com
Sacramento

Absolut Beginners?

YOUR BETWEEN THE LINES column totally missed the point of the Absolut Writers series. Alexandra Jacobs described our "choice of literary pitchpeople" as "bad luck." I guess that she means that they haven't behaved like pitchpeople. Imagine, they had lives, opinions, and beliefs before they wrote for Absolut. This didn't come as a shock because we read the work of Dominick Dunne, Julia Alvarez, and Douglas Coupland before we commissioned them. We respect them as artists just as Absolut respected Andy Warhol, Keith Haring, Kenny Scharf, Ed Ruscha, and 200 other artists before them.

RICHARD LEWIS
Group Account Director, TBWA Chiat/Day, Inc.
New York City

CORRECTIONS: *Regarding the Greatest Records package: (1) According to VideoScan,* Air Force One *is the best-selling DVD, not* Austin Powers. *(2) The best-selling audio book is the one-cassette version of* 7 Habits of Highly Effective People. *(3)* Dark Side of the Moon's *1,100-week reign spans the catalog and pop album charts. (4)* Die Zweite Heimat *is the longest* commercially *made movie.*

WWW.EW.COM

'Starship' Trouper

The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy author Douglas Adams talks about his new CD-ROM *Starship Titanic.*

Fashion Statement

Cast your vote for the top supermodel.

NEXT WEEK IN EW

Summer Music Preview: Your guide to this summer's new releases and hottest tickets.
Plus reviews of
- *Godzilla* (Movies)
- *Seinfeld*'s final episode (Television)
- A new album from Natalie Merchant (Music)
- Build-your-own-CD websites (Multimedia)

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY welcomes reader mail. Address letters to **ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY**, 1675 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. E-mail can be sent to *letters@ew.com*. All correspondence must include your name, address, and daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Subscription Problems? Call 1-800-828-6882

WINDOWS® HELPS PEOPLE AND MACHINES UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

Where do you want to go today?® www.microsoft.com/windows/

Microsoft®

©1998 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft, Where do you want to go today?, the Windows logo and the Windows Start logo are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries. Windows is a registered trademark of Microsoft Corporation for its Windows brand operating systems.

FROM THE SHOW YOU CAN'T STOP TALKING ABOUT...

...THE ALBUM THAT'LL KEEP YOU LISTENING.

Songs from

Ally McBeal

featuring **VONDA SHEPARD**

SEE VONDA SHEPARD ON TOUR NOW

The companion album to television's most popular and refreshing new program.

Featuring **"Searchin' My Soul."**

Produced by Vonda Shepard.

WATCH "ALLY McBEAL" MONDAY NIGHTS ON FOX TELEVISION

Check local listings for time and channel

www.550music.com
www.epicrecords.com
www.sony.com

SONY MUSIC SOUNDTRAX FOX

On sale now at all participating

BLOCKBUSTER MUSIC *and* BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO

locations

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Norman Pearlstine
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Henry Muller
EDITOR OF NEW MEDIA: Daniel Okrent

CHAIRMAN, CEO: Don Logan
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENTS: Donald M. Elliman Jr., Elizabeth Valk Long, Jim Nelson, Joseph A. Ripp

Entertainment Weekly

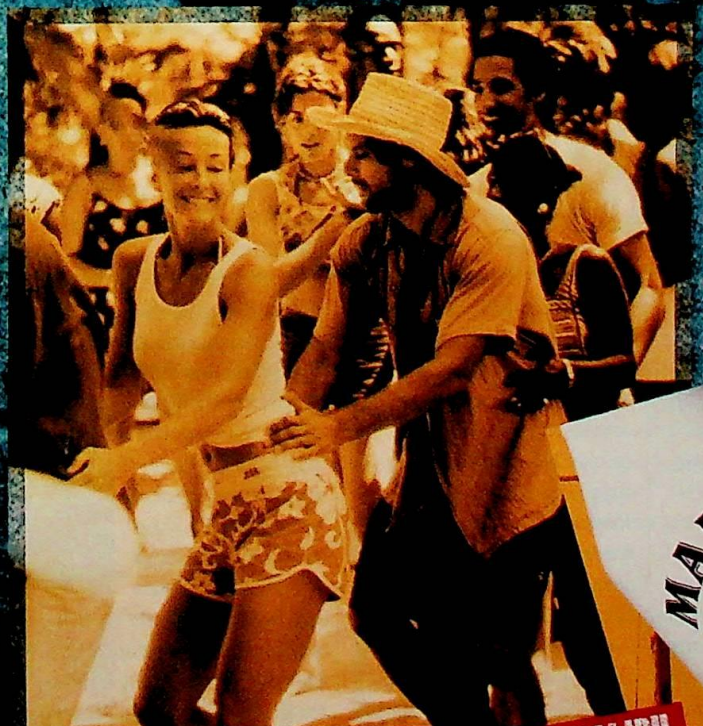
MANAGING EDITOR: James W. Seymore Jr.
EXECUTIVE EDITORS: Peter Bonventre, Richard Sanders
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS: Mark Harris, Maggie Murphy, Jeannie Park
DESIGN DIRECTOR: John Korpics
GENERAL EDITORS: David Hajdu, Mary Kaye Schilling **PHOTOGRAPHY DIRECTOR:** Mary Dunn **L.A. BUREAU CHIEF:** Cable Neuhaus
ART DIRECTOR: Geraldine Hessler **PICTURE EDITOR:** Doris Brautigan **SENIOR EDITORS:** George Blooston, Doug Brod, Albert Kim, John McAlley
SPECIAL PROJECTS EDITOR: Alison Gwinn **DIRECTOR OF RESEARCH SERVICES:** Annabel Bentley **MANAGING ART DIRECTOR:** Joe Kimberling
EDITORIAL MANAGER: Louis Vogel **STAFF EDITORS:** Jamie Bufalino, Jess Cagle, Cynthia Grisolia, Tina Jordan **CRITIC-AT-LARGE:** Ken Tucker
CRITICS: David Browne, Ty Burr, Bruce Fretts, Owen Gleiberman, Lisa Schwarzbaum **WRITER-AT-LARGE:** Benjamin Svetkey
SENIOR WRITERS: Rebecca Ascher-Walsh, Anita M. Busch, Steve Daly, Joe Flint, Jeff Gordinier, David Hochman, A. J. Jacobs, Chris Willman
ASSOCIATE EDITORS: Marc Bernardin, Eileen Clarke, Marion Hart, Dulcy Israel, Wook Kim, Alice King, Joe Neumaier, Jessica Shaw (L.A.), William Stevenson, Mitchell Vinicor, Tracy A. Walsh **STAFF WRITERS:** Andrew Essex, Mike Flaherty, Christopher Nashawaty, Degen Pener, Tom Sinclair, Dan Snierson **CORRESPONDENTS:** Kristen Baldwin, Suna Chang, Dave Karger **SENIOR BROADCAST CORRESPONDENT:** Lisa Karlin
DESIGN ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: John Walker **ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR:** Bobby B. Lawhorn Jr.
SENIOR DESIGNER: Keith Campbell **DESIGNERS:** George McCalman, Ellene Wundrok **DESIGN ASSISTANT:** Erin Whelan
IMAGING TECHNICIAN: Susan Van Over
PICTURES PICTURE EDITOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS: Sarah Rozen **ASSOCIATE PICTURE EDITOR:** Alice H. Babcock
ASSISTANT PICTURE EDITORS: Helena V. Ashton, Michael Kochman (L.A.), Richard B. Maltz, Janene Outlaw, Suzanne Regan, Michele Romero
PICTURE COORDINATOR: Luciana Chang **ASSISTANT:** L. Michelle Dougherty
RESEARCH SERVICES DEPUTY: Tim Purtell **SENIOR REPORTER:** Beth Johnson
REPORTERS: Shirliey Y. Fung, Kristi Huelsing, Leslie Marable, Erin Richter, Daneet Steffens
INFORMATION CENTER MANAGER: Rachel Sapienza **DEPUTY:** Stacie Fenster **ASSOCIATE:** Sean O'Heir **ASSISTANT:** Alexandria Carrion
COPY COPY CHIEF: Ben Spier **COPY EDITOR:** Alexandria Dionne
EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS Rob Brunner, Kipp Erante Cheng, Daniel Fierman, Alexandra Jacobs, Tricia Laine, Shawna Malcom, Troy Patterson
ADMINISTRATION ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR: Rita Silverstein **STAFF:** Carole Willcocks
EW ONLINE EDITOR: Michael Small **ART DIRECTOR:** Lee W. Bearson **DEPUTY EDITOR:** Mark Bautz **PRODUCTION DESIGNER:** Jeff Kolber
CORRESPONDENT: Josh Wolk **ASSOCIATE PRODUCER:** Barclay A. Dunn **TECH EVENTS PRODUCER:** Chris Sizemore
EDITORIAL COORDINATOR: Gary Eng Walk **ASSISTANT PICTURE EDITOR:** Rayna Evans **EDITORIAL ASSISTANT:** Melinda Spaulding
PRODUCTION AD PRODUCTION MANAGER: Sandra Rosano **MAKEUP MANAGER:** Robin Kaplan **OPERATIONS MANAGER:** Karen S. Doyle
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Sue Barnett **ASSISTANT MAKEUP MANAGERS:** Lauren Planit, Lora Wacholz **ASSISTANT OPERATIONS MANAGER:** Don Gordon
SENIOR PRODUCTION ASSOCIATES: Ray Battaglino, George L. Beke, Paul Bodley Jr., Evan J. Dong, John Goodman, Michael R. Hargreaves, John K. Horsky, Robert D. Kennedy, Bill Lazzarotti, Eileen M. O'Sullivan, Tom Roemlein, George Sumerak, Daniel C. Thompson
SENIOR PRODUCTION COORDINATOR: Leona Smith **PRODUCTION COORDINATOR:** Ann Griffith O'Connor **PRODUCTION ASSISTANT:** Christine W. Cheng
TECHNOLOGY MANAGER: Jeffrey Cherins
SENIOR TECHNOLOGY COORDINATOR: Godwin Mensah **TECHNOLOGY COORDINATOR:** Joe Russell
CONTRIBUTORS Judith I. Brennan, Pat H. Broeske, Vanessa V. Friedman, L.S. Klepp, Gene Lyons, Lois Alter Mark, Margot Mifflin, Jim Mullen, Alanna Nash, Lawrence O'Toole, David Poland, Ira Robbins, Michael Sauter, Stephen Schaefer, Heidi Siegmund Cuda, Bob Strauss, Caren Weiner

PRESIDENT: John Squires
PUBLISHER: Michael J. Kelly
CONSUMER MARKETING DIRECTOR: Monica Ray
DIRECTOR OF FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION: George H. Vollmuth
DIRECTOR OF PRODUCTION & TECHNOLOGY: Carol A. Mazzarella
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: David S. Morris
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: Daniel J. Osheyack
DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS & ADVERTISING: Sandy W. Drayton
VICE PRESIDENT, MARKETING: Fred O. Nelson
CONSUMER MARKETING: Elizabeth Hawkanson, William J. Stutzman (Assistant Directors); Andrea C. Gilman, Timothy M. Smith, Holley Vantrease, Vincent M. Vero (Managers); Matthew T. Chang, Taleen Gergerian **ADVERTISING SALES:** Headquarters: Thomas A. Morrissy (Eastern Manager); Grace Whitney (Sales Development Director); Carole S. Harnoff (Classified Sales Manager); Ellen Jacobson
CHICAGO: Philip A. Wertz (Midwest Manager); Brianne Bremer, Christopher S. White (Sales Representatives); Kelly D. Netzband
DETROIT: Danielle Morris (Manager); Stephen C. Larson (Sales Representative); Maryanne Murawski **LOS ANGELES:** Linda A. Villani (Manager); Kimberly Allen (Associate Manager); Kari Eisaman, Matthew J. Sganga (Sales Representatives); Sharon M. Gold, Courtney Zlaket
NEW YORK: Daryl P. Bowman (National Fashion Director); Raymond T. Chelstowski, Jodi H. Cohen, Andrew M. Davis, Suzanne M. Donohue, Devon McAllister, Julie R. Schoenberg (Sales Representatives); Dolly Amigon, Catherine Cusack, Christopher Ransom
SAN FRANCISCO: Jacque Lapsey (Manager); Michelle Murphy
DALLAS: Michael Austry (Kelly/Tremblay & Company) **MILAN:** Jeffrey Byrnes (J.B. Media srl.)
MARKETING, PUBLIC RELATIONS & CREATIVE SERVICES: Gail L. Chen, Kathleen A. Moore, Elizabeth A. Ronan (Directors); Rose Bleszcz, Jennifer Kehoe, Mindy Malkin, Steven T. Porter (Managers); Jason T. Averett, Dylan Parks, Denise L. Pruitt, Garnell Shumate, Josh Wood
FINANCE & ADMINISTRATION: FINANCE: Karen Saltser Cohen (Manager); Sherry W. Burns, Jane L. Koty, Jacqueline L. Ohringer, Jacklyn Yale; Vivian Adamakos, Miriam T. Fernando
ADMINISTRATION: Ilissa Sternlicht (Manager); Sheila Kelly; Maureen Amisano
Sheila Drouet
LEGAL: Marlene Glazer

TIME INC.
SENIOR EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Frank Lalli
EXECUTIVE EDITORS: Joëlle Attinger, José M. Ferrer III
DEVELOPMENT EDITOR: Jacob Young
TIME INC. EDITORIAL SERVICES: Sheldon Czapnik (Director); Claude Boral (General Manager); Thomas E. Hubbard (Photo Lab); Lany Walden McDonald (Research Center); Beth Bencini Zarcone, Kathi Doak (Picture Collection); Thomas Smith (Technology); James Macove (Marketing)
TIME INC. EDITORIAL TECHNOLOGY
Paul Zazzera (Vice President); Damien Creavin (Director)

©1998 Imported by Paddington Ltd., Fort Lee, N.J. Malibu 21% Alc. by Vol.

IN THE CARIBBEAN, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A PARTY OF ONE.



IT'S FUN. IT'S CARIBBEAN. IT'S MALIBU.

www.usa-malibu-rum.com

Sudden 'Impact'

The summer's first blockbuster shocks the industry with a record-breaking $41.2 million opening. by Dave Karger

SOMEONE ALERT *Nova*: Tests have shown that a comet crashing into the earth causes as much damage as a rampaging Midwestern tornado. Well, box office damage, at least. Last weekend, *Deep Impact*, DreamWorks and Paramount's death-from-above disaster flick, kicked off the summer movie season with a cosmic bang, grossing a jaw-dropping $41.2 million in its first weekend. It set a new three-day May opening record, eclipsing *Twister*'s $41.1 million take in 1996. Considering that *Twister* ended up with a domestic gross of $241.7 million, that's pretty heady company for what until now was considered only the second-best Chicken Little film of the year. "We're all surprised," says John Krier, president of the box office research firm Exhibitor Relations. "Nobody had any idea it was going to do that kind of business."

FIRE IN THE SKY Elijah Wood and Leelee Sobieski flee the end of the world in *Impact*

Indeed, going into the weekend, even the most optimistic tracking studies had *Impact* opening in the thirtysomething-million range. Krier chalks up the big numbers to a competition-free weekend—the No. 2 film, *City of Angels*, was in its fifth week of release—and to residual hype from the real-life asteroid scare that raced through the nation's headlines in March. Paramount's official explanation, according to marketing president Arthur Cohen, is that "it was a great date and a combination of well-timed marketing elements." But a source inside the studio is much blunter: "You really want to know what opened the movie? The wave [that wipes out New York City]. We put it in the trailer and the TV spots. That's the only reason it opened. We all know it."

Whatever the factors, the question now is, What does this mean for the rest of the sum-

mer? "This isn't just good for Paramount and DreamWorks," says Twentieth Domestic Film Group chairman **Tom Sherak**. "It's good for the industry. You enjoy yourself at the movies, you want to know what else is out there." Unless what's out there is *another* apocalyptic disaster movie. Industry experts point out that Disney, whose blockbuster hopes rest on its asteroid thriller *Armageddon* (opening Fourth of July week), can't be too thrilled about *Impact*'s impact. Until now, *Armageddon*, with its bigger stars (including **Bruce Willis**, **Ben Affleck**, and **Liv Tyler**), bigger budget ($100 million-plus, compared with *Impact*'s $80 million), and bigger action sequences, was considered the better bet of the two films. Now *Armageddon* runs the risk of being seen as simply the *other* earth-shattering film. "Think about those volcano movies last year," says Ed Mintz, president of the audience-polling firm CinemaScore. "*Dante's Peak* [which came out first] did okay, but then *Volcano* died." Adds Sherak, whose studio released *Volcano*, "Nobody likes to be second."

For his part, *Armageddon* director **Michael Bay** seems unconcerned. "There's a lot of time between the two movies, and ours is really different," he says. "I mean, at least you *laugh* in our movie."

Bay may have a point. Mintz and other analysts note that *Impact*'s weepy tone, uncharacteristically somber for a summer popcorn flick, may be what's causing mixed word of mouth on the film; its CinemaScore grade after the first weekend was a mediocre B, not a good omen. Says Krier, "I'm prepared for a substantial reduction the second week." And speaking of obstacles, that 800-pound gorilla, er, lizard known as *Godzilla* stomps into multiplexes May 20. Even the sunniest supporter has to admit that that gives *Impact* a shelf life of only a week and a half. All of which indicates that even though *Impact* ended the world with a bang, it may still go out with a whimper. ■ *(Additional reporting by Anita M. Busch)*

WILLIS AND AFFLECK: FRANK MASI; HANK HILL: © 20TH CENTURY FOX

***ARMAGEDDON* NERVOUS** Willis and Affleck in the other space disaster film

burning question

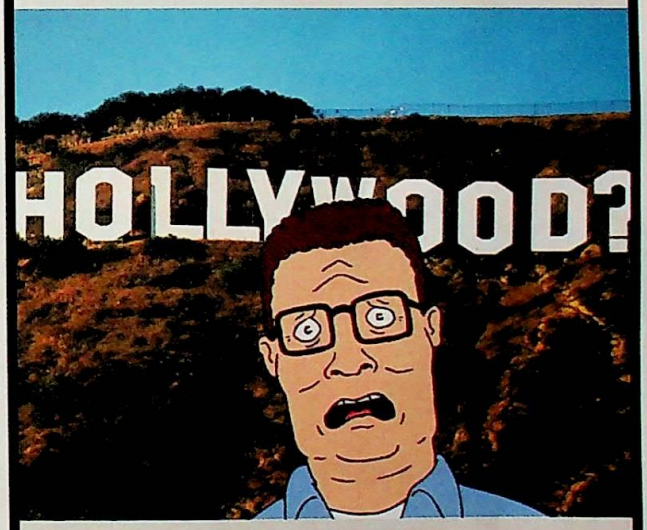
Cosmic Confusion

Q In *Deep Impact*, a comet is on a collision course with Earth. In July's *Armageddon*, it's an asteroid. And the difference is...?

A According to NASA scientist Tom Morgan, asteroids are made of silicates, compounds in common rocks, while comets are ice, gas, and dust—essentially "a dirty snowball with a tail." Also, adds Morgan, comets are usually 10 kilometers across, while asteroids can get as big as 900 kilometers. (A mile is about 1.6 kilometers. You've got a calculator, right?) Asteroids are also much heavier. But which one is more suited to do cinematic damage? Disney points out that its asteroid is the size of Texas; *Impact*'s comet is only as big as Manhattan (and as everyone knows by now, size does matter). But *Impact* coscreenwriter Bruce Joel Rubin feels comets have the edge. "An asteroid is an inert rock," he says, but "comets have a life. They respond to heat, they [emit] gases. They present enormous vitality." Comets can also "come out of nowhere and surprise us." Given *Impact*'s phenomenal opening, Disney would probably agree. —*Marc Bernardin*

The Hill Is Gone

Is Hank Hill going Hollywood? That's certainly what Fox *wants* you to believe, judging by recent promos for *King of the Hill* indicating that the pride of Arlen, Tex., will be livin' large in the land of Tom Cruise and Julia Roberts next season. The network has gone so far as to prepare a straight-faced press statement: "We are currently in discussions with the series creators about moving *King of the Hill* to Los Angeles. We feel this move will only enhance the creative direction of the show." The announcement certainly grabbed the attention of *Hill*-ions: Fox has been "inundated with hundreds and hundreds of E-mails and phone calls from very concerned viewers," according to a spokeswoman.



DISLOCATION Could Hank and his kin really be quittin' Texas?

We'll tell you whut: A sudden Hollywood shuffle for the animated hit sitcom seems a tad fishy. For one thing, the very premise of the 1½-year-old series is the ups and downs of redneck life in Texas—it would be like taking *Star Trek* out of space. Also, given that production on animation begins up to nine months before airdate, Fox wouldn't be "currently in discussions"—a change of scenery for next season should already have been animated. So, is all this ruckus just a shameless Nielsen stunt? "If I'm ever guilty of doing something to increase the ratings of this show," deadpans *Hill* exec producer Greg Daniels, "then that will be my last day of work." Fox officials won't comment on the coastal cliff-hanger (airing May 17). However, a source at Twentieth Century Fox Television, which produces the series, offers one telling clue: "You're more likely to see *Nick Freno: Licensed Teacher* winning an Emmy than the Hills moving to L.A." —*Dan Snierson*

jim mullen's

HOT Sheet

What the country is talking about this week...

1 *The Horse Whisperer* A mom takes her troubled daughter and her horse to an animal trainer for help. If that doesn't work, she's going to Siegfried and Roy.

2 Larry King He signed a deal with CNN, reportedly for around $7 million a year. We're waiting to find out if that's to keep him or get rid of him.

3 Jerry Springer He was allegedly caught having sex with two guests. They got naked and threw chairs at each other.

4 *Bulworth* A U.S. senator suddenly starts speaking nonsense and acting crazy. It can mean only one thing—there must be a TV camera nearby.

5 Pashmina The new status fabric that's softer than cashmere and nearly as pricey as fur. "It's better than Charmin," says Bill Gates.

6 Gardenburger The company spent a chunk of its ad budget on the final *Seinfeld*. It worked—Miracle-Gro is in the condiment section now.

7 Bob Dole He helped test Viagra and discovered a side effect: It makes people queasy when he talks about how well it worked.

8 Leo DiCaprio He got a reported $4 million to appear in Japanese commercials. What he likes to call "minimum wage."

9 *Gargantua* The made-for-TV version of *Godzilla*. It's twice as big as this sentence.

10 *Sonny & Me: Cher Remembers* As a swell guy, a wonderful father, and the man who helped start her career. So naturally, she divorced him.

11 *Peter Benchley's Creature* Or, as it was originally called, *Peter Benchley's I Need Some Quick Money*.

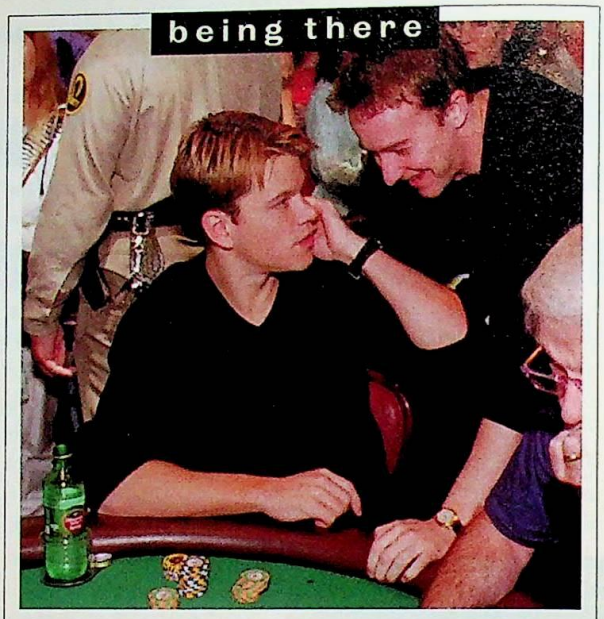
12 The Chrysler and Daimler-Benz merger Just what this country needs—a $60,000 minivan.

13 *A Really Big Show: Ed Sullivan's 50th Anniversary* And you thought *The X-Files* was the weirdest thing on TV.

14 *Lolita* Showtime and the Sundance Channel plan to air the controversial film about a professor obsessed with a 14-year-old. Teens shouldn't let their young children watch this.

15 India's nuclear testing It's causing Pakistan to spend a fortune on a state-of-the-art defense system. Six hundred cows.

being there



Poker Faces

Call it Greed and Gloating in Las Vegas. When 350 big-time cardsharps convened last week for the 29th annual World Series of Poker at Binion's Horseshoe hotel and casino, they had to contend with an unexpected distraction: Hollywood It Boys **Matt Damon** and **Edward Norton** (above), who came to Vegas to show off the chops they'd developed while filming Miramax's gambling film *Rounders*. The stars acted suitably humble—not surprising given the rumor that there was a bounty for anyone who could knock "the pretty boys," as one hotel employee dubbed them, out of the tournament. Even without a price on his head, Norton didn't think much of his chances. "Winning is so inconceivable, it's not worth validating with speculation." He was right. In less than two hours Norton "got crushed," as he puts it. A few hours later, Damon also succumbed, losing to world-class player Doyle Bruson. "I'm still on an adrenaline rush," said Damon. "I lost to the best guy in the world." —*Andrew Essex and Tricia Laine*

'File'-o-Facts

As far as fans were concerned, on May 9 and 10, the truth was at New York's Jacob K. Javits Center, where the *X-Files* Expo lured thousands of true believers. Inside, attendees—who shelled out up to $65 per ticket—posed for photos in a replica of Mulder's office, rubbed elbows with "X" (**Steven Williams**), got a glimpse of Mulder and Scully's new movie wheels (an Oldsmobile Intrigue), and, of course, visited the gift shop (oddest items on sale: *Titanic* posters). But the main attraction was Scully herself—**Gillian Anderson** (above), who took part in an hour-long Q&A with *X*-Philes before signing autographs for those chosen from a lottery. "This," gushed one female fan, "is like talking to God." —*Shawna Malcom*

DAMON, NORTON: LENNOX MCKENDON/AP/WIDE WORLD; ANDERSON: JOY E. SCHELLER/LONDON FEATURES INTL

>> Daily news and more Mullen at www.ew.com <<

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM BACHTELL

Here's to the Man... who held your hand... taught you how to ride a bike... talked you through ... les ... President ...fended o... thic ...ked down sociopaths. ... ed ... submarine ...and blaste... out ... e ultimate hig... ...d... tau... ...ma... ...ked you... ...ur... ...rou... ...d as Pres... ...a... ...o... ...athic killers ...a... ...d... ...paths.

...you know, Dad.

BRING OUR HEROES HOME TO YOURS

AVAILABLE AT

RECORD TOWN Music, Movies & More

COCONUTS MUSIC & MOVIES

Strawberries MUSIC & VIDEO

SATURDAY MATINEE THE MOVIE STORE

Paramount A VIACOM COMPANY

$14.99 Or Less Each

Pricing and availability subject to change without notice. TM, ® & Copyright © 1998 by Paramount Pictures. All Rights Reserved.
www.paramount.com/homevideo

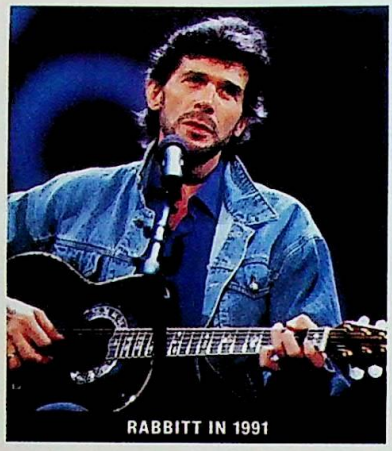
legacy

The Urban Cowboy

IN THE EARLY 1980S, after he'd racked up three top five pop hits—"Drivin' My Life Away," "I Love a Rainy Night," and "Step by Step"—**Eddie Rabbitt** was offered his own TV variety series. He turned it down, along with countless acting roles. "Just because I have a successful dog act doesn't mean I can walk up to the lion cage and do as well," he said in a 1984 interview. "It's not worth the gamble."

Rabbitt, who died May 7 of lung cancer at age 56, conducted his career on his own terms. But his refusal to play all angles of the show-business game often left him empty-handed at awards time and helped brand him a lightweight, even though his country chart successes—34 top 10 singles, with 17 No. 1 hits—spoke otherwise.

The son of Irish immigrants, Rabbitt grew up in East Orange, N.J. His father's bleak job as a refrigeration engineer at a Newark oil refinery prodded him to seek a better life. So he began a music career in Jersey clubs and, in the late '60s, moved to Nashville to become a songwriter. "Kentucky Rain," a soulful early effort, became **Elvis Presley**'s 50th gold record in 1970.



RABBITT IN 1991

While his first hits (such as "Drinkin' My Baby Off My Mind") were solidly traditional, Rabbitt found larger success with a fusion of country, pop, and rock. His blend of feel-good melodies, jangly rhythms, and tight vocal harmonies helped usher in the *Urban Cowboy* era of the '80s, and his 1982 duet with **Crystal Gayle**, "You and I," laid the foundation for country's love of middle-of-the-road ballads. Although he continued to have No. 1 hits through the '80s, he cut back on his touring when his son Timothy became ill and died at 23 months from a liver defect in 1985. "He was one of the guys who opened the door for **Garth Brooks**," says country deejay Skip Mahaffey, of Columbus, Ohio's WCOL.

Rabbitt—survived by his wife, Janine, and his children Demelza, 16, and Tommy, 11—was upbeat after lung surgery last year and accordingly named his final album *Beatin' the Odds* (released last fall). "We all have to dance with our devils," he once said. "But I lead." —*Alanna Nash*

Monitor

STERN AND KUDROW

TYLER

FAYE

RABBITT: RON WOLFSON/LRW-LONDON FEATURES INTL.; STERN AND LUDROW: STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD.; FAYE: PHOTOFEST; TYLER: DENNIS KLEMAN/RETNA, LTD.

BIRTHS *Friends* star Lisa Kudrow, 34, and her husband, adman Michel Stern, 39, welcomed their first child, 6-pound, 12-ounce Julian Murray, in L.A., May 7. Kudrow's TV alter ego Phoebe will give birth sometime next season.

LAWSUITS This is definitely *not* a good thing. Doyenne of domesticity Martha Stewart, 56, filed suit against landscaper Matthew Munnich, May 6, in New York City. According to court papers, Stewart is suing for extortion, coercion, and defamation in response to Munnich's "numerous false statements" in a complaint he filed last May with the East Hampton, N.Y., Police Dept. Munnich, 24, alleges that he was pinned between Stewart's car and a security box, resulting in injuries. Stewart denies the claim. "She tried to run my client down with her car, now she's trying to run him down with a lawsuit," says Munnich's attorney, Leonard Austin. Stewart, who declined to comment, is seeking $825,000 in damages.

RECOVERING Dude looks like an injury. Aerosmith frontman Steven Tyler, 50, tore the anterior cruciate ligament in his left knee during an April 29 concert in Anchorage. Tyler knocked his leg against a microphone base doing one of his trademark high kicks. The band postponed the remaining dates on its North American tour, which was scheduled to run through June.

DEATHS Donald Conroy, 77, father of best-selling author Pat Conroy, of colon cancer, May 9, in Beaufort, S.C. The elder Conroy, a 33-year veteran of the U.S. Marine Corps, was the inspiration for his son's novel *The Great Santini*, which was made into a 1979 film starring Robert Duvall.... Actress Alice Faye, 83, of complications from stomach cancer, May 9, in Rancho Mirage, Calif. Faye, America's singing sweetheart in the late '30s and early '40s, was one of Hollywood's biggest draws and starred in such films as *Tin Pan Alley* (1940) and *Alexander's Ragtime Band* (1938), and introduced several classic tunes, including "You'll Never Know," the 1943 Oscar-winning song from *Hello, Frisco, Hello*. In 1945, Faye left show business after a contract dispute with Twentieth Century Fox. She was married for 54 years to comic/song man Phil Harris, who died in 1995. Her last film was 1978's *The Magic of Lassie*.... Actor Gene Raymond, 89, of pneumonia, May 3, in L.A. A popular star of the '30s and '40s, Raymond made more than 40 movies, including 1935's *Hooray for Love* and 1941's *Smilin' Through*, which costarred his wife of 28 years, Jeanette MacDonald. —*Kipp Cheng*

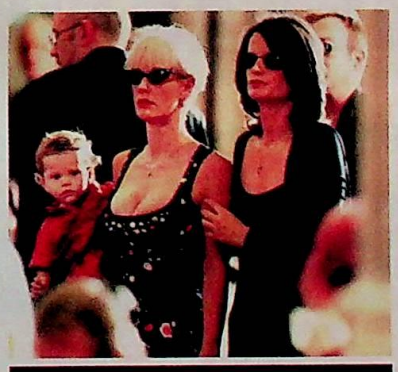
In Excess?

CONTROVERSY Kinky sex tales and feuding kin keep Michael Hutchence in the Aussie spotlight. **by Andrew Essex**

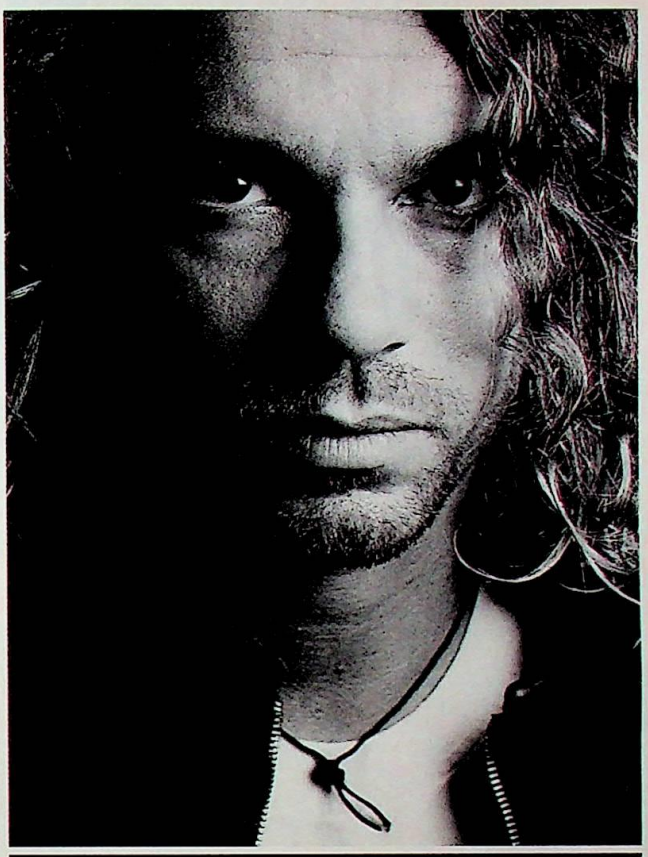
IN AMERICA, YOU'D NEVER KNOW IT, BUT SIX months after being found dead in a Sydney hotel room at age 38, **Michael Hutchence** is at the center of a down under brawl that would make Jerry Springer salivate. When the rock singer was discovered Nov. 22, nude and hanging from a door with his own belt around his neck, the story never got beyond a sound bite in the U.S. (unsurprising, since INXS' last CD, *Elegantly Wasted*, sold a measly 165,000 here). In his native Australia, however, Hutchence's death sparked Diana-like funeral broadcasts and TV retrospectives. Lately, though, that grief has morphed into a feeding frenzy featuring four upcoming bios and headlines like "Sex God of the Pop World," "Ultimate Sex Kick," and "How Much Can Paula Take?"

The Paula at the heart of this unfolding drama is Hutchence's lover, **Paula Yates**, 38, the former wife of **Sir Bob Geldof** and mother of Hutchence's only child, Heavenly Hiraani Tiger Lily, 22 months. In a bombshell interview on the Aussie version of *60 Minutes* in late March, Yates rejected the coroner's official report that ruled Hutchence's death a suicide, and obliquely confirmed reports that he had died during an autoerotic act. "Michael was the kind of man who would try everything," she said, while cradling her daughter. "There was nothing he hadn't tried.... He didn't mean to die."

As fans speculated on the racier ramifications of Yates' statements, old friends of the singer rallied around another theory: He was frayed by the couple's impending nuptials and Yates' ongoing feud with Geldof over custody of their kids (Fifi Trixibelle, 15; Peaches, 9; Pixie, 7). "Paula's insane," asserts a Hutchence friend, who spoke with him weeks before his death. "Geldof was tormenting him. He was under tremendous pressure. He had a psychotic moment. He just snapped."



A WIDOW'S TALE Yates, Tiger Lily, and a friend at Hutchence's funeral service



SAD SENSATION Yates says that Hutchence (here in 1994) was a daredevil

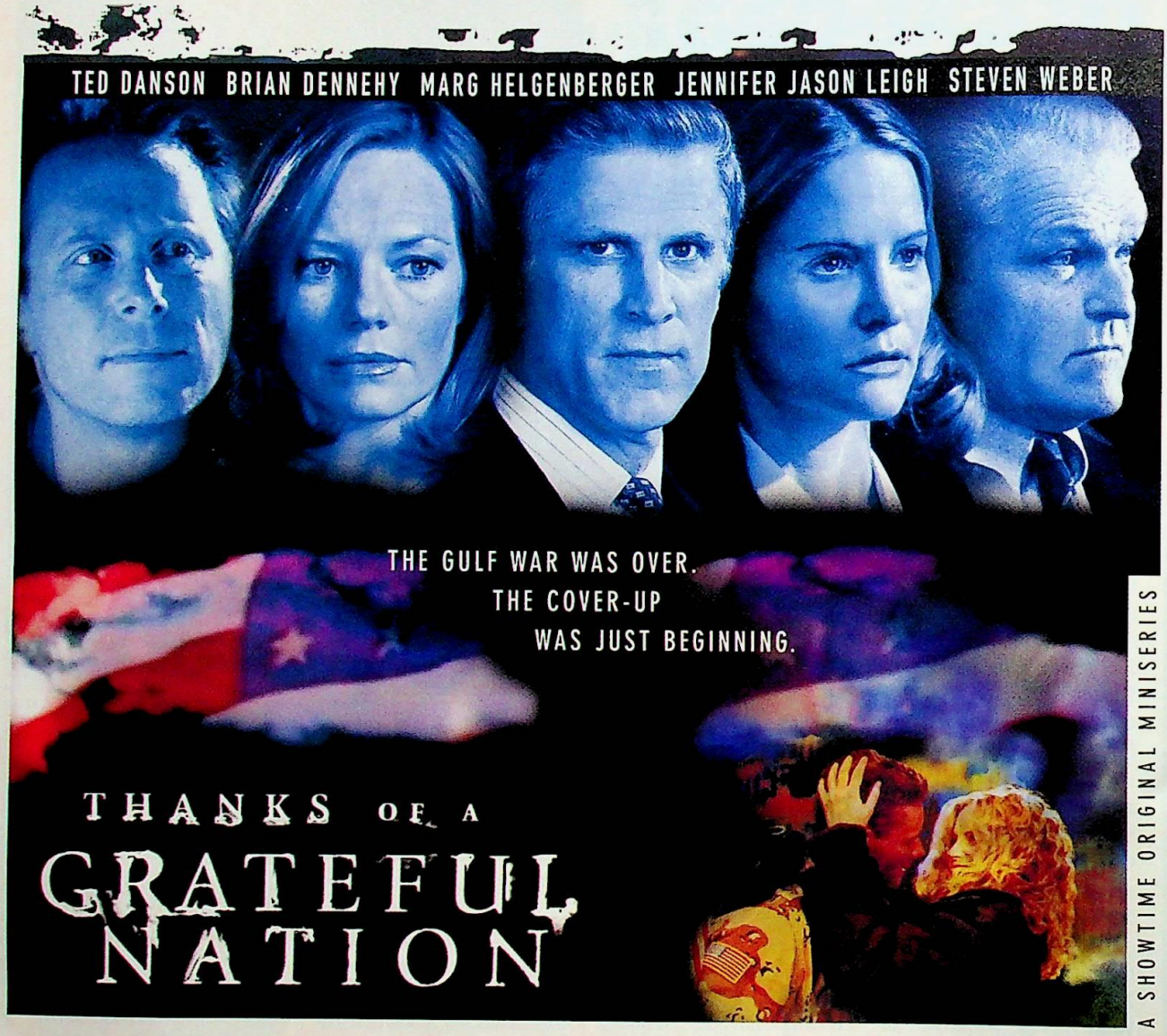
But the sordid conjectures are giving way to a growing war of words between Yates and Hutchence's mother, Patricia Glassop, and half sister, Tina. The trio are now fighting over the singer's estate (estimated by some to be $20 million). Glassop has also alleged that her granddaughter is being mistreated, but the police in Sydney, where Yates had taken her daughter to be christened, found no evidence of neglect. Still, the charges were another blow for Yates, who recently checked into a London clinic, reportedly suffering from a nervous breakdown.

Not everyone has compassion for the ex–TV hostess. Her insistence on being paid for interviews (a practice Hutchence's father, Kell, also follows) has created its share of ill will. "Supermodels won't get out of bed for less than $10,000," says Juliet Ashworth, editor in chief of *New Weekly*. "Well, Paula's blown that figure out of the water."

This all means a tangled legacy for Hutchence, who'd spent his last year trying to be more than tabloid fodder. He was recording a solo album, the release of which may be stymied by the estate battle. Martha Troup, his manager, says he was also "reading scripts and meeting directors." (Hutchence even read for Quentin Tarantino's *From Dusk Till Dawn*.) Now, says INXS producer Richard Clapton with a sigh, "there are many conflicting reports. It's like a Jack the Ripper saga. It'll never end." ■ *(Reporting by Katherine Tulich)*

HUTCHENCE: CHRIS CUFFARO/OUTLINE; YATES, TIGER LILY, AND FRIEND: AP/WIDE WORLD/SMH POOL

THE MOVIE THE GOVERNMENT DOESN'T WANT YOU TO SEE.



WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME TV

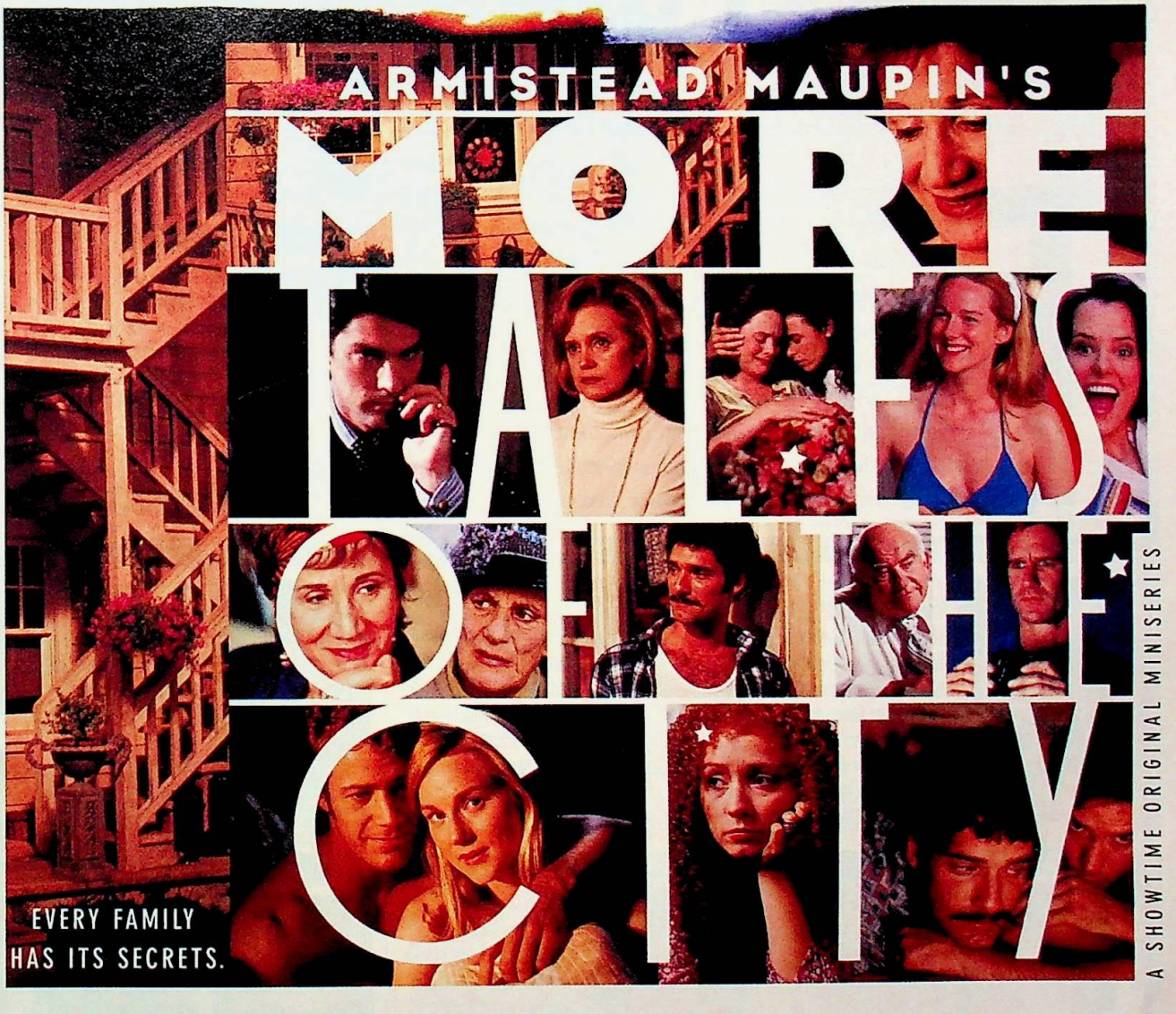
WORLD PREMIERE: SUNDAY MAY 31 8PM (ET/PT)

SHOWTIME Presents An ADELSON ENTERTAINMENT/TRACEY ALEXANDER Production A ROD HOLCOMB Film
TED DANSON BRIAN DENNEHY MARG HELGENBERGER JENNIFER JASON LEIGH STEVEN WEBER "THANKS OF A GRATEFUL NATION" MATT KEESLAR
Supervising Music Producer SPENCER PROFFER Music by DAVID HAMILTON Edited by CHRISTOPHER NELSON Director of Photography PAUL ELLIOTT
Executive Producers TRACEY ALEXANDER ANDREW ADELSON JOHN SACRET YOUNG Written by JOHN SACRET YOUNG Directed by ROD HOLCOMB TV 14

www.showtimeonline.com

©1998 Showtime Networks Inc. All rights reserved. Showtime is a registered trademark of Showtime Networks Inc., a Viacom Company. NO LIMITS is a trademark of Artime S.p.A. Showtime Networks Inc. is an authorized licensee.

THE SERIES TOO HOT FOR BROADCAST TV.



KNOCKED YOUR SOCKS OFF?

WORLD PREMIERE: SUNDAY JUNE 7 9PM (ET/PT)

SHOWTIME NETWORKS INC. And CHANNEL FOUR TELEVISION PRESENT In Association With WORKING TITLE TELEVISION/PROPAGANDA FILMS A PRODUCTIONS LA FÊTE Production ARMISTEAD MAUPIN'S "MORE TALES OF THE CITY"
OLYMPIA DUKAKIS LAURA LINNEY COLIN FERGUSON WILLIAM CAMPBELL BARBARA GARRICK PAUL HOPKINS NINA SIEMASZKO JACKIE BURROUGHS WHIP HUBLEY DIANA LEBLANC FRANÇOISE ROBERTSON
Featuring DOMINI BLYTHE as Helena Parris With SWOOSIE KURTZ as Betty Ramsey And THOMAS GIBSON as Beauchamp Day Based on the Novel By ARMISTEAD MAUPIN Creative Consultant TERRY ANDERSON
Screenplay By NICHOLAS WRIGHT Executive Producers ALAN POUL SUZANNE GIRARD TIM BEVAN Produced By KEVIN TIERNEY Directed By PIERRE GANG TV MA

SHOWTIME®
NO LIMITS

Model Power

STYLE Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the phattest mannequin of them all? **by Anna Holmes**

THAT RECENT BRITISH *BUSINESSAGE* ARTICLE RANKING THE world's wealthiest models could have used a little remodeling. Given that the careers of **Claudia Schiffer** (No. 3, with $31.2 million) and **Linda Evangelista** (No. 4, with $25.9 million) are as crusty as year-old mascara, it was more of a guide to the world's wealthiest ex-models. So who are today's most in-demand faces? After talking to fashion magazine editors and factoring in covers, big contracts, and industry buzz, here's our list of the models who could have **Cindy Crawford** (No. 2, with $32.8 million) clamoring for a makeover.

1 KATE MOSS

THE WAIF Age: 23. Lucrative ad contracts (Calvin Klein, L'Oréal) and fashion mag covers (six in last 12 months) make Moss boss. Also gets points for famous ex-beau (Johnny Depp) and rumored fling (Leonardo DiCaprio).

2 CHRISTY TURLINGTON

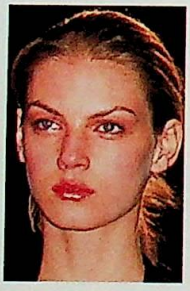
THE MODEL'S MODEL Age: 29. The only member of the Linda-Naomi-Christy troika who still tracks like a supermodel. But she's got issues these days: This full-time NYU liberal arts major now prefers Milton to Milan.

3 AMBER VALLETTA/SHALOM HARLOW

THE GIRLFRIENDS Ages: 24; 23. Love 'em or hate 'em (many do), Valletta vamps for Elizabeth Arden; Harlow, a high-fashion darling, could become a Hollywood fave thanks to *In & Out*. But RuPaul is still more of a household name than they are.

MOSS AND ELSON: ROBERT FAIRER/RETNA LTD.

4 ANGELA LINDVALL



NEXT BIG THING Age: 19. Racking up covers (*W*, *Vogue*) and ads (Missoni, Prada) as quickly as Christie Brinkley gets married. Fear is she could suffer a sophomore slump like Bridget Hall (though Hall's back with Gucci's fall ads).

5 CAROLYN MURPHY

THE PRO Age: 23. Adored by editors for her chameleon-like looks and unflagging dependability, even if beaming's not her strong suit. "Cover Girl was dying to use her, but her smile is a bit of a problem," says *WWD*'s Michel Botbol.

6 TYRA BANKS/REBECCA ROMIJN

THE BOMBSHELLS Ages: 23; 25. Being in the upright and locked position means no respect from the fashionistas, but who cares when there are *GQ* covers to shoot? Drawback: Romijn hasn't made her mark on *House of Style* yet.

7 CINDY CRAWFORD

THE GRANDE DAME Age: 32. Trying to figure out life after supermodeldom, Crawford hopes to make a home at ABC. Though a Revlon mainstay, she faces competition from actresses-turned-models Halle Berry and Salma Hayek.

8 STELLA TENNANT

THE BLUE BLOOD Age: 25. Hard to say what's more regal, her lineage (her family's Burke's Peerage all the way) or her fashion ads (Chanel). Currently on maternity leave, will likely maintain her silver spoon sheen.

9 NAOMI CAMPBELL

THE DIVA Age: 26. Roving ambassador model, thanks to photo ops with Castro and Mandela. Has her 'tude worn thin? "I'm sure in Naomi's world, Naomi thinks she's big," says MTV's Alisa Bellettini. Still, she's the subject of a VH1 special in July.

10 KAREN ELSON/MAGGIE RIZER/SUNNIVA

THE REDHEADS Ages: 19; 20; 17. When you want quirky looks and flaming manes, they are who you're gonna call. "I like them a lot," says *Paper*'s Mickey Boardman, "though Maggie and Karen [shown left] can't walk."

11 ESTHER CANADAS

THE LIPS Age: 21. She claims they're collagen-free (see right), but the guessing game goes on while she graces such magazine covers as *Elle* and *Mademoiselle*. "Her whole vibe is sex, complete 100% sex," says Bellettini. "It's great."

TURLINGTON: JACQUES BENEREAU/SIPA PRESS. HARLOW AND VALLETTA, BANKS, CRAWFORD, TENNANT, AND CANADAS: GREGORY PACE/SYGMA. LINDVALL: ANDREA RENAULT/GLOBE PHOTOS. MURPHY: HENRY MCGEE/GLOBE PHOTOS. ROMIJN: WALTER WEISSMAN/GLOBE PHOTOS. CAMPBELL: STEPHANE CARDINALE/SYGMA

12 ERIN O'CONNOR

THE THROWBACK Age: 20. Her androgynous '60s-meets-punk vibe fits right in with edgy Versace and Dolce & Gabbana stylings. But she'll be a full-on supermodel only when Siouxsie & the Banshees make a comeback.

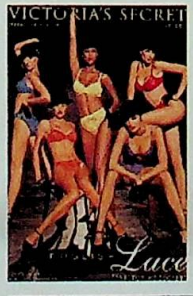
13 ELLE MACPHERSON

THE BODY Age: 34. More of a capitalist than a clotheshorse. (No. 1, with $35.1 million on the *BusinessAge* list, thanks to her lingerie line.) She did ads for milk while pregnant and is considered one of the few models who can act.

14 NIKI TAYLOR

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR Age: 22. Despite a tumultuous personal life (she's now a divorced mom with twins; her sister Krissy died of asthma in 1995), she's always in demand. "She's been on our best-selling covers," says *Allure*'s Linda Wells.

15 VICTORIA'S SECRET VIXENS



THE VIXENS Though Stephanie Seymour, 29, Laetitia Casta, 20, and Helena Christensen, 29, are snubbed by elitists for their undie work, they are among the best-paid posers ever. (Not to mention the most lusted after.)

BUBBLING UNDER

ALEK WEK, 20 Sudanese stunner who made a splash at the fall shows

LING, 23 Asian star of Prescriptives ads

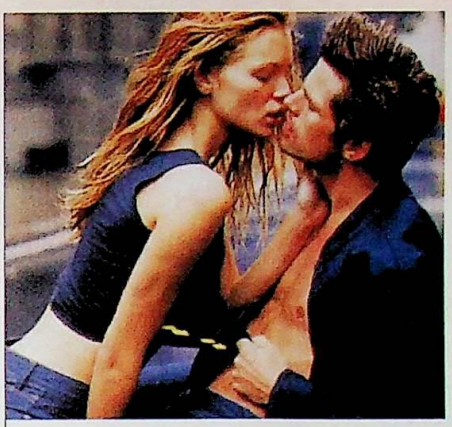
AUDREY MARNAY, 17 Dead ringer for that other Audrey

KIARA, 22 Only black model to get a *Vogue* cover (July 1997) since Naomi did it two years ago

GISELE BUNDCHEN, 19 Coming to a Ralph Lauren ad near you

CANADAS AND VANDERLOO FROM DKNY CAMPAIGN; AD PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER LINDBERG; O'CONNOR: B. TALESNICK/RETNA LTD.; MACPHERSON: BILL DAVILA/RETNA LTD.; TAYLOR: GREGORY PACE/SYGMA

The Skinny On Mark And Esther



WHO Mark Vanderloo, 28, and Esther Cañadas, 21

WHAT Modeling's top love deuce

HIS AND HER BUZZ He's a stud-cake from Holland who, along with handsome pals Jason Lewis and Alex Lundqvist, is male modeling's answer to the Christy-Naomi-Linda triumvirate. She's an up-and-comer from Spain, whose outrageously bee-stung lips make her a dead ringer for an angry Michelle Pfeiffer.

CURRENTLY STARRING IN DKNY's new ad campaign, cavorting and kissing in clothes that they seem thisclose to pulling off.

HOW THEY MET Karan introduced them. "She's our godmother," says Cañadas.

HOW HE PROPOSED Vanderloo flew to Milan and asked for Cañadas' hand. "In Holland you give a traditional silver band," he says. "But I gave her a diamond. We do it the American way."

THE OBJECTS OF THEIR AFFECTION They kissed at least eight times during a one-hour lunch in New York.

HER LIPS: REAL OR FAKE? "They're real. He can tell you," she says, kissing Vanderloo once again.

WHAT'S IN THEIR FRIDGE? "We have 10 different types of Häagen-Dazs," confesses Vanderloo.

MODEL CLICHE #1 (POSING IS HARD WORK) Vanderloo complains that he recently took six red-eyes in eight days, between Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, L.A., Arizona, Paris, New York, and London. "There's always a place in the middle we can fly to," says Vanderloo, who's logged one million frequent-flier miles.

MODEL CLICHE #2 (SHE WAS AN UGLY DUCKLING IN HIGH SCHOOL) "I didn't think I was anything special," insists Cañadas. "I was really tall. I was too skinny."

MODEL CLICHE #3 (THEY DON'T EXERCISE) "Mark goes jogging sometimes," she says. But as for doing 150 sit-ups a day? Jokes Cañadas, "I don't even know how you count that." —*Degen Pener*

posing for pictures

Hollywood's Noah complex escalates. After two asteroid/comet movies, expect two flicks about the woes of models.

DreamWorks is developing a film based on *The Adventures of Sandee the Supermodel* (Simon & Schuster), a comic book by designer ISAAC MIZRAHI. The wry story features a mold-breaking model (she's 30 and six pounds overweight) who's discovered by a Mizrahi doppelgänger named Yvesaac. Mizrahi wants that part. "I don't see who else they could get to do it," he says.

Meanwhile, BEN STILLER hopes to zing the modeling world with a movie based on a sketch he's performed on the VH1 Fashion Awards. His character, Derek Zoolander, is the CEO of a modeling school. A stock quip: "I'm so good-looking, of course I'm a model."

While Stiller's project is an all-out spoof, Mizrahi's will offer a more insider take. So far, Sandee and Derek don't have the hair dryers aimed at each other. "Models are a vital part of our heritage," says Stiller. "If 10 model movies were out next year, it wouldn't be enough." —*DP*

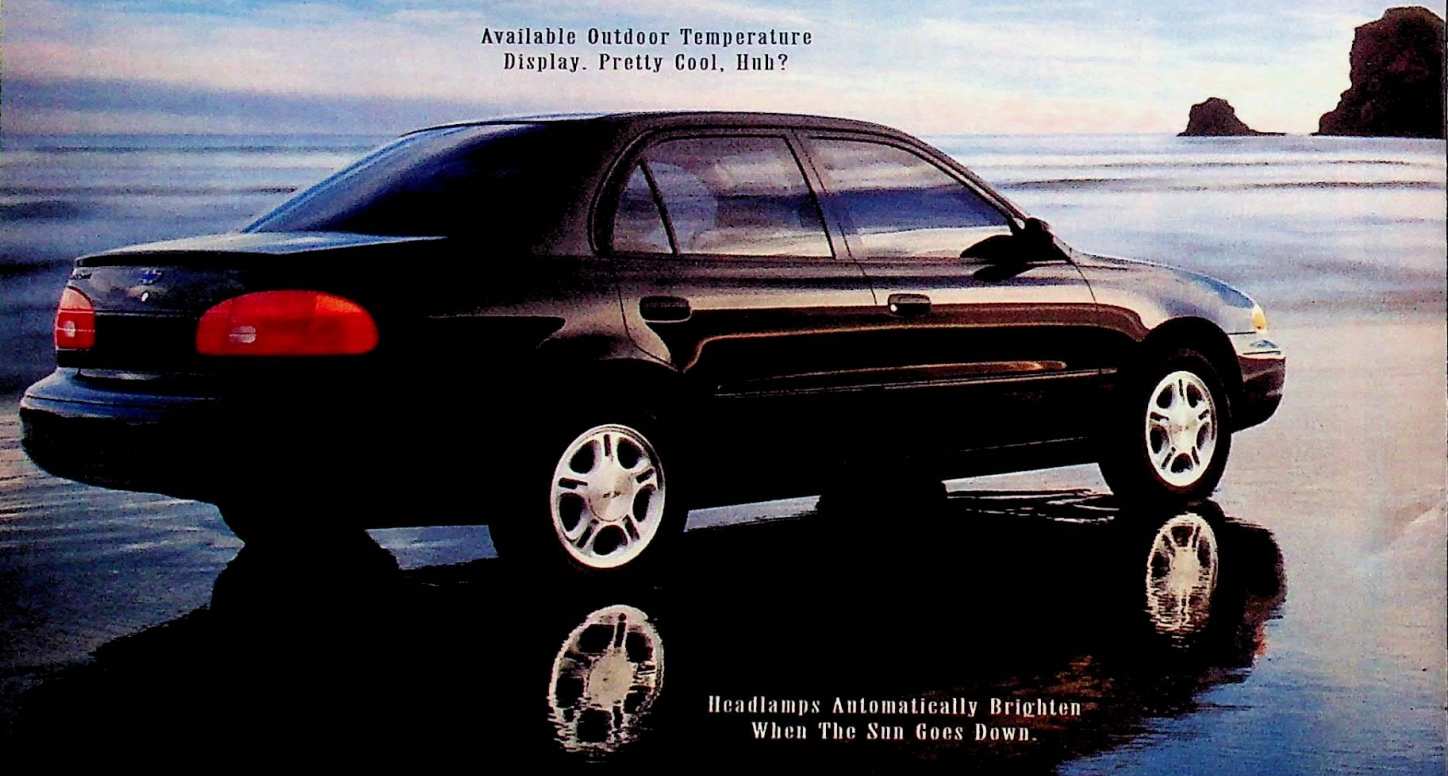
Introducing Some Brand-New, Smart Ideas.

(For A Bunch More, Call 1-888-98PRIZM)

New-Age Direct Ignition
Replaces Old-World Distributor.

New Engine Provides
Better Acceleration & Higher MPG.*

Available Outdoor Temperature
Display. Pretty Cool, Huh?



Headlamps Automatically Brighten
When The Sun Goes Down.

Visit www.chevrolet.com

Available Front-Seat
Side-Impact Air Bags†

Relax.
This Is One Great Car.

*Projected EPA estimated MPG is city 31/highway 37 with the standard 5-speed manual transmission.
†Always wear safety belts, even with air bags. Chevrolet and Prizm are registered trademarks of the GM Corp. ©1997 GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

introducing

CHEVROLET PRIZM

CHEVROLET PRIZM

Here's How To Get A Bunch More Information On One Great Car.

And How To Get A $50 Bond For Test Driving A Prizm

Dear *Entertainment Weekly* Reader:

Call us at 1-888-98PRIZM (77496). Or complete and send us this postage-paid card.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Telephone (____)_____

- I currently drive: Year ___ Make _____ Model _____
  ❑ Own ❑ Lease, Lease expiration (Mo./Yr.) ___/___
- What other vehicles are in your household?
  Year ___ Make _____ Model _____ Year ___ Make _____ Model _____
- I plan to ❑ Purchase ❑ Lease my next vehicle in: ❑ 0–3 mos. ❑ 4–6 mos. ❑ 7–12 mos. ❑ 12 mos.+
- In selecting your next vehicle, which vehicle(s) will you consider?
  Make _____ Model _____ Make _____ Model _____
- Would you like information on any other Chevrolet cars and trucks? (limit 2)
  ❑ Malibu ❑ Lumina ❑ Cavalier ❑ Metro ❑ Monte Carlo ❑ Camaro ❑ Corvette ❑ Tracker
  ❑ Suburban ❑ Chevy Venture ❑ Blazer ❑ C/K Pickup ❑ G-Van ❑ Astro ❑ S-10 Pickup ❑ Tahoe

EW 5/98

ds

l that Mary
uld become a
e 36-year-old
with a sixth-
seem to have
lots about
ular activities:

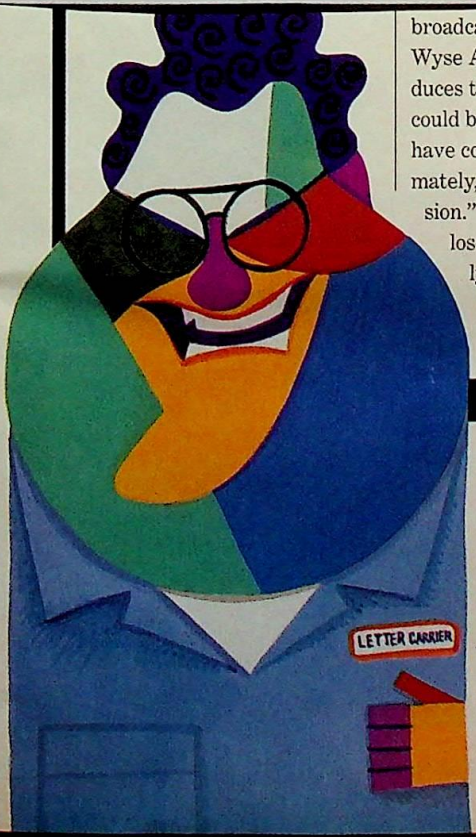
AND SWAIN

lashback se-
e *Vampire Slay-*
rdale student
s teacher.
Sex 101—like
ow-and-tell.
tal. After the
, he kills her.

h school
Joshua Jackson)
teacher
ive him private
s Creek. **Course**
dent study: a lot
grade C for ca-
cher's brought
leaves town.

■ **Student affair** Hunky guidance counselor Matt Dillon helps nubile coeds Neve Campbell and Denise Richards get a leg up on their future in *Wild Things.* **Course description** Advanced placement. Final exam includes a ménage à trois. **Final grade** B for backstabbing. Two of the three are offed.

■ **Student affair** In *Lolita,* nymphet Dominique Swain isn't a student of college professor Jeremy Irons—but they still have plenty of after-school specials. **Course description** A Masters and Johnson degree required. **Final grade** Incomplete. Steaminess put the film on probation—no U.S. distributor would touch it. It airs on Showtime and the Sundance Channel in August. —*Dave Karger*



broadcast productions for Wyse Advertising, which produces the Depot ads. "There could be some weirdness if we have conflicting voices. Ultimately, it's Scott Adams' decision." Even if Castellaneta loses the job, it's not likely to be a problem. Now that he's earning $50,000 per *Simpsons*

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The *agita* was caused after *Dream*'s production start date was moved up to fit star **Kevin Kline**'s schedule. Why were the TV folks being so accommodating? Maybe because Flockhart's *Midsummer* costar is none other than **Michelle Pfeiffer**, wife of *McBeal* creator **David E. Kelley**.

<< random quote

"Huddled in some New York hotel room drinking out of little bottles."

—WAYNE KNIGHT, A.K.A. NEWMAN, ON WHERE HE EXPECTED TO BE DURING THE FINAL EPISODE OF *SEINFELD*

MULAN © WALT DISNEY PICTURES. LOLITA: PETER SORIEL. ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID CORIES

introducing

CHEVROLET PRIZM

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 68 ROCHESTER, MI

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

CHEVROLET PRIZM HEADQUARTERS
PO BOX 80487
ROCHESTER MI 48308-9977

Chevrolet, the Chevrolet Emblem, Lumina, Malibu, Cavalier, Monte Carlo, Camaro, Corvette, Tracker, Suburban, Venture, Blazer, Astro, S10, Tahoe and Prizm are registered trademarks and Chevy and Metro are trademarks of the General Motors Corporation. © 1998 General Motors Corporation. All rights reserved.

Visit www.chevrolet.com

Available Front-Seat
Side-Impact Air Bags†

Relax.
This Is One Great Car.

*Projected EPA estimated MPG is city 31/highway 37 with the standard 5 speed manual transmission.
†Always wear safety belts, even with air bags. Chevrolet and Prizm are registered trademarks of the GM Corp. ©1997 GM Corp. Buckle up, America!

introducing

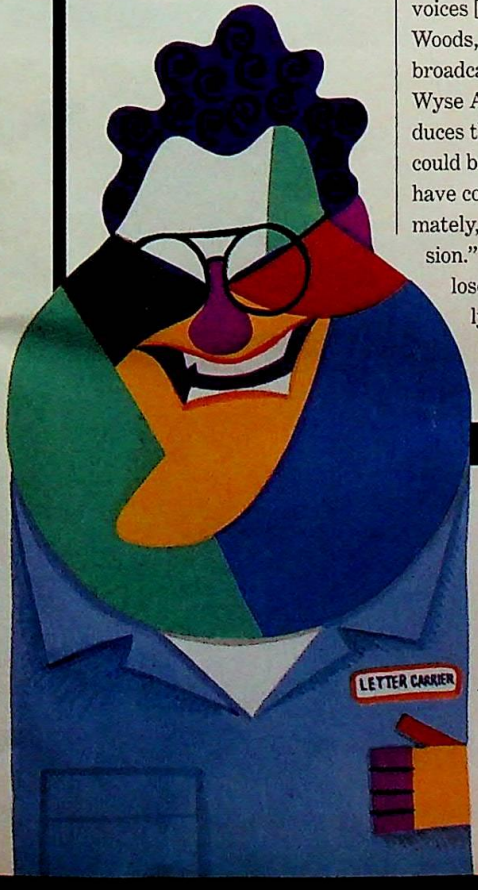
CHEVROLET PRIZM

DILBERT

BREAKING TRADITION IN *MULAN*

FLASHES

OFFICE MATES It's official: **Daniel Stern** will be the voice of Dilbert in UPN's upcoming animated series based on **Scott Adams**' office geek. So what does that mean for the poor schmo who's been providing the cubicle king's voice in those Office Depot ads? Don't worry, he has a day job: The actor, **Dan Castellaneta**, is also the voice of Homer Simpson. In fact, he says that although his agent told him Columbia TriStar was holding auditions for the *Dilbert* series, which will also feature *Suddenly Susan*'s **Kathy Griffin** and *The Naked Truth*'s **Chris Elliott**, he was too busy to go. No word yet on whether Castellaneta—whose Depot spots began last November—will get to keep his commercial gig once *Dilbert* debuts, probably in January. "We have not made a decision as to whether the voices [will] match," says Lisa Woods, associate director of broadcast productions for Wyse Advertising, which produces the Depot ads. "There could be some weirdness if we have conflicting voices. Ultimately, it's Scott Adams' decision." Even if Castellaneta loses the job, it's not likely to be a problem. Now that he's earning $50,000 per *Simpsons* episode, he's probably set with *d'oh*. —*Kristen Baldwin*



ETC. Disney's animated film *Mulan*, due June 19, may be based on a traditional Chinese legend, but there's nothing traditional about the lead role. Or so says star **Ming-Na Wen**. "I play a very *subversive* part," says Wen. "It's about a happy Chinese cross-dressing girl who saves the guy—I mean, *c'mon*." According to Wen, even some of the working relationships were a little out of the ordinary. The character of Shang, Mulan's love interest, was "a hunk," she says—referring not to actor **B.D. Wong** but to the 'toon himself. "I'm sorry, I sort of like had a little turned-on experience when he took off his shirt."... Someone get *Ally McBeal*'s producers some Excedrin. Not long after working out the hair-pulling logistics of a crossover episode with *The Practice*, *McBeal*'s producers had to work out a shooting schedule for star **Calista Flockhart** that enabled her to jet over to Italy for her role as Helena in the upcoming *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The *agita* was caused after *Dream*'s production start date was moved up to fit star **Kevin Kline**'s schedule. Why were the TV folks being so accommodating? Maybe because Flockhart's *Midsummer* costar is none other than **Michelle Pfeiffer**, wife of *McBeal* creator **David E. Kelley**.

<< random quote

"Huddled in some New York hotel room drinking out of little bottles."

—**WAYNE KNIGHT**, A.K.A. NEWMAN, ON WHERE HE EXPECTED TO BE DURING THE FINAL EPISODE OF *SEINFELD*

trends

Who'd have guessed that Mary Kay Letourneau would become a Hollywood muse? The 36-year-old teacher's relations with a sixth-grade pupil in 1996 seem to have inspired a slew of plots about similar extracurricular activities:

LOLITA'S IRONS AND SWAIN

■ **Student affair** A flashback sequence on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* features a Sunnydale student carrying on with his teacher. **Course description** Sex 101—like health class with show-and-tell. **Final grade** F for fatal. After the teacher dumps him, he kills her.

■ **Student affair** High school sophomore Pacey (Joshua Jackson) persuades his 40ish teacher (Leann Hunley) to give him private lessons on *Dawson's Creek*. **Course description** Independent study: a lot of homework. **Final grade** C for career-damaging. Teacher's brought before the board and leaves town.

■ **Student affair** Hunky guidance counselor Matt Dillon helps nubile coeds Neve Campbell and Denise Richards get a leg up on their future in *Wild Things*. **Course description** Advanced placement. Final exam includes a ménage à trois. **Final grade** B for backstabbing. Two of the three are offed.

■ **Student affair** In *Lolita*, nymphet Dominique Swain isn't a student of college professor Jeremy Irons—but they still have plenty of after-school specials. **Course description** A Masters and Johnson degree required. **Final grade** Incomplete. Steaminess put the film on probation—no U.S. distributor would touch it. It airs on Showtime and the Sundance Channel in August. —*Dave Karger*

MULAN © WALT DISNEY PICTURES. LOLITA: PETER BOREL/ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID CORLEY

SINK YOUR TEETH INTO THIS BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT THE MAKING OF 'GODZILLA'—THE RADDEST REPTILE FLICK IN TOWN

STOMP the Wo

A city screams in terror!

INTRODUCING THE MONSTER YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR...

GODZILLA

NEW AND IMPROVED!

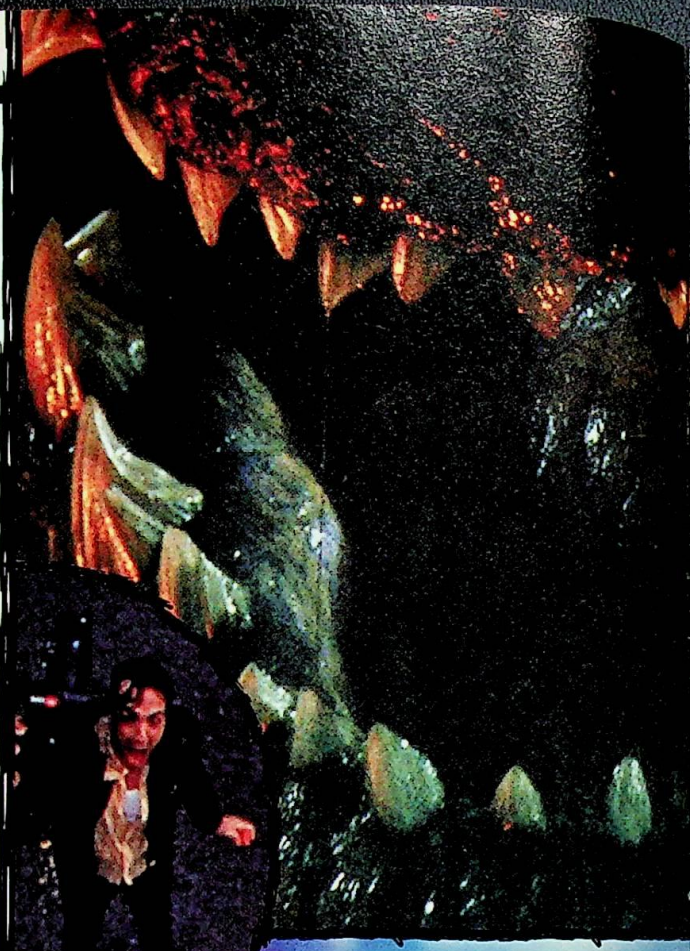
STARRING MATTHEW BRODERICK WITH HANK AZARIA INTRODUCING MARIA PITILLO

ARTICLE BY CHRIS NASHAWATY ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA

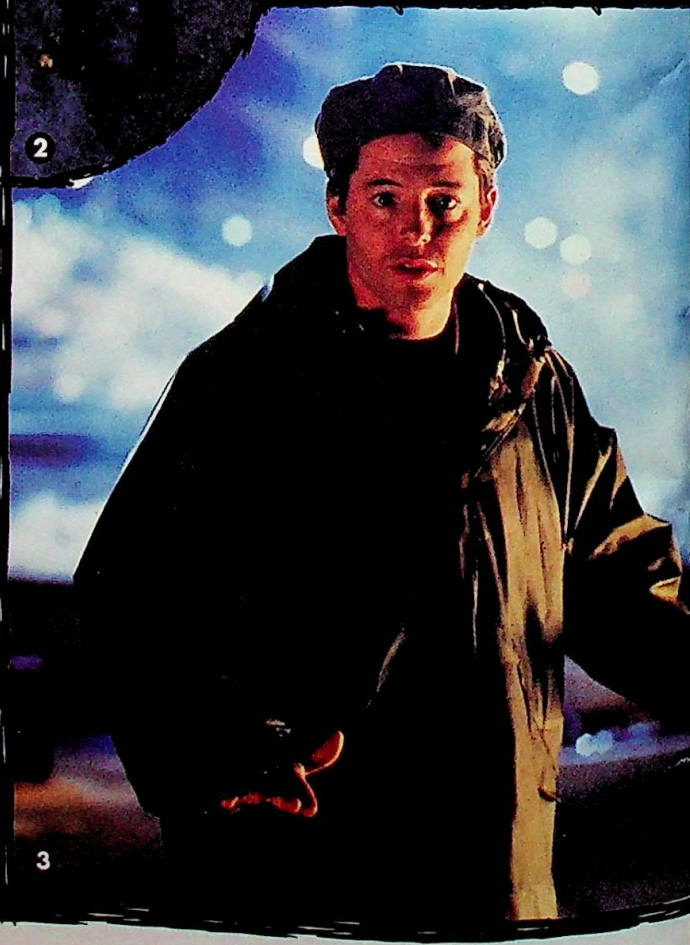
JUST TURN THE PAGE TO SEE SHOCKING PHOTOS!

PRESENTED BY ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

LOOKING A BIT LIKE A '90s VERSION OF Cecil B. DeMille, with biker boots and an enormous stogie substituting for jodhpurs and a megaphone, *Godzilla* director Roland Emmerich restlessly paces up and down Wall Street, watching 500 umbrella-clutching extras line up to become human hors d'oeuvres in a reptilian smorgasbord. As the cameras begin to roll, the high-strung Emmerich puffs on his cigar faster and faster like something out of *Reefer Madness* and yells, "Cue Godzilla!" ■ Taxicabs jury-rigged with hydraulic pumps to make them bunny-hop in time with Godzilla's approaching footsteps start bouncing like Mexican jumping beans, giving a hint of the fire-breathing lizard's colossally harrowing size. *THUD!!!...one mississippi, two mississippi, three mississippi...THUD!!!* ■ As the extras jog down Wall Street, a tad too lackadaisically for a bunch of New Yorkers about to be squashed like overripe Crenshaw melons, Emmerich removes his cigar and screams: *"Run, you f---ers! It's a giant f---ing lizard!!!"* ■ Now, in fairness, it should be said that most days on the set of Sony's $120 million riff on the undisputed King of the Monsters, the 41-year-old German expat and Event Movie auteur behind *Independence Day* runs a shiny, happy Up With People kind of ship. But when you're lording over the most anticipated, preordained, overhyped blockbuster hopeful in a season of anticipated, preordained, overhyped hopefuls, it doesn't matter if you're the Dalai Lama—sometimes a gasket's gonna blow. ■ Emmerich and his writer-producer partner Dean Devlin, 35, are only halfway through their film's



2



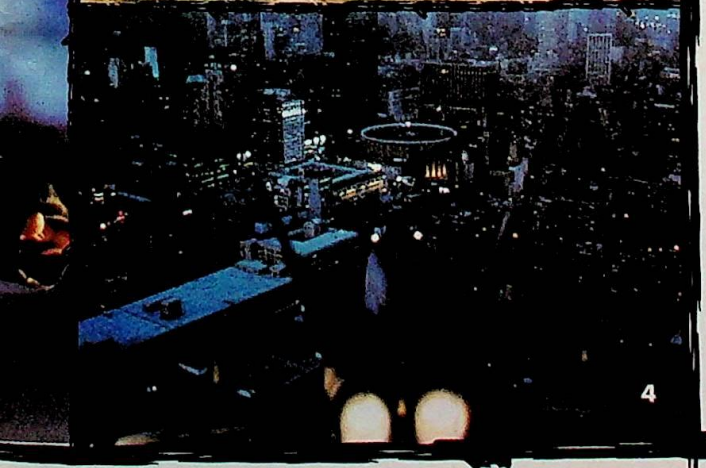
3

(PREVIOUS PAGE) LETTERING BY DAVID COULSON

SEE! The gaping maw of the deadly beast as it chews up the scenery!

THE TOOTH IS OUT THERE

Full-scales model (1); cameraman Azaria gets underfoot (2); Broderick (3); honing in on Madison Square Garden (4); reptile wrath (5)



13-day on-location joyride of destruction through Gotham's top-tier tourist attractions—and so far there have already been a few too many moments of bad mojo. The first week in New Jersey saw a mini-tornado touch down; then an electrical storm put a kibosh on their visit to Central Park; and now on this May afternoon on Wall Street, in addition to those sluggish day players, two manholes have inexplicably blown seven feet into the air, stopping production for over an hour. Then there's the pressure of living up to their own self-generated hype, which was kick-started long before the cameras started rolling.

For the past year, Emmerich and Devlin have bludgeoned every man, woman, and child with their annoyingly cryptic yet effective "Size Does Matter" marketing blitz (costing a reported $50 million in the U.S. alone). Like toadstools popping up after a spring shower, new hints about the behemoth's size, girth, turn-ons, and turnoffs are plastered somewhere new every day:

"He's Taller Than the Statue of Liberty!"

"He's Twice as Long as a 747 Jumbo Jet!"

"His Spleen Is the Size of Mickey Rooney!"

Heck, they've set it up so that if you *don't* cough up the price of a ticket to see *Godzilla* on Memorial Day weekend, you're some sort of Communist. And with *Godzilla* already booked on over 6,000 screens, it's pretty much a no-brainer that the film's first weekend grosses will be monstrous, possibly beating *The Lost World*'s record $90.2 million opening. But will the movie's legs be long enough to outrun the rest of the summer pack? This kind of question makes Devlin and Emmerich twitchy.

"When *Independence Day* came out, the three big movies that summer were supposed to be *Twister*, *Mission: Impossible*, and *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*—which was great as far as we were concerned," says Devlin. "Now it's almost a no-winner. We could make a movie that makes $300 million worldwide and people would say it's a letdown."

That's exactly why there's an air of panic on Wall Street today. When the cameras roll again, the newly motivated extras hysterically freak out on cue. Whether it's out of fear of Godzilla or of another tongue-lashing from the director isn't entirely clear. But either way, one of them gets a little too excited and drops his umbrella in front of the camera. Emmerich stops puffing once again and wearily rubs his eyes, announcing to no one in particular, "That was the *worst* take I've ever seen in my life!" Faces of cast and crew drop and Emmerich lets out an exhausted chuckle. Slowly, nervously, everyone starts laughing with him, not quite sure if it's the right thing to do.

TWO DAYS AFTER EMMERICH'S AGITA WITH THE EXTRAS, things are going much more swimmingly with the film's star, Matthew Broderick. It's midnight on a muggy evening in Manhattan's Flatiron District, and for take after take, the actor formerly known as Ferris has no trouble mustering the appropriate expression of pants-wetting terror when his character, a brainiac biologist, first lays eyes on the 20-story beast.

Later, Devlin says, "Every film we've done we've wanted

Matthew for." Emmerich adds: "He would've been James Spader in *StarGate* and Jeff Goldblum in *Independence Day*, but he was unavailable. Before we wrote *Godzilla*, we met with him and said, 'Don't take anything else till you've read our script.' "

Right now, though, Broderick has to be wondering whether to take all of this as a compliment or some sort of cruel karmic gag. Clad in a waterlogged camouflage poncho, the actor's in his fourth hour of getting drenched by a torrential downpour generated by a set of six-story-tall artificial-rain machines, which loom over his head, mockingly following his every move. Adding sopping-wet insult to injury is the fact that less than 24 hours earlier, Broderick tied the knot with his longtime girlfriend, actress Sarah Jessica Parker. The poor newlywed should be chilling on a chaise longue with a celebratory mai tai.

Those "I dos" may have come easily, but in talking about *Godzilla*, all Broderick seems able to offer is "I can't." Much like those enigmatic teasers for the film, the actor is cagey about revealing anything about *Godzilla*'s plot: "All I can really say is I play a scientist, like a bug-ologist or something... what the hell am I? I forgot what I am...how embarrassing."

Broderick may be sworn to silence, but this much about *Godzilla* we know without his help: Awakened by French nuclear testing in the South Pacific, the reptile rises from the sea, and he's rather miffed. Only *he's* not a he. Godzilla is pregnant and heads to the Big Apple to lay her eggs. Broderick is the egghead hot on her tail, along with Maria Pitillo (*Bye Bye, Love*) as his smoldering ex, a scoop-hungry TV reporter. Hank Azaria (*The Birdcage*) is her cameraman and Jean Reno (*Mission: Impossible*), a shady French insurance inspector who's up to no good. As you can no doubt guess, since *Godzilla* is brought to us by the same guys who blew the White House to smithereens, New York and all its hallowed landmarks (Central Park, the Chrysler Building, Madison Square Garden, you name it) are all on the business end of a 200-foot ass whupping.

HOLLYWOOD'S *GODZILLA* HAS BEEN clomping through various stages of development for more than half a decade. But the lizard king was wreaking havoc long before Devlin or Emmerich was born. In 1954, nine years after the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japanese producer Tomoyuki Tanaka was flying over the Bikini Islands (the site of American H-bomb testing) when he came up with his brainchild, *Gojira*. The name, a mix of *gorilla* (a nod to *King Kong*) and the Japanese word for *whale*, was ham-handedly translated Stateside into *Godzilla*.

A genetic freak mutated by radiation, the underwater beast rose from the sea to wreak havoc on Tokyo, symbolizing the postwar fear and anxiety of the Japanese. Of course, on a less heavy note, it was always pretty easy to see that beneath the fear and anxiety was a guy in a rubber suit. *Godzilla* went on to become Japanese studio Toho's biggest cash cow—and it milked him for 22 installments in which he routinely kicked the stuffing out of his hometown (and grappled with a never-ending roster of kitschy wannabes like Mothra and the Smog Monster). In no time, those hilariously campy (but still pretty damn cool) films became a televised Saturday-afternoon rite of passage for generations of drooling teenage fanboys and girls.

Cut to 38 years after *Godzilla*'s debut. Two of those now-grown-up Saturday shut-ins (Devlin and Emmerich) had just completed the 1992 Dolph Lundgren–Jean-Claude Van Damme flick *Universal Soldier* when a two-page ad appeared in *Variety*. It showed a picture of the TriStar studio lot under an ominous, familiarly shaped shadow. It optimistically (and somewhat delusionally) trumpeted: "Godzilla: Coming Summer 1994."

The idea of making a big-budget Tinseltown-sponsored *Godzilla* wasn't exactly novel. In fact, one Hollywood producer had even pitched the harebrained idea of a *Godzilla* musical to the folks at Toho. (They passed.) Then, in 1993, producers Cary Woods and Rob Fried wooed Toho with a straightforward sci-fi premise gussied up with the latest special effects. Toho bit. Unfortunately, finding a studio to bankroll the pricey idea wasn't quite as easy. "We pitched the idea to Columbia [a division of Sony Pictures] and they passed outright," says Woods, who along with Fried, is now an executive producer of *Godzilla*. "Their response was, they felt it had the potential for camp."

Woods, whose former boss Peter Guber had since become chief of Sony Pictures, went over everybody's head and hopped a plane to Florida to pitch the rejected project to Guber himself. Within seconds, Woods says, "Peter got it; he saw the movie in his head. He was like, 'Godzilla, the fire-breathing monster?! *Yesss!*' " Guber set the film up at Sony's TriStar studio and announced it to the rest of the world with the *Variety* ad.

The first order of business was coming up with a story. Woods and Fried recruited screenwriters Ted Elliott and Terry Rossio (*Aladdin*), who whipped up one of those old-school grudge-match *Godzilla* story lines pitting the big guy against a flying-monster nemesis. Next up was corraling an A-list director. According to Woods and Fried, they and the studio considered Emmerich, James Cameron, Tim Burton, even the Coen brothers. "That was my idea," admits Woods. "I had just seen *The Hudsucker Proxy* at Sundance and I thought they could give *Godzilla* a cool, young twist. Then when *Hudsucker* came out and did no business whatsoever, the studio wanted to put me in a straitjacket."

The first offer went to Emmerich and Devlin—a choice no doubt made easier by the fact that *StarGate*, their follow-up to *Universal Soldier*, had just raked in $16 million during its opening weekend. But the team passed on the project over and over again, unable to get beyond what Devlin calls "the

(OPENING SPREAD) CENTROPOLIS EFFECTS. (PREVIOUS PAGE) 1, 2, 4, 5: CENTROPOLIS EFFECTS. 3: MYLES ARONOWITZ

1, 2, 3: CENTROPOLIS EFFECTS; 4: MYLES ARONOWITZ

APOCALYPSE NEW

The military unleashes its trademark brand o' force against the green menace (1, 2, 3); ruthless reporter Pitillo (4) goes for the scoop d'état

WATCH!
As the scariest lizard alive searches for a home in Manhattan—and isn't happy about it!

cheese factor." Ultimately, Woods, Fried, and Sony scored a coup by signing Jan De Bont. "It was right after *Speed* had come out, so everybody in town wanted him," says Columbia Pictures president Chris Lee. "He was *the* hot director." Naturally, as soon as De Bont was on board, Devlin and Emmerich started kicking themselves. "In Hollywood, when you pass up a project and then a really big director says yes to it, you immediately go, '*Ohhh, noooo!*' " says Devlin. "We thought we really screwed up."

Depending on whom you ask, De Bont's estimated budget for *Godzilla* came in somewhere between $130 million and $145 million—a prohibitive sum for a studio that was sinking, at the time, under $3 billion of debt and where the words *Last Action Hero* were uttered at one's own peril. Says Woods: "Everything was being looked at in a micro way. And with a $140 million budget for a movie with this many effects, everybody tacks on another 30 percent. So the studio was looking at a movie they thought was going to be $200 million." Not surprisingly, Sony got cold feet and De Bont jumped over to Warner Bros. to make *Twister*. "It's funny," says Lee in retrospect, "because when we were developing *Godzilla* with Jan, he kept saying 'I want Helen Hunt and Bill Paxton as the leads.' "

Godzilla sat in limbo for the next two years. Meanwhile, Lee kept bugging his pals Emmerich and Devlin, who at that point were busy making *Independence Day*. When they finished *ID4*, they started getting antsy about their next project and asked their sets-and-creatures designer, Patrick Tatopoulos, to hash out some sketches for a new, more natural and '90s-looking Godzilla. Says Devlin, "When Roland and I saw the drawings we just looked at each other and said, 'That's it.... That's our next picture.' "

But Devlin and Emmerich still had to run their new 'zilla past Toho. Emmerich, Tatopoulos, and Lee traveled to Tokyo with a foot-high model. "We were terrified because it was like redesigning the Volkswagen or something—Godzilla is their Mickey Mouse," says Lee. "There was this whole room of Toho people and at first they were totally silent. Then slowly they started oohing and aahing."

When Devlin and Emmerich finally signed on to make *Godzilla*, Devlin told *Daily Variety*, "We're going to try to do it for a shade under $90 million...because both Roland and I are dead set against these $100 million budgets." The duo's finished *Godzilla* clocks in at $120 million—just spitting distance, ironically, from De Bont's previous, deal breaking budget. Says Devlin: "Well, let's put it this way, we spent a *lot* more money on this movie than we wanted to. I'm not proud of it. I'm not going to go running around bragging about it."

Not that Sony's putting up a stink. In fact, guessing that *Godzilla* will become a franchise of its very own on a par with Batman and Bond, it recently signed the duo to a three-year first-look deal. (The deal was made easier by the fact that Devlin and Emmerich, who at one point looked like they were going to set up shop at Fox to remake *Fantastic Voyage*, had soured on that studio after it canned their TV show *The Visitor*.) There are already plans for a second and third *Godzilla* chapter in the works. Says Sony's Lee, "I consider their deal to basically be the cornerstone for this studio."

AT DEVLIN AND EMMERICH'S PRODUCTION office in Santa Monica, it's two months before *Godzilla*'s scheduled opening and there are roughly 150 computer-generated F/X shots out of 400 that still aren't done. "It's pretty tight," laughs Emmerich. "Every day people ask me, 'How can you finish this?' But you always finish...we know we'll finish *something*. It's pretty insane because we'll be editing until the last possible moment." Adds Devlin, "We invited all our F/X artists to come to the premiere in New York, but we told them they had to bring the final shot with them."

At the other end of the building from Devlin and Emmerich's headquarters, the atmosphere isn't quite as laid-back. This is the lair of *Godzilla*'s F/X-perts. Inside this swarming hive of cubicles and offices, the only illumination comes from strings of Christmas lights, lava lamps, and weird fluorescent tchotchkes. Bleary-eyed, under-the-gun hipster computer geeks blast heavy metal and trip-hop, frantically scrambling to finish the film. Couches are used as beds. The inability to distinguish day from night gives the place the vibe of a Las Vegas casino.

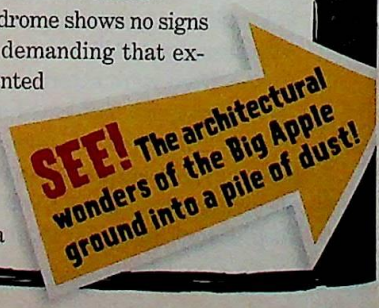
At all times, the curious reporter is under the close watch of a publicist, who makes sure no secrets are revealed. As one of the F/X-perts walks him through a computer-generated shot, careful to show just an eye here and a foot there, an image flashes on screen of the Full Godzilla Monty. This is the ultimate security breach. The panicked publicist's face turns beet red and she quickly kicks into crisis mode. The reporter is whisked out of the room, half euphoric from the high of successfully stealing a glimpse of Devlin and Emmerich's forbidden fruit, and half terrified about the possibility of being interrogated in a dentist's chair à la *Marathon Man*. After all, Devlin and his minions have cloaked nearly every facet of *Godzilla* in obsessive secrecy, while wielding an almost Nixonian no-leaks cudgel over the heads of hungry fans, movie exhibitors, and even the film's licensees—sometimes justified, sometimes downright paranoid.

For example, in March, Devlin admitted in *The Wall Street Journal* that he had set up an Abscam-like sting operation targeting naughty licensees of *Godzilla* toys and tie-ins. Since they didn't want anyone to sneak a peek at the lizard before Memorial Day, Devlin and Emmerich instead sent out fake drawings, each slightly different. The idea was that if any of the drawings wound up on the Internet or in print, they would be able to target the leaker and kick him off the *Godzilla* merchandise gravy train. And when one of those drawings (reportedly given to Fruit of the Loom, which would not comment for this story) turned up on the Net late last year... well, let's just say, don't expect to see any "Size Does Matter" Underoos any time soon.

Another dustup occurred a few months back when Sony threatened to slap a lawsuit on DreamWorks after a trailer that the start-up studio had created for *Small Soldiers* was shown at Toy Fair. The computer-animated kiddie film's trailer, which showed its stable of miniature army guys hog-tying a giant lizard with the tag line "Size *Doesn't* Matter," apparently hit too close to home for Sony. The legal reaction seems especially touchy considering that Sony's very first *Godzilla* trailer showed the lizard's enormous foot stomping a T. rex skeleton in a museum—a none-too-subtle reference to DreamWorks partner Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park*. DreamWorks never showed the *Small Soldiers* trailer again.

"It's been a nightmare," sighs Devlin, referring to all the fake *Godzilla* photos that have been posted on the Internet in the past year. "Luckily, everything on there has been the wrong stuff. The Fox network is doing a *Godzilla* rip-off movie called *Gargantua* [which aired May 19], and their story leaked out and people thought it was ours. They actually ended up causing disinformation for us by doing something incredibly cheesy. How unlike the Fox network; it's such a classy organization. I'm surprised they didn't do *When Godzilla Attacks!*"

The *Godzilla* sore-winner syndrome shows no signs of slowing down. Sony is now demanding that exhibitors hand over an unprecedented 80 percent of the opening-weekend grosses (instead of the usual 70 percent) to the studio. And Sony didn't exactly endear *Godzilla* to the media



when invitations to a press screening were sent out with a Soviet-era caveat: "All types of camera/recording equipment and all photography/recording of this performance are strictly prohibited. All bags will be searched and all persons will be subject to metal detection survey before entrance is granted."

DESPITE SUCH STUDIO-GENERATED JITTERS, JUST A FEW weeks before the film's opening weekend, Matthew Broderick seems remarkably relaxed, at least as relaxed as any star can be while sitting in Manhattan's Stage Deli and getting ambushed by a starstruck teen tourist group from Michigan.

After he has politely dispensed with them, he says that yes, he and Parker *did* finally manage to get away and celebrate their nuptials, although he won't say whether he ever got to drink that mai tai.

Scanning the menu with its list of sandwiches named after celebrities, Broderick notices "The Matthew Broderick" (corned beef, turkey, and Swiss cheese). "Should I order it? That'd be a little tacky, don't you think?" Asked if corned beef, turkey, and Swiss is really his nosh of choice, Broderick laughs, "Yeah, and Brooke Shields really eats chopped liver, turkey, and Swiss."

He admits that it's a little weird that while he *is* the star of *Godzilla*, he kind of isn't. After all, the movie's called *Godzilla*, not *Brainiac Scientist*. Still, after more than 20 movies, playing everything from a Clearasil-age computer hacker (*WarGames*) to a stoic Civil War officer (*Glory*), Broderick, with *Godzilla*, is likely to be anointed one of the least likely action heroes since...Jeff Goldblum. And he's even got the action figure to prove it. "It's very strapping, but his head doesn't even look a *little* like me," cracks Broderick. "They had him looking good for a while, but then I was like, 'No, I think my chin's a little different.' Now I literally don't know which one is mine. But I understand, they can't make it look too much like me...they want it to sell."

Broderick also understands the pitfalls of trying to squeeze a little bit of old-fashioned acting into a movie this size. "With these kinds of movies, after a while people are going to want the actors to stop talking and have the monster come back."

Indeed, Sony's hoping to bring the monster back again and again. Broderick admits he's already signed on for *Godzilla* II and III, but won't say a peep about what cities might be next on the King of the Monsters' travel itinerary. "All I'll say," Broderick offers, as he finishes his turkey sandwich, "is that his toe is *much* bigger than this pickle." ■

1-2. CENTROPOLIS EFFECTS; 3. CLAUDETTE BARIUS

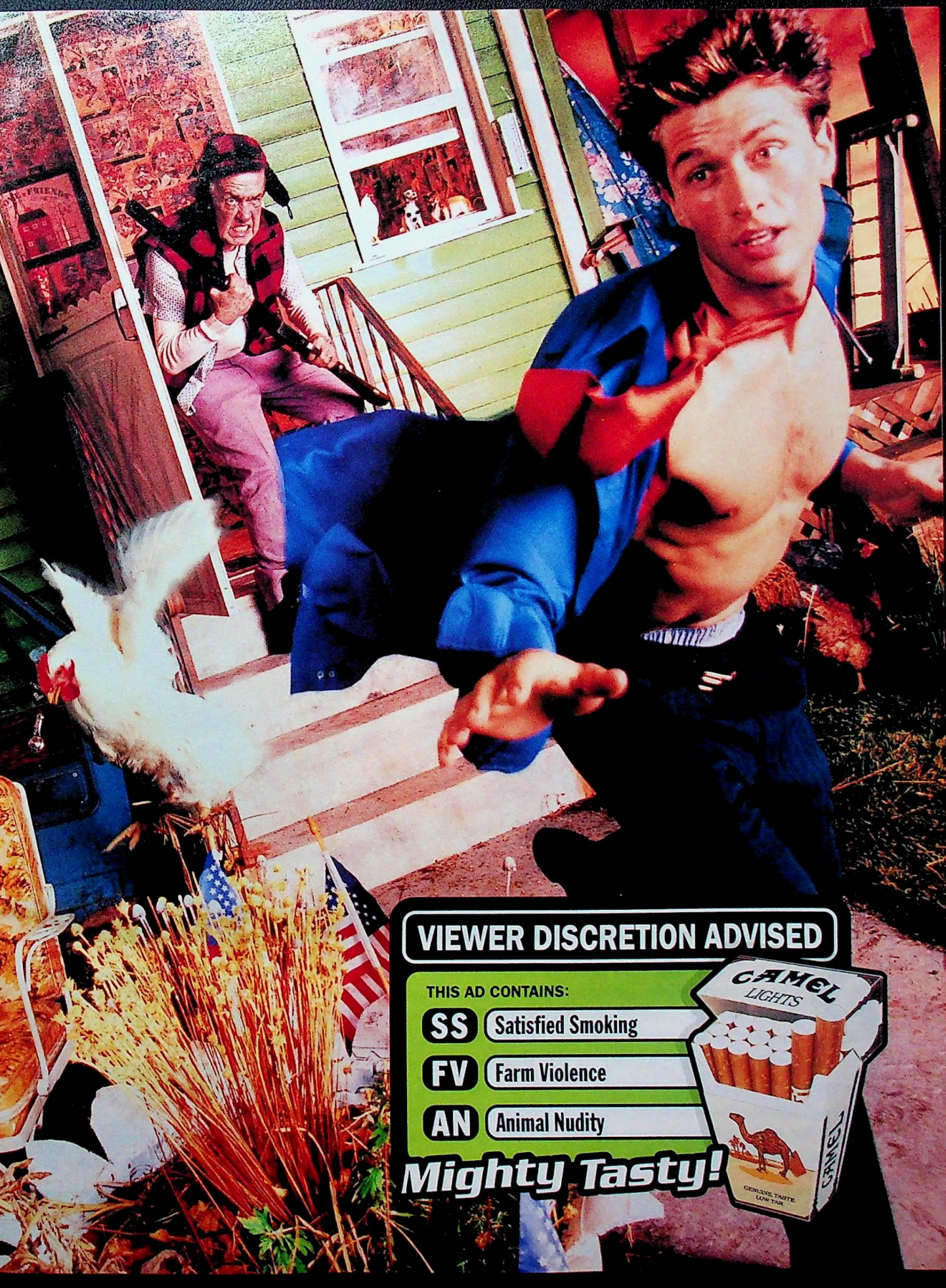
SOMETHING'S AFOOT...

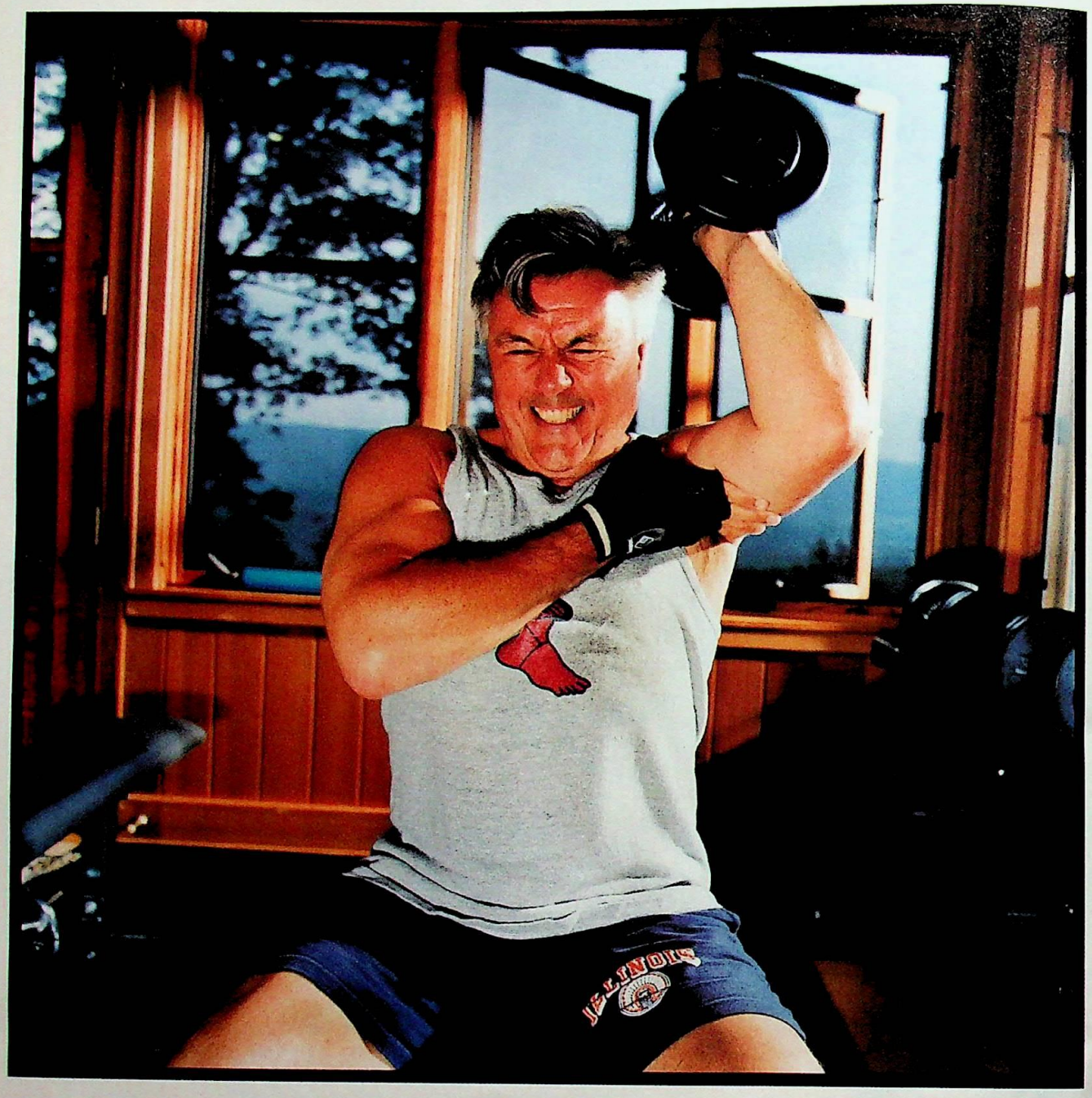
The Chrysler Building (1) is no match for a creature whose footprint (2) is the size of a swimming pool; producer Devlin (3) chats with Broderick

© 1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.


VIEWER DISCRETION ADVISED
THIS AD CONTAINS:
SS Satisfied Smoking
FV Farm Violence
AN Animal Nudity
Mighty Tasty!
CAMEL
LIGHTS
CAMEL
GENUINE TASTE
LOW TAR



BE CAREFUL DRIVING HOME," THE NOVELIST WARNS. "THE DEER COME OUT OF NOWHERE. Hit one and it'll slide up your hood and straight through your windshield. Kill you instantly." ◆ It's been 20 years since *Garp*, and the world according to John Irving is still one big accident waiting to happen. Even in the elysian weald of Vermont, where the 56-year-old author has built his secluded hilltop home, the notorious undertoad is alive and hopping. In fact, tragedy and calamity—as much a part of Irving's oeuvre as neurotic bears, sensitive wrestlers, and transsexual tight ends—loom larger than ever in his critically lauded new novel, *A Widow for One Year*, a bittersweet tale about unhappy families, luckless love lives, and sudden, unspeakable disasters—including a plot-turning car crash even more chilling than *Garp*'s memorable fender bender. "Comparisons are going to be inevitable," Irving says, his accent as rich and plummy as New England roadside preserves. "This book is more like

WIDOWMAKER

BY BENJAMIN SVETKEY

LITERARY HEAVYWEIGHT JOHN IRVING IS BACK ON TOP WITH A WIDOW FOR ONE YEAR, HIS BEST BOOK SINCE GARP (AND THERE ISN'T A BEAR IN SIGHT).

The World According to Garp than any other I've written. Only it's a lot darker."

Garp, of course, was the 1978 blowout best-seller that turned Irving—then a full-time college wrestling coach with three little-known novels on his résumé—into a publishing heavyweight. That quirky, poignant parable, full of random violence, feminist fanatics, and wrenching parental paranoia, sold more than 10 million copies, inspiring a worldwide network of Garp fan clubs, a Robin Williams movie, and even a brief fashion craze (Irving still has his "I Believe in Garp" T-shirt). It also made him rich enough to build his dream house—an enormous, eccentric, cedar-shingled structure complete with its own rubber-padded wrestling room—and transformed the writer into the biggest literary sex symbol since Byron (that skimpy wrestling singlet he wore in promos for *Vanity Fair* didn't hurt).

"No. Wrong. Not true," Irving bristles at the myth of his sexpot mystique. "Fame is just someone else's perception of you. I mean, look where I live. *Nobody* here knows who the f--- I am. If I go to a restaurant in New York, maybe I'll see somebody looking at me. But half the time they think I'm an old ballplayer. They're like, 'Is that Bucky Dent?'

"I work eight or nine hours a day, seven days a week," he goes on. "I travel as little as possible. I have a couple of grown children out West [Colin, 33, and Brendan, 28, both from his first marriage]. And my wife [literary agent Janet Turnbull, 44, with whom he has a third son, 6-year-old Everett] has a business in Toronto, so we go there sometimes. But that's it. That's what I do. I don't have a closet full of tuxedos."

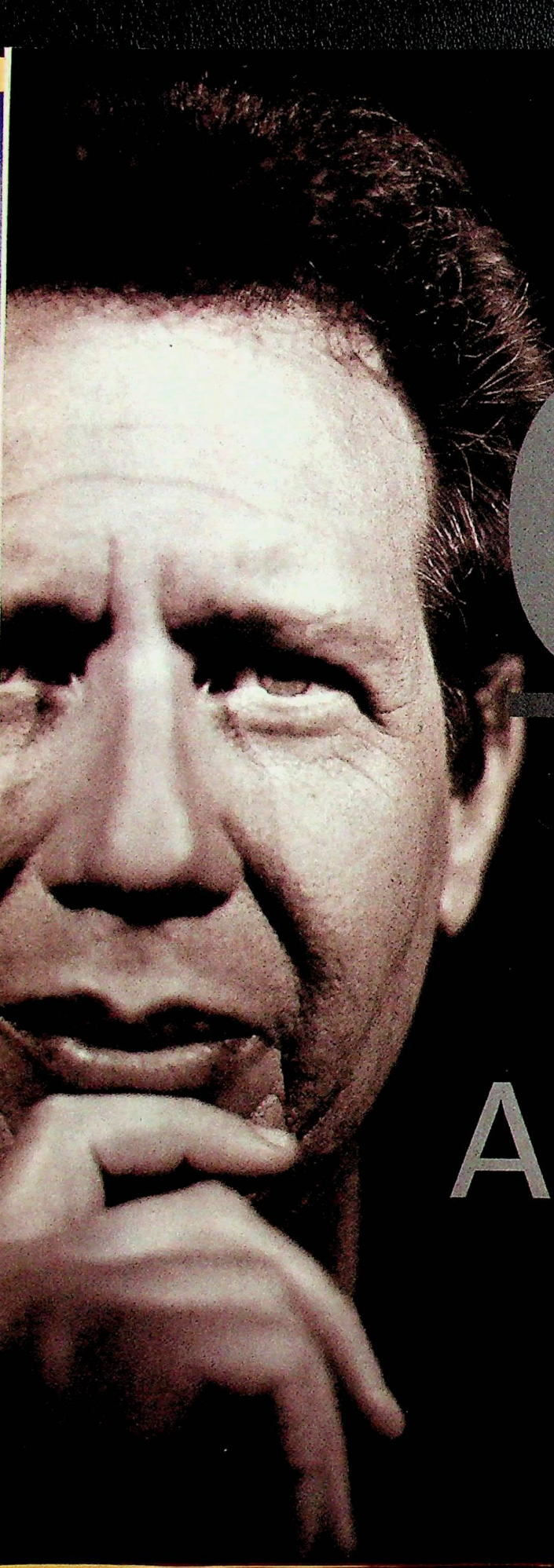
His wife backs up his story. "The unique thing about John is that every day is exactly the same," she says. "You can count on it. He gets up, has breakfast, goes into his office until 5 o'clock, works out in his gym, eats dinner, goes back to his office. His day is *very* regular. Fortunately, my life is crazy, so it works out nicely."

Those monotonous, marathon workweeks aren't *entirely* devoted to churning out hit novels (four since *Garp*, including *The Hotel New Hampshire*). Irving has also toiled in the screen trade—he dismissively describes scriptwriting as "carpentry"—on a long-in-development adaptation of his 1985 best-seller, *The Cider House Rules*, which recently landed its *third* director in 12 years: Lasse Hallström, who made *My Life as a Dog*. A film version of *A Prayer for Owen Meany*, called *Simon Birch*, is also in the works—slated for release this fall by Disney—although it veers so far from the 1989 novel that Irving, who had no creative control on the project, has removed his name from it. "I don't even *like* films," he says wearily. "I've seen two movies in theaters in the last 10 years—*Schindler's List* and *The English Patient*—and only because both books were written by friends. It's just not part of my thing."

Of course *A Widow for One Year*, which took him four years to pen, is Irving's thing all over. Like *Garp*, it's a novel about a novelist: Ruth Cole, a successful young author with a long-lost mom, a horndog dad, and a knack for picking really rotten boyfriends. Also like *Garp*, it's a hefty, 500-page-plus production packed with weird coincidences, strange bedfellows, stories within stories, and shocking twists of fate. But it's subtler and less gimmicky—not a single bear or wrestler in sight—and is already earning the author some of the best reviews of his career. "Irving's most entertaining and persuasive novel since...*Garp*," *The New York Times* declared recently. Possibly his most lucrative as well: Random House has printed 240,000 copies.

"Actually, this book is different from *Garp* in a lot of ways," Irving decides. "The fears are similar—you never get over your fears for your children. But 20 years down the road, your fears change. You have a different perspective on the horror." Not *that* different. "Listen," he says, standing in his winding dirt driveway at the end of the interview, right before issuing his parting deer-through-the-windshield warning, "go slow down the hill. My wife and kid are due any minute. Don't hit them." ■

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARY ELLEN MARK



BY KEN

FL
OU
G
SHANDL
SETS H
ALTER EG
WITH THE USU
LOV

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

T U C K E R

dPING

ARRY

LNG

IS SUdERB TV

O FREE

UAL ƎEAR AND

THING

JEFFERY NEWBURY

»"I'M SICK OF YOU, AND YOU CAN PRINT THAT." THIS IS GARRY SHANDLING TO AN ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY WRITER DURING THE FINAL DAYS OF HIS BRILLIANT HBO TALK-SHOW SITCOM, *THE LARRY SANDERS SHOW*. BUSTLING AROUND A CORNER OF HIS STUDIO CITY, CALIF., PRODUCTION OFFICES, A TRAIL OF STUBBLE-CHINNED T-SHIRTED

and blue-jeaned writers trailing behind him like exhausted ducklings, Shandling utters these words the way he says almost everything—deadpan, eyes lidded in a pained squint, his voice a monotone verging on whininess. You think, He's kidding, right? So you smile and force a chuckle.

"No, I mean it."

He's still kidding, right? Spend just a few minutes around Shandling and you start feeling like Hank Kingsley, the never-gets-the-joke dufus sidekick that Jeffrey Tambor plays so astutely opposite Shandling's Larry. When Shandling finally breaks into a small grin—as pained as his earlier grimace—and pats you on the back, you feel vastly relieved.

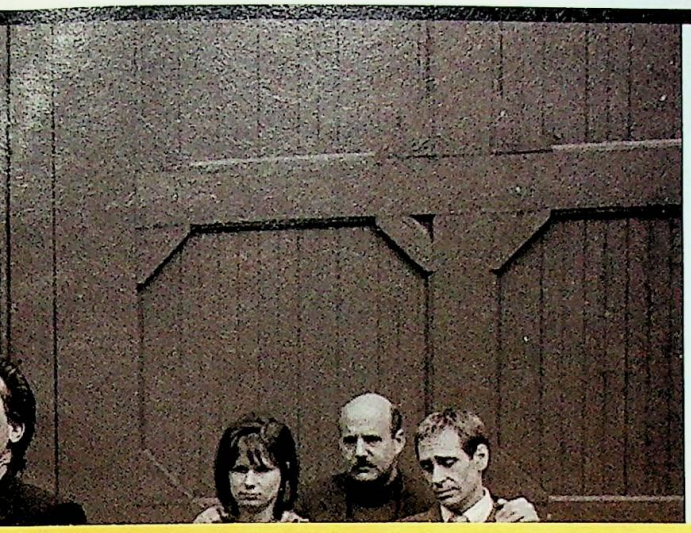
No one else is, though. There's palpable tension in the hallways of Shandling's offices, as a two-page scene between Larry and guest star David Duchovny must be punched up—Garry wants more laughs, so more laughs there shall be. It's taping time for the last installment of *The Larry Sanders Show*, an hour airing May 31 whose plot is, of course, about the last installment of the fictional *Larry Sanders Show*. In addition to Duchovny, the A-list guests include Jim Carrey, Jerry Seinfeld, Ellen DeGeneres, Warren Beatty, and Carol Burnett.

"It's a very dramatic episode, in that Larry doesn't want to deal with any of the emotions of his last show," Shandling says of his alter ego. "He's only dealing with the show in terms of, Will it be the greatest one ever? He wants the biggest names to pay fealty to him. And it's not till the very end that he realizes that this show, which was his whole life, is really over, and then there's a 10- or 15-minute roller-coaster ride of emotion."

In the scene now in question, Sharon Stone has canceled at the last minute, and Garry as Larry must go over to Duchovny's hotel room and personally beg him to replace her. Larry's nervous about being alone with the wily *X-Files* star because, as faithful viewers know, Sanders became convinced last season that Duchovny has a crush on him.

As a mere EW reporter—a type portrayed as a nosy, wheedling creature in a hilarious 1993 episode—you've been asked not to speak to Shandling during this taping period, so you hang back in the hallway as the star confers with the writers. Then Duchovny walks down the hall wearing an unusual bit of clothing, and—well, gosh, you'd think you'd just accidently seen the last page of the upcoming *X-Files* movie. "You may *not write* about what you've just seen!" says Shandling's assistant, associate producer Kelly Grant. "You were asked *not* to bother Garry and the writers now—we'll have to pull the plug on this story *right now*!"

Oh, my. This is the second time the phrase "pull the plug" has been used during this assignment; the first was in a warning not to ask Shandling about the lawsuit he has pending against former manager Brad Grey, a hot-potato controversy in which (as reported in EW in February) Grey is accused, among other things, of improperly releasing writers from their contractual obligations to Shandling's show, only to hire them for



ADMIT ONE

THIS IS YOUR TICKET TO

Entertainment WEEKLY

The one weekly entertainment magazine that gives you the very best in movies, TV, music, books, & more.

6 Months
For Only
$19.75
(25 issues)

EWA8EW6

NAME _____ (please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY is published weekly, except for two issues combined periodically into one and occasional extra or expanded issues. Rate good in U.S. only. * Off the $2.50 cover price.

OVER 68% OFF*

Printed on recycled paper.

5IEWA7

THE BITTER END Shandling with costars (from left) Penny John son, Torn, Langham, Mary Lynn Rajskub, Tambor, and Thompson

Grey-produced sitcoms. Grey denies this and is countersuing. (For the record, Grey's clients include *Sanders* alums Paul Simms of *NewsRadio* and Steve Levitan of *Just Shoot Me.*)

Shandling doesn't want to talk about it, but the subject comes up anyway when he's asked whether he'll make lots of dough if *Sanders* goes into syndication. "I don't keep track of those things, but I'm going to have to start, eh?" Because you don't have a manager now, Garry? "I have no comment on that other than that it is a business issue very separate from my creative life. I have total confidence that it's a completely accurate lawsuit." He adds in a murmur, "It's very sad." In a subsequent chat, he's more upbeat, even feisty: "Doing what's right and truthful frees me creatively, and refreshes me—in that sense, [the lawsuit] is the right thing to do."

And by the way: Duchovny was in a kilt.

EARLIER, DURING AN INTERVIEW IN AN OFFICE THAT features index cards pinned to the wall containing story lines we'll never see ("Larry's car alarm won't stop"), Shandling radiates a Zen calmness. This is perhaps surprising, but less so when you learn he practices Zen Buddhist meditation every day. "I'm nothing but a man struggling to get better," he professes, graciously offering you the "T" in a big chocolate bar spelling out "THANKS." ("It's a gift from Marlo Thomas for a charity thing I did for her and Phil [Donahue].), when I did his show. There but a former Mrs. Donahue.")

reative freedom of cable to cook f showbiz egotism and self-ab- the small screen—no series has isfying, more funny. Yet ask him ent, and Shandling denies it all. any celebrity]. I embrace the hu- y and wouldn't want someone to would have to be shown specifi- use I don't think there is one."

m your notebook and give Garry auteur of a show that has ragged to Michael Bolton, and which re- Langham) observe that Martin is driving into a tree"?

ndling says quietly, "I'm sure if I ld not buy it. I don't feel any dif- "

tween Garry and Larry, Shan- works because I'm able to see ay that allows me to write about listic world, yet I write as some- . Larry does not have any sense nsequences of his self-absorption other hand, have been in my introspective period since I was 14."

There are those who dispute this, who find Sanders' insecurities and petty unkindnesses in Shandling. Chris Thompson, an early *Sanders* writer who went on to create *The Naked Truth*, is famously quoted as saying the *Sanders* show "runs on ego, greed, and fear." Another former writer-producer asserts, "Larry is a very sanitized version of Garry.... Garry does not in his heart want to think the show is overly collaborative. I can't tell you how many weekends I and other writers spent, summoned to Garry's house to be screamed at, told we didn't 'get' the show and shouldn't be writing for him. He's a brilliant stand-up, a very good writer, and a pretty decent actor, but you

»"I'M SICK OF YOU, AND YOU CAN PRINT THAT." THIS IS GARRY SHANDLING TO AN ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY WRITER DURING THE FINAL DAYS OF HIS BRILLIANT HBO TALK-SHOW SITCOM, *THE LARRY SANDERS SHOW*. BUSTLING AROUND A CORNER OF HIS STUDIO CITY, CALIF., PRODUCTION OFFICES, A TRAIL OF STUBBLE-CHINNED T-SHIRTED

and blue-jeaned writers trailing behind him like exhausted ducklings, Shandling utters these words the way he says almost everything—deadpan, eye
voice a monotone verging on w
ding, right? So you smile and for
"No, I mean it."
He's still kidding, right? Spe
Shandling and you start feeling
gets-the-joke dufus sidekick tha
tutely opposite Shandling's La
breaks into a small grin—as pair
pats you on the back, you feel va
No one else is, though. There
ways of Shandling's offices, as a
and guest star David Duchovny
wants more laughs, so more lat
time for the last installment of
hour airing May 31 whose plot
stallment of the fictional *Larry*
Duchovny, the A-list guests incl
Ellen DeGeneres, Warren Beatt
"It's a very dramatic episode,
deal with any of the emotions of
of his alter ego. "He's only deali
Will it be the greatest one ever
to pay fealty to him. And it's not
izes that this show, which was hi
then there's a 10- or 15-minute r

In the scene now in question, Sharon Stone has canceled at the last minute, and Garry as Larry must go over to Duchovny's hotel room and personally beg him to replace her. Larry's nervous about being alone with the wily *X-Files* star because, as faithful viewers know, Sanders became convinced last season that Duchovny has a crush on him.

As a mere EW reporter—a type portrayed as a nosy, wheedling creature in a hilarious 1993 episode—you've been asked not to speak to Shandling during this taping period, so you hang back in the hallway as the star confers with the writers. Then Duchovny walks down the hall wearing an unusual bit of clothing, and—well, gosh, you'd think you'd just acci-

Entertainment WEEKLY
PO BOX 61890
TAMPA FL 33661-1890

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 22 TAMPA FL

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

WWW.EW.COM
- your daily dose of entertainment

dle. "You may *not write about what you've just seen!*" says Shandling's assistant, associate producer Kelly Grant. "You were asked *not* to bother Garry and the writers now—we'll have to pull the plug on this story *right now*!"

Oh, my. This is the second time the phrase "pull the plug" has been used during this assignment; the first was in a warning not to ask Shandling about the lawsuit he has pending against former manager Brad Grey, a hot-potato controversy in which (as reported in EW in February) Grey is accused, among other things, of improperly releasing writers from their contractual obligations to Shandling's show, only to hire them for

THE BITTER END Shandling with costars (from left) Penny Johnson, Torn, Langham, Mary Lynn Rajskub, Tambor, and Thompson

Grey-produced sitcoms. Grey denies this and is countersuing. (For the record, Grey's clients include *Sanders* alums Paul Simms of *NewsRadio* and Steve Levitan of *Just Shoot Me.*)

Shandling doesn't want to talk about it, but the subject comes up anyway when he's asked whether he'll make lots of dough if *Sanders* goes into syndication. "I don't keep track of those things, but I'm going to have to start, eh?" Because you don't have a manager now, Garry? "I have no comment on that other than that it is a business issue very separate from my creative life. I have total confidence that it's a completely accurate lawsuit." He adds in a murmur, "It's very sad." In a subsequent chat, he's more upbeat, even feisty: "Doing what's right and truthful frees me creatively, and refreshes me—in that sense, [the lawsuit] is the right thing to do."

And by the way: Duchovny was in a kilt.

EARLIER, DURING AN INTERVIEW IN AN OFFICE THAT features index cards pinned to the wall containing story lines we'll never see ("Larry's car alarm won't stop"), Shandling radiates a Zen calmness. This is perhaps surprising, but less so when you learn he practices Zen Buddhist meditation every day. "I'm nothing but a man struggling to get better," he professes, graciously offering you the "T" in a big chocolate bar spelling out "THANKS." ("It's a gift from Marlo Thomas for a charity thing I did for her and Phil [Donahue]. Y'know, Phil came on to me too, when I did his show. There but for the grace of God, I could be a former Mrs. Donahue.")

Shandling, 48, has used the creative freedom of cable to cook up the most ruthless satire of showbiz egotism and self-absorbed stupidity ever seen on the small screen—no series has ever made meanness more satisfying, more funny. Yet ask him if he's proud of this achievement, and Shandling denies it all. "My intent was never to hurt [any celebrity]. I embrace the human condition and vulnerability and wouldn't want someone to say something bad about me. I would have to be shown specifically a line that is hurtful, because I don't think there is one."

At this point, you look up from your notebook and give Garry the ol' fish-eye. This, from the auteur of a show that has ragged on everyone from Carrot Top to Michael Bolton, and which recently had writer Phil (Wallace Langham) observe that Martin Lawrence's "idea of a first date is driving into a tree"?

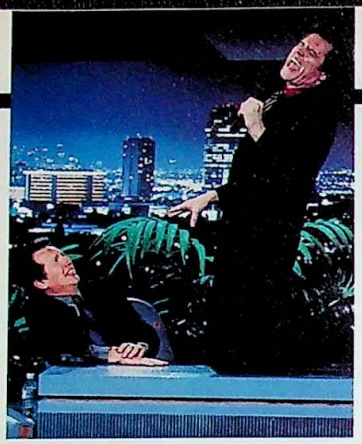
Without missing a beat, Shandling says quietly, "I'm sure if I heard what I was saying, I would not buy it. I don't feel any differently about me than you do."

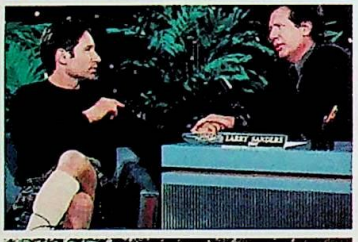
Asked about differences between Garry and Larry, Shandling says, "I think this show works because I'm able to see both sides in some objective way that allows me to write about someone caught up in a materialistic world, yet I write as someone who is fighting against that. Larry does not have any sense of introspection, of what the consequences of his self-absorption are on other people. I, on the other hand, have been in my introspective period since I was 14."

There are those who dispute this, who find Sanders' insecurities and petty unkindnesses in Shandling. Chris Thompson, an early *Sanders* writer who went on to create *The Naked Truth*, is famously quoted as saying the *Sanders* show "runs on ego, greed, and fear." Another former writer-producer asserts, "Larry is a very sanitized version of Garry.... Garry does not in his heart want to think the show is overly collaborative. I can't tell you how many weekends I and other writers spent, summoned to Garry's house to be screamed at, told we didn't 'get' the show and shouldn't be writing for him. He's a brilliant stand-up, a very good writer, and a pretty decent actor, but you

shouldn't have to walk away from a season feeling you've been in the Vietnam War."

Perhaps a key to understanding the mixture of admiration and trepidation that Shandling inspires lies in a comment he makes about the show: "What's been trickiest to explain to writers is that any given character is neither dumb nor smart, not mean or nice. They're *all* of those things at different times in their lives. We can all be generous in one moment and cruel in another—that's what we're trying to put on TV." And no matter what the outcome of the lawsuits or the truth about Shandling's dealings with his staff, it's undeniable that he has communicated this vision with remarkable consistency and hilarity over six seasons of *The Larry Sanders Show*.





THE THREE FACES OF LARRY
Carrey, Duchovny, and Beatty all cameo in the *Sanders* finale

ON THE FIRST FINAL-SHOW taping day, Garry's mom, Muriel, has sent a huge aluminum tray of homemade chimichangas from her home in Tucson, Ariz., along with a note to "My darling son" and the cast, with a reminder: "Don't forget to heat in micro." (The day before, Shandling had commented, "I'm a lucky man; I have a mother who wants to marry me.")

Tom Petty, Greg Kinnear, Clint Black, Bruno Kirby, and Rip Torn (who plays Larry's genially profane producer, Artie) gather to rehearse and shoot a scene—a squabble in the *Sanders* green room between Petty and Black about who's going to give Larry a farewell serenade (a knowing nod to Bette Midler's swan song to Johnny Carson in 1992). Petty seems to relish pointing his thumb at Black and spitting out the line "You don't need me if you've got Roy Rogers here."

Before the scene starts, Shandling says, "Remember, this is just a run-through; nothing is written in stone. Everything can change. We don't have to do this scene. In fact, we might not. Thanks for flying in, though." Black looks at Kirby and grins uncomfortably. Garry's kidding, right?

In the scene, when Kinnear tries to step in to mediate, Petty tells him to back off. Torn as Artie asks Petty to show some respect—after all, Kinnear *is* an Oscar nominee. Petty sneers, "For what? *Talk Soup*?" and Kinnear lunges for his throat.

Cut! "That was funny," says Shandling, standing off camera. "I wish I was in it. In fact," he says, turning to writer-producer Judd Apatow, "could you rewrite this so I am?" A poker-faced Apatow does not respond. Garry's kidding, right?

"It's been a great opportunity, this show," says Apatow later, "because its freedom reminds you that a sitcom can be more than a bunch of jokes and topical references strung together." It's a familiar theme, echoed by cast members.

"I never thought I'd use my improvisational skills on TV," says Torn. "But I can change a line with Garry, and he goes with the flow." And when the show ends? "Aw, I'm doin' a pilot for CBS," Torn says with an Artie-ish growl. He'd signed himself up to play a family physician in an hour-long drama, but in some late-breaking news worthy of a *Sanders* subplot, Torn was recently replaced by Robert Loggia.

Jon Stewart, a key player this season—he's supposed to take over the *Sanders* show when Larry leaves—will not, as has been rumored, really continue the series on HBO. "I'm contracted to write a book," he says, "so I guess I have to write one. At this point, I'm thinking a book of pictures you could color in—a coloring book."

Scott Thompson, the former *Kids in the Hall* player who portrays Hank's openly gay assistant, Brian, is more sure of his plans: He's written a novel about his best-known *Kid* persona, Buddy Cole, to be published in June, and will give bookstore readings in character. "I hate being gay defined," says Thompson of his career, "but I told the writers here that if I was going to be gay, I also wanted Brian to be openly Canadian—that seemed even more radical for American television than being gay."

As for Shandling, he says it's too soon for him to have his own emotional roller-coaster ride regarding the show's end; he's "still too close to it." In the meantime, he's taking a "final pass" at a film script he's been tinkering with for years, a comedy called *What Planet Are You From?* in which he'd play an alien. He'll also be seen in a straight role in the upcoming film of David Rabe's play *Hurlyburly*, costarring Kevin Spacey and Sean Penn. "These are real actors—I didn't feel I was in their league. At certain points, I felt I was watching the play itself and they just happened to be performing it very close to me."

NOT LONG BEFORE BOTH SHANDLING AND JERRY Seinfeld filmed their respective finales, the two pals had dinner with their hero Johnny Carson. "It was great, because no matter what we've done since, Jerry and I both still think of our first appearances on Johnny's *Tonight Show* to be the high point of our lives, and Johnny was totally in favor of the way both of us were giving up our shows at this point in our careers. Driving home, we were like two kids whose dad had given them permission to get on with their lives."

Did Jerry do the driving, in one of his fabled Porsches?

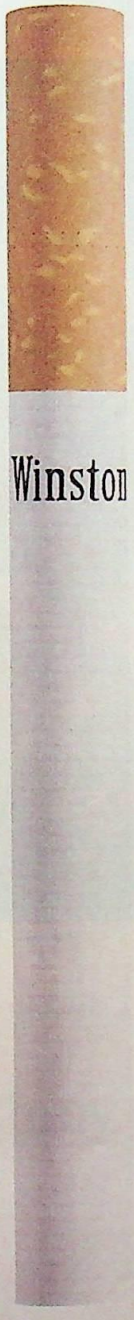
"Yes," he sighs, "and he kept whining at me to keep my feet off the dashboard. I'll never drive with him again."

He's kidding, right? ■

LARRY WATSON (3)

©1998 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

All taste. No bull.



There are no additives in our tobacco.

16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

100% tobacco
No additives

*Optional features. **Always wear your safety belt and secure children in the rear seat. †Under normal driving conditions with routine fluid and filter changes.

Corky was never really a "car" dog. Until we got a Ford Escort.

Now when I open the door, he leaps right in – tail waggin', nose right up to the window.

And that's how he stays. Up to the window, slobberin' on everything.

You can't drag him away.

I tried doggy treats, his favorite CD* (Hound Dog), even offered to let him play with the power door locks.*

No dice.

Now, I'm no dog psychologist, but maybe he's so proud of our Escort, he just wants to be seen in it. After all, they do have a lot in common: dependable, smart,

REMOTE KEYLESS ENTRY*

SECOND GENERATION DUAL AIRBAGS**

100,000 MILES BETWEEN TUNE-UPS†

DUAL POWER MIRRORS*

and hey, **they both have shiny coats.**

Built Ford to Last

Escort

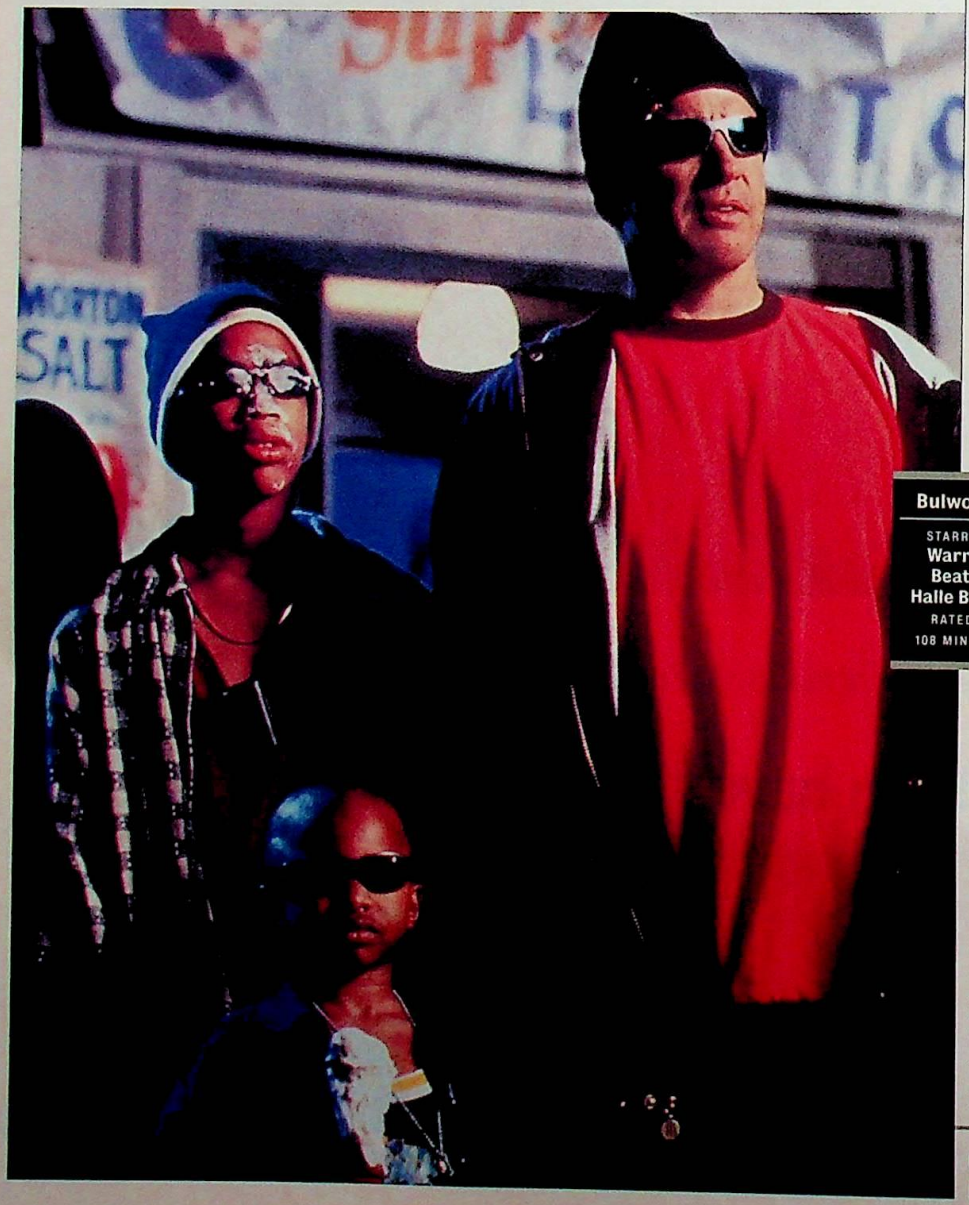
1-800-258-FORD or
www.ford.com

REVIEWS

A CRITICAL LOOK AT THIS WEEK IN ENTERTAINMENT

Beatty Call

Warren B is no Warren G in *Bulworth*, a hip-hop-flavored political satire that degenerates into a bum rap. **by Owen Gleiberman**



Bulworth
STARRING
Warren Beatty
Halle Berry
RATED R
108 MINUTES

WARREN BEATTY'S **Bulworth** *(Twentieth Century Fox)* is all bluster and hype. It's a tease of a satire that introduces a genuinely audacious, can-you-top-this premise and then, to our shock and dismay, proceeds to do next to nothing with it. Beatty, who produced and cowrote the picture in addition to directing it, stars as Jay Billington Bulworth, a Democratic senator from California who favors blood red neckties but whose face has become a frozen white monument to the complacent falsity of American politics. To call Bulworth corrupt would be accurate, but also beside the point. He's one screw in a broken machine—a system ruled by money that's funneled in from the corporations and special interests. The money controls who gets elected, and, therefore, it controls the people it elects.

A few weeks before the 1996 primaries, Bulworth, sleepless, rumpled, and malnourished, sits alone in his office, listening to one of his bogus television ads. He's crying, and we can see why: He's a man whose core has been burnt away by lies. A little later, he stands at the pulpit of a church in South Central L.A. and looks down at the speech he's supposed to read, but he can't bring him-

ONE OF THE GANG Beatty, with Arthur Reggie III and Tony Tomas Randle

SUNSET BOULEVARD

self to utter the words. Instead, he begins to speak...the truth. The *ugly* truth. He tells the congregation of African Americans that politicians don't care about them—and, indeed, that they never will, unless "[you] put down that malt liquor and chicken wings and get behind somebody other than a running back who stabs his wife." Later, at a party for the Hollywood elite, he announces that "they always put the big Jews on my schedule" and that as a result, he's required to include a line criticizing Louis Farrakhan.

This stuff is meant to be funny and wounding (it's both), and it prepares us for the biggest jolt of all: Bulworth enters a black nightclub and, as if possessed, begins not just to speak the truth but to *rap* it. Has he gone mad? Is he experiencing a nervous breakdown or a flight into ecstasy? All of the above. Like Howard Beale in *Network* (the movie's obvious paradigm), Bulworth has become a crackpot sage, driven to preach the realities of corruption in the voice of the dispossessed.

Bulworth doesn't sound like a real rapper, and he isn't supposed to. He's meant to be an uptight white guy—a guy without rhythm—trying to get down and jiggy wit it. At a fund-raiser, Bulworth's rap is quite amusing, especially when he talks about politicians and their groupies and works in the phrase "nappy dugout." Yet there's a lingering sloppiness to this scene as well: Though it's built into the movie that Beatty, as a rapper, sounds closer to John McCain than Snoop Doggy Dogg, the actor is so inept at the form that he can barely keep his raps synched to the drum track. As a result, we're left embarrassingly aware that it's

REELWORLD

This week in Hollywood by Anita M. Busch

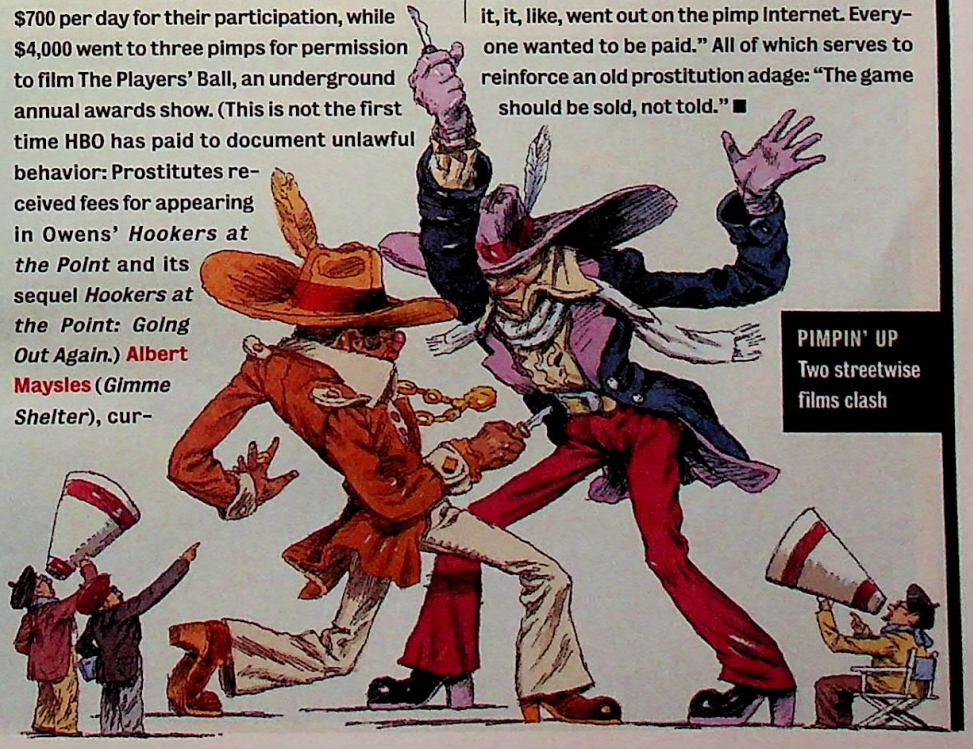
■ **LE BIG MACKS** A fierce battle has erupted between directors **Allen** and **Albert Hughes** and HBO filmmaker **Brent Owens** over competing documentaries about pimps. The Hugheses claim they pitched a project to HBO in 1994 and that Owens (location manager on the brothers' *Dead Presidents*) and HBO ripped off their idea. (Owens' *Pimps Up, Ho's Down* bows June 6 on the cable channel, while the Hugheses' *American Pimp* is expected to premiere at the Sundance Film Festival in January.) HBO and Owens call the brothers' claim ridiculous. "I've been in the business 20 years, and I've never been accused of stealing anyone's idea," says **Sheila Nevins**, HBO's senior VP original programming. HBO confirms that when the brothers' lawyers contacted the channel in spring 1997, an exec told them that it was not moving forward on a pimp documentary. HBO says it decided otherwise in October '97, after Owens showed footage he shot "on his own initiative."

Meanwhile, a behind-the-scenes tactic is causing controversy among veteran documentarians: HBO paid pimps between $500 and $700 per day for their participation, while $4,000 went to three pimps for permission to film The Players' Ball, an underground annual awards show. (This is not the first time HBO has paid to document unlawful behavior: Prostitutes received fees for appearing in Owens' *Hookers at the Point* and its sequel *Hookers at the Point: Going Out Again*.) **Albert Maysles** (*Gimme Shelter*), currently working on a documentary about poverty for HBO, says paying subjects is like "bringing a form of prostitution" to the work. "You'd have to wonder [if] it affected the information the subjects gave you," he says. "I can't believe HBO knew about this."

"We do this all the time," says an HBO spokesperson, adding that **Gerda Weissmann Klein**, the subject of 1995's Oscar-winning *One Survivor Remembers* (which HBO coproduced) "was paid a substantial amount of money.... I think it only becomes a controversy when you are doing it on an investigative piece."

According to Owens, "There's no [rule] with pay cable about paying talent." Says Nevins, "Pimps are in the business for money. We're simply reimbursing for services rendered." Filmmaker **Barbara Kopple** (*Wild Man Blues*) thinks that's all too true. "They are, in a sense, being johns," she says, adding that she never pays participants. Traditionally, when money *is* exchanged, the transaction becomes part of the film. No disclaimer or footage of payments appears in any of the HBO documentaries.

The Hughes brothers also paid pimps for their self-financed project (and plan to include a disclaimer) but only after HBO opened the floodgates. "Our first two pimps, we didn't pay them anything," says Allen. "After [Owens] did it, it, like, went out on the pimp Internet. Everyone wanted to be paid." All of which serves to reinforce an old prostitution adage: "The game should be sold, not told." ■



PIMPIN' UP Two streetwise films clash

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUNEO

not just Jay Bulworth who's appearing before us as an oxymoronic funk-WASP jester. It's Warren Beatty himself.

In *Bulworth*, the hero's desperation to speak the truth by rapping it gets all tangled up with Beatty's desperation to connect with a movie audience that's forgotten him (or that's young enough not to know who he is). That, I think, is what accounts for the bizarre and deadly turn the movie takes. Having served up a compelling first act, *Bulworth* all but abandons its scabrous detonation of contemporary gridlock politics. It becomes a rambling high-concept comedy, a burlesque of the *image* of Warren Beatty as aging homeboy.

Sadly, the ultimate subject of *Bulworth* isn't politics at all. It's the clandestine vanity of Beatty's finally daring to make himself look ridiculous. Instead of taking its joke further and further, as *Network* did, the film retreats from its satirical brashness and gets mired in soggy subplots: Bulworth's romantic involvement with a young black supporter (Halle Berry, playing a noncharacter); his efforts to evade the hitman whom he'd hired, while in the throes of despair, to assassinate him. Along the way, he hangs out in the inner city, dresses up in gangsta-clown duds (he looks like Harpo Marx impersonating Flavor Flav), and "becomes" black.

What's excruciating about this turn of events, apart from its sheer meander, is that the movie, having (incisively) diagnosed a political system beholden to absolutely nothing but money, ends up shamelessly embracing the very white liberal sanctimony it had already shown to be irrelevant. The film says: Here, at last, is a way out of our mess—if politicians would just acknowledge inner-city African Americans and "their" culture. By now, that statement is an insult to blacks, to whites, to anyone who has watched the first 40 minutes of *Bulworth* and understood that symbolic compassion of this sort isn't the solution, it's part of the problem. **C+**

Saddle Soap

As *The Horse Whisperer*'s soulful romantic cowboy, Robert Redford puts his best hoof forward

EQUINE FLESH RARELY looks as magnificent as it does in **The Horse Whisperer** *(Touchstone)*, Robert Redford's sensual, slo-mo adaptation of Nicholas Evans' pulpy best-seller about a wounded 14-year-old girl, a driven mom, a traumatized horse, and the Marlboro Man who therapeutically tames them all. The animals in this romantic drama rear up in wild majesty, and when the camera stares into a dark, horsey eye, we feel we're peering deep into the soul of a creature whose natural intelligence is uncorrupted by human compromises. Very awe-inspiring.

The Horse Whisperer
STARRING
Robert Redford
Kristin Scott Thomas
RATED PG-13
164 MINUTES

So far, so good. Following Clint Eastwood's superlative transformation of *The Bridges of Madison County* from cornball novelette to soaring cinematic love story, I'm a big believer in the power of film to upgrade contemporary literary kitsch. And certainly Redford—who, for the first time, stars in a movie he has also produced and directed—has burned away a lot of the cow chips from Evans' tale, while class-act screenwriters Eric Roth (*Forrest Gump*) and Richard LaGravenese (*The Bridges of Madison County*) keep the essentials: After a riding accident in which her friend was killed, her horse, Pilgrim, was severely hurt and spooked, and she lost her leg, Grace MacLean (Scarlett Johansson) and her high-powered editor mother, Annie (Kristin Scott Thomas), teeter on terrible terms. The girl is angry and withdrawn, the mother frustrated, the father (Sam Neill) shut out.

Then Annie reads about Tom Booker (Redford), a sort of cowboy shrink who helps "horses with people problems." Deciding that he's the man for them, Annie lassoes girl and horse to her four-wheel-drive wagon, floors it to Montana, presents her case, and watches as daughter heals, Pilgrim calms down, and she herself falls for the charismatic feller with the golden hair. Beautifully backlit as he perpetually is, who wouldn't?

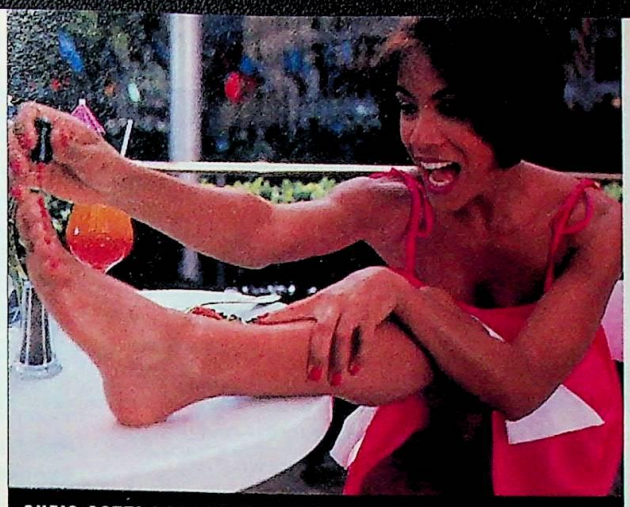
In the book, Annie and Tom tumble into some rockin' sex, and ultimately Tom dies an insanely stupid death. In Redford's much more dignified telling there's no demise, and Annie and Tom don't do much

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS Scott Thomas and Redford are at play in the fields of *The Horse Whisperer*

ELLIOT MARKS

more than dance one of those slow, classic movie-symbol-of-sex numbers. And still the movie gets the point across perfectly well: Every creature needs healing in order to get on with the business of living.

Redford—who previously celebrated the grandeur of fish in *A River Runs Through It*—pays sensitive homage to the wide-open landscape and psychology of the West. But with the story stripped to essentials—girl falls off horse, girl gets back on horse—all the nuggets of spoken wisdom rat-



SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT *Woo*'s Pinkett Smith refuses to toe the line

handsome but nerdy legal assistant (*Booty Call*'s Tommy Davidson)—with all the sashaying, head-tossing, eye-flashing mixed messages in her arsenal. She then drags her quarry through a night of degradation (including setting fire to a restaurant, traditionally frowned-upon dating behavior) we're meant to believe constitutes a sexy, funny romp, but which is actually an angry, self-loathing rampage. Boring, too.

This unsexy, unfunny mess—a good-time girl in Martin Lawrence territory—spawns from weird lineage: *Woo* has been directed by Daisy V.S. Mayer, who did such fresh work with Parker Posey in the 1995 indie darling *Party Girl*, and produced by Beth and Michael Hubbard, the husband-and-wife team behind Lawrence's 1994 concert film *You So Crazy*. But here Mayer is in an unfamiliar neighborhood, presiding over a broad African-American sex comedy (guest stars include LL Cool J, Dave Chappelle, and Billy Dee Williams has a cameo) that demeans every character who crosses the screen. (One of many low points: During foreplay a guy makes his girl imitate a chicken and peck crumbs off his chest.)

If Pinkett Smith escapes relatively untarnished it's only because the likable costar of *Scream 2* and *The Nutty Professor*, poured into tiny booty-shaker costumes and wearing a bobbed wig, so clearly has been given as few clues to Woo's motivations as the audience has. News for the clueless: There are plenty of nice drugs on the market now that can stave off Woo's kind of behavior. **F** —*LS*

Misery Date

TAMPA FL 33661-1890
PO BOX 61890
Entertainment WEEKLY

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 22 TAMPA FL

NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

WWW.EW.COM
- your daily dose of entertainment

City of Angels WARNER BR.	B	B	B+	B-	B	B+	C	C+
Deep Impact PARAMOUNT/DREAMWORKS	B	C-	B-	B-	B-	D	B-	C+
He Got Game TOUCHSTONE	B+	A-	B	B	B-	B+	B+	B+
The Horse Whisperer TOUCHSTONE	—	B	A-	A	B-	A-	B	B+
Les Misérables COLUMBIA	A-	C	B	B	C+	C+	C+	B-
Quest for Camelot WARNER BROS.	—	C	—	—	—	D+	C	C-
Sliding Doors MIRAMAX/PARAMOUNT	—	C-	C+	B+	B+	C-	B	B-
Two Girls and a Guy FOX SEARCHLIGHT	—	B	B	C	B-	C+	A	B

>>Critical Mass Interactive: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com <<

D. STEVENS

not just Jay Bulworth who's appearing before us as an oxymoronic funk-WASP jester. It's Warren Beatty himself.

In *Bulworth*, the hero's desperation to speak the truth by rapping it gets all tangled up with Beatty's desperation to connect with a movie audience that's forgotten him (or that's young enough not to know who he is). That, I think, is what accounts for the bizarre and deadly turn the movie takes. Having served up a compelling first act, *Bulworth* all but abandons its scabrous detonation of co temporary gridlock politic It becomes a rambling hig concept comedy, a burlesqu of the *image* of Warren Bea ty as aging homeboy.

Sadly, the ultimate subje of *Bulworth* isn't politics at a It's the clandestine vanity Beatty's finally daring to mal himself look ridiculous. I stead of taking its joke furth and further, as *Network* di the film retreats from its sati ical brashness and gets mir in soggy subplots: Bulworth romantic involvement with young black supporter (Halle Berry, playing a noncharacter); his efforts to evade the hitman whom he'd hired, while in the throes of despair, to assassinate him. Along the way, he hangs out in the inner city, dresses up in gangsta-clown duds (he looks like Harpo Marx impersonating Flavor Flav), and "becomes" black.

What's excruciating about this turn of events, apart from its sheer meander, is that the movie, having (incisively) diagnosed a political system beholden to absolutely nothing

Saddle Soap

As *The Horse Whisperer*'s soulful romantic cowboy, Robert Redford puts his best hoof forward

EQUINE FLESH RARELY looks as magnificent as it does in **The Horse Whisperer** *(Touchstone)*, Robert Redford's sensual, slo-mo adaptation of Nicholas Evans' pulpy best-seller about a wounded 14-year-old girl, a driven mom, a traumatized horse, and the Marl-

The Horse Whisperer

matic love story, I'm a big believer in the power of film to upgrade contemporary literary kitsch. And certainly Redford—who, for the first time, stars in a movie he has also produced and directed—has burned away a lot of the cow chips from Evans' tale, while class-

Printed on recycled paper.

Entertainment WEEKLY

Name (Please print)

Address

City State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Rate good in U.S. only. ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY is published weekly, except for two issues combined periodically into one and occasional extra or expanded issues.

EWA8EV8

6IEWCZ

cover price 25 issues for: ~~$62.50~~

special price 25 issues only: $19.75

☒ Yes, send me *ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY*, 25 issues for only $19.75 — a savings of over 68% off the cover price!

Subscribe Now and Save Over $42

SPLENDOR IN THE GRASS Scott Thomas and Redford are at play in the fields of *The Horse Whisperer*

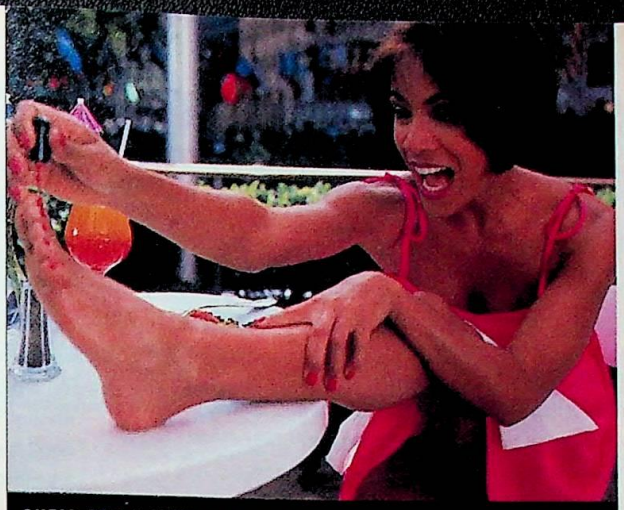
heads, [illegible] runs down, and she herself falls for the charismatic feller with the golden hair. Beautifully backlit as he perpetually is, who wouldn't?

In the book, Annie and Tom tumble into some rockin' sex, and ultimately Tom dies an insanely stupid death. In Redford's much more dignified telling there's no demise, and Annie and Tom don't do much

ELLIOT MARKS

more than dance one of those slow, classic movie-symbol-of-sex numbers. And still the movie gets the point across perfectly well: Every creature needs healing in order to get on with the business of living.

Redford—who previously celebrated the grandeur of fish in *A River Runs Through It*—pays sensitive homage to the wide-open landscape and psychology of the West. But with the story stripped to essentials—girl falls off horse, girl gets back on horse—all the nuggets of spoken wisdom rattle around with a tad *too* much space and (at 2½ hours plus) too much length. Redford and Scott Thomas, while attractive, never thaw enough to convince us that these two really have any feelings for one another deeper than the kind of site-specific hots endemic to actors on location. Surely this sophisticated editor knows the difference between animal lust and true-blue cowboy love. If not, she could just whisper the question to Pilgrim; *he* knows more than his eyes can say. **B** —*Lisa Schwarzbaum*



SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT *Woo*'s Pinkett Smith refuses to toe the line

Misery Date

Jada Pinkett Smith plays a stinging single on the prowl in *Woo*, a lust-struck comedy of errors

Woo
STARRING
Jada Pinkett Smith
Tommy Davidson
RATED R
80 MINUTES

SHE CAN TURN THE world on with her smile, but Darlene "Woo" Bates (Jada Pinkett Smith), the tediously madcap heroine of **Woo** *(New Line)*, would rather exhaust the world with her pouts, shrieks, taunts, and mood swings. What's she so het up about? Apparently, she's so hot, no man is cool enough. So when the arrival of a blind date coincides with her transvestite psychic's prediction that she's about to meet the Virgo of her dreams, Woo descends on the poor, astrologically desirable cluck—a handsome but nerdy legal assistant (*Booty Call*'s Tommy Davidson)—with all the sashaying, head-tossing, eye-flashing mixed messages in her arsenal. She then drags her quarry through a night of degradation (including setting fire to a restaurant, traditionally frowned-upon dating behavior) we're meant to believe constitutes a sexy, funny romp, but which is actually an angry, self-loathing rampage. Boring, too.

This unsexy, unfunny mess—a good-time girl in Martin Lawrence territory—spawns from weird lineage: *Woo* has been directed by Daisy V.S. Mayer, who did such fresh work with Parker Posey in the 1995 indie darling *Party Girl*, and produced by Beth and Michael Hubbard, the husband-and-wife team behind Lawrence's 1994 concert film *You So Crazy*. But here Mayer is in an unfamiliar neighborhood, presiding over a broad African-American sex comedy (guest stars include LL Cool J, Dave Chappelle, and Billy Dee Williams has a cameo) that demeans every character who crosses the screen. (One of many low points: During foreplay a guy makes his girl imitate a chicken and peck crumbs off his chest.)

If Pinkett Smith escapes relatively untarnished it's only because the likable costar of *Scream 2* and *The Nutty Professor*, poured into tiny booty-shaker costumes and wearing a bobbed wig, so clearly has been given as few clues to Woo's motivations as the audience has. News for the clueless: There are plenty of nice drugs on the market now that can stave off Woo's kind of behavior. **F** —*LS*

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	CINEMASCORE Audiences across the U.S.	ROGER EBERT Sneak & Ebert	GENE SISKEL Sneak & Ebert	JAMI BERNARD Knight-Ridder Syndicate	CARRIE RICKEY Knight-Ridder Syndicate	MIKE CLARK USA Today	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
The Big Hit TRISTAR	C–	D–	C	C–	—	C+	B–	C
Bulworth 20TH CENTURY FOX	—	B+	—	B+	B	A–	C+	B
City of Angels WARNER BROS.	B	B	C+	B–	B	D+	C	C+
Deep Impact PARAMOUNT/DREAMWORKS	B	C–	B–	B–	B–	D	B–	C+
He Got Game TOUCHSTONE	B+	A–	B	B	B–	B+	B+	B+
The Horse Whisperer TOUCHSTONE	—	B	A–	A	B–	A–	B	B+
Les Misérables COLUMBIA	A–	C	B	B	C+	C+	C+	B–
Quest for Camelot WARNER BROS.	—	C	—	—	—	D+	C	C–
Sliding Doors MIRAMAX/PARAMOUNT	—	C–	C+	B+	B+	C–	B	B–
Two Girls and a Guy FOX SEARCHLIGHT	—	B	B	C	B–	C+	A	B

>>Critical Mass Interactive: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com <<

D. STEVENS

HOOPS TO CONQUER

EVER SINCE 1986's *She's Gotta Have It*, Spike Lee has sported a rep as the quintessential straight-talking director. But in his courtside seats at Madison Square Garden, the 41-year-old auteur's rep is for *trash* talking—namely, with anyone who dares to show up his beloved New York Knicks. With the release of his latest joint, *He Got Game* (which reunites Lee with the De Niro to his Scorsese, Denzel Washington), we sat down with him for a taste of both. —*Chris Nashawaty*

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY: A lot of people thought you'd win the best documentary Oscar for *4 Little Girls*. Were you disappointed?

SPIKE LEE: No. Because one of the films was a Holocaust film [*The Long Way Home*]. I think 15 or 16 Holocaust films have won the short and feature-length categories. I'd rather be the Knicks playing the Bulls at the United Center down by 20 with 10 minutes left—those odds are better than going against a Holocaust film.

EW: Did you like *Titanic*?

LEE: It was all right.... But I don't understand why [James Cameron] is upset it didn't get nominated for best screenplay. I think Mr. Cameron is a great technical director, unsurpassed, but he can't write, and he definitely can't write dialogue.

EW: Compare Milwaukee Bucks guard Ray Allen [who plays *Game*'s high school phenom Jesus Shuttlesworth] with that *other* NBA actor, Shaquille O'Neal.

LEE: What, you didn't like *Kazaam*? I can't believe it. [*Laughs*] Shaq wants to be a superhero, which is fine. We definitely knew [the actor playing] Jesus had to be from the NBA. We didn't want someone who we had to cut away from every time the ball left his hands. Travis Best, Walter McCarty, Rick Fox—they all went out for the role, and Allen Iverson came in too. But Ray had a certain je ne sais quoi.

EW: Did you have to keep the cameras rolling all day for Denzel Washington to make those baskets?

LEE: No, Denzel can *play*. In the final scene, Jesus beats his father 11–0 in the script, but Denzel said, "F--- that." Those five baskets he got are real.

EW: The female characters in the film aren't very flattering.

LEE: I think that if people really look at this film, *everybody* is trying to exploit Jesus. That's not based on gender or race. And because women... haven't had the opportunity to be in the same powerful positions [as men], historically they've had to use what they have. If you look at how these kids are exploited, it's cars, money, gold, and women.

EW: How on earth did you get the idea to mix orchestral Aaron Copland music with heavy-duty Public Enemy?

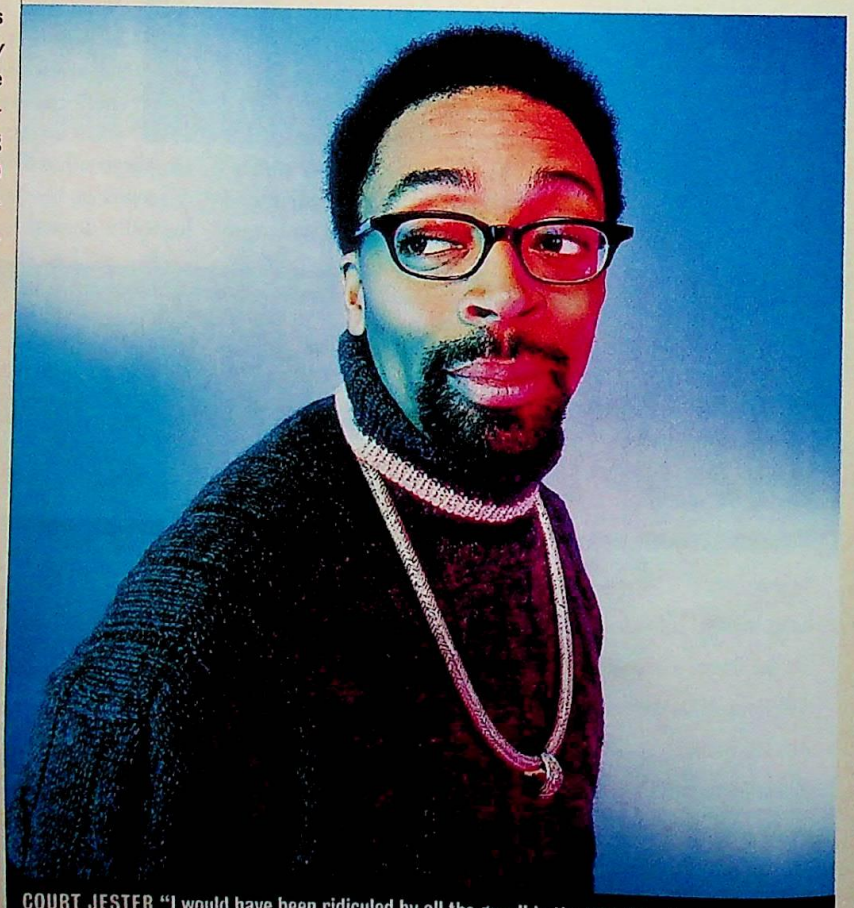
LEE: I know people think that's insane, but that's the music I listen to. I play Aaron Copland and Public Enemy and the Beatles and John Coltrane and Steely Dan and Busta Rhymes and Dinah Washington and Ella Fitzgerald and Patsy Cline. I don't make distinctions—just the music I love and the music I hate.

EW: How come it took so long to make a movie about your passion for basketball?

LEE: Well, [my] first sports film was supposed to be the Jackie Robinson story. I'm still hoping to get funding someday. Right now it's in limbo.... Nobody wants to make it.

EW: Any chance you'll just make the movie on your own?

LEE: [*Smiles and pulls out his wallet*] I don't think I got $50 million here. ■

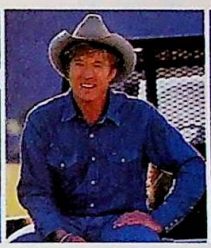


COURT JESTER "I would have been ridiculed by all the guys" in the NBA if Lee hadn't cast a pro

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL GREENBERG

PARENTS' GUIDE

BY LOIS ALTER MARK



MOVIE TITLE	HE GOT GAME	▲ BULWORTH	▲ DEEP IMPACT	▲ THE HORSE WHISPERER	▲ QUEST FOR CAMELOT
WHAT IT'S ABOUT	The ball is in hoopster Jesus' (Ray Allen) court when the governor offers leniency to his convict dad, Jake (Denzel Washington), if Jesus agrees to join a certain college team.	Suicidal senator Jay Billington Bulworth (Warren Beatty) takes on a hip-hop persona after meeting a young black woman (Halle Berry) during the final days of the '96 California primary.	The world prepares for the worst when a comet—found by a high school astronomer (Elijah Wood) and reported on by a wannabe TV anchor (Téa Leoni)—heads toward Earth.	After her daughter is emotionally and physically scarred by a riding accident, Annie (Kristin Scott Thomas) takes her and her horse to Tom Booker (Robert Redford) for some Western healing.	Kayley, the daughter of one of King Arthur's most celebrated knights, tries to save the kingdom after evil Ruber steals the enchanted sword Excalibur.
WILL KIDS WANT TO WATCH IT?	Yes. The lure of basketball and a Public Enemy soundtrack will hook teens into this Spike Lee joint.	Possibly, if the rap-driven soundtrack's success is any indicator; but the politics will bore them.	Who can resist that trailer with a tidal wave threatening Manhattan?	The combination love story/horse tale may prove irresistible to girls.	Yes, they'll want to check out the animated adventure behind all those fast-food tie-ins.
MPAA RATING	R	R	PG-13	PG-13	G
SEX/NUDITY	Numerous topless women; Jesus has sex with two women at once.	A painting of a bare-breasted woman; sex under the covers	None	None	None
DRUGS/ALCOHOL	Glimpses of people indulging in heroin, crack, and booze	Bulworth smokes pot, guzzles liquor; cocaine use.	Some drinking	Wine is served; two-steppers drink beers.	None
VIOLENCE/SCARINESS	Gunfire; a pimp beats a prostitute; Jake pushes his wife, killing her; has a street fight.	A man is shot; little boys carry guns in the hood.	A chunk of the East Coast gets wiped out; an astronaut is lost in space; death by car crash.	The accident critically injures Grace (Scarlett Johansson) and kills her friend.	The death of Kayley's father; Ruber and his band of creepy creatures capture Kayley.
OBJECTIONABLE WORDS/PHRASES	Into triple digits	More than 100	About three dozen	Eight	None
WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT	Jesus' ability to resist temptation and do the right thing	Bulworth becomes a thought-provoking and honest, albeit wacky, politician.	Director Mimi Leder gives human concerns more screen time than special effects.	The idea that healing—both emotional and physical—is a two-way street	The heroes are a young woman and a blind man.
WHAT'S NOT SO GOOD	The constant foul language, lurid sex scenes, and harsh depiction of women	The movie is so over-the-top it ends up perpetuating many of the stereotypes it's trying to erase.	Director Mimi Leder gives human concerns more screen time than special effects.	Control freak Annie doesn't include Grace's loving dad (Sam Neill) in any of her plans.	The movie is little more than one long chase scene.
APPROPRIATE AGES	15 and up	15 and up	10 and up	13 and up	4 and up

BULWORTH: SIDNEY BALDWIN; DEEP IMPACT: MYLES ARONOWITZ; THE HORSE WHISPERER: ELLIOTT MARKS; QUEST FOR CAMELOT: © WARNER BROS.

The Week

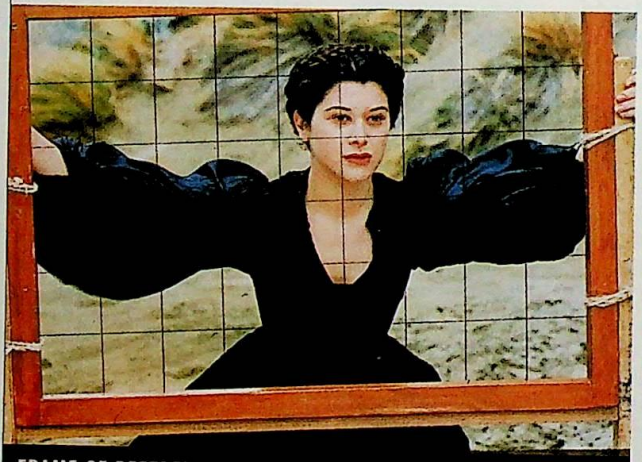
Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

New Releases

ARTEMISIA *(Miramax, R)* Pretty tableaux, sexy situations, attractive actors, easy-to-read art-history content—they make for pleasant eyewash, but there's a bizarre slant to this swoopy biographical drama from French director Agnes Merlet. In telling the story of (now) renowned 17th-century painter Artemisia Gentileschi (Valentina Cervi, suggesting an Italian Daphne Zuniga), the director has decided that, actual historical evidence to the contrary, the 17-year-old artist (famous for her masterpiece *Judith Beheading Holofernes*) was not so much raped by her libertine, much older, married teacher (Miki Manojlovic) as *surprised* by his passion, which she soon voluptuously returned. (The rape charge was brought by Artemisia's father, himself a painter with grudges to bear against rivals, including his own more talented daughter.) Thus this romanticized bit of high-toned soft-core art-history lesson—all lush landscapes and lusher bodies—isn't to be trusted. Tragedy becomes Florentine *Melrose Place*. Daphne Zuniga would feel right at home. **C–** —*LS*

GREY GARDENS *(Rialto, unrated)* In the early '70s, the celebrated cinema vérité team of David and Albert Maysles learned that Jacqueline Onassis' aunt and cousin were living in spartan squalor in a once resplendent East Hampton mansion known as Grey Gardens. The Maysleses went off to film these two recluses, and what they found were a couple of aging fruitcakes who had practically turned into bag ladies, yet who somehow clung to their high-society airs. The result is this legendary 1976 documentary, now being given a national rerelease. We meet the doddering yet still imperious Edith Bouvier Beale, an ill-tempered, gray-maned crone warbling half-remembered fragments of "I'm in the Mood for Love," lording it over her daughter about forgotten suitors from 30 years earlier. We meet the former debutante beauty known as "Little Edie," swanning about in her *Sunset Boulevard* turbans and spouting high-flown gibberish in a hilariously cultivated New England social-register accent that makes her sound like a Tennessee Williams heroine played by one of the Warhol superstars. *Grey Gardens* offers the bizarre and resonant spectacle of these white-bread paragons devolved into trust-fund derelicts, yet the film's gruesome comedy derives from the fact that their blood remained as blue as ever. They seem to be living in a self-created asylum for fallen American royalty. **A** —*OG*

QUEST FOR CAMELOT *(Warner Bros., G)* The success of Disney's animated features has revved up the competition from rival studios, but that hardly means we've entered a cartoon golden age. If anything, movies like *Anastasia* and the new *Quest for Camelot* only increase one's appreciation for the zigzag wit and middlebrow emotive sweep of Disney fairy tales like *Hercules*. When Lionel, a Knight of the Round Table, is killed defending King Arthur from the evil Ruber, a strapping baddie who looks like Marilyn Manson as drawn by Picasso (he's voiced by Gary Oldman in full cornball-nasty cry), Kayley, the good knight's saucer-eyed and—yes—very spunky daughter, searches for the magical sword Excalibur, which has been stolen and lost in the Forbidden Forest. There, she meets a cantankerous two-headed dragon (voiced by Eric Idle and Don Rickles) as well as a slithery-skinned computer-generated colossus and a hero who's tall, hunky, and blind (not to mention bland). The images are playful and serviceably lush, but the story and characters might have come out of a screenwriting software program, and the songs (sung by Celine Dion and Steve Perry, among others) are Vegas-pop wallpaper. **C** —*OG*



FRAME OF REFERENCE Cervi lives life between the lines in *Artemisia*

In Theaters

THE BIG HIT *(R)* A sick-joke kidnap thriller that's a mainstreaming of cult-video trash. It opens with Mark Wahlberg, as sensitive hit-man Melvin Smiley, disposing of a bag full of dripping limbs, and the fun just escalates from there. Insanely hyperbolic and crass, the film suggests a hyped-up Bruce or Arnold thriller directed by the Coen brothers for Troma Films. **B–** (#431, May 8) —*OG*

BLACK DOG *(PG-13)* Big rigs go nowhere, and then they crash and burn. So does this crass, clichéd movie, starring Patrick Swayze as a trucker who transports contraband (for cash to take care of his lovely, imperiled family) with the feds as well as bad guys on his tail. **D** (#432, May 15) —*LS*

CITY OF ANGELS *(PG-13)* An angel (Nicolas Cage) falls for an L.A. heart surgeon (Meg Ryan) and then falls to earth to be with her. You practically have time to say a prayer in the dead spaces between lines. **C** (#427, April 17) —*OG*

THAT MOVIE YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE IS PROBABLY ON RIGHT NOW.

There's a great movie on U.S. Satellite Broadcasting* whenever you turn on your TV. Get more movie choices. More often. All commercial-free in crisp digital picture and sound. You won't find it on cable. It's only on the 18" DSS® dish. To find out more, call 1-800-701-USSB or visit www.ussb.com. HBO SHOWTIME cinemax the movie channel HBO FAMILY FLIX sundance SHOWTIME EXTREME You've Never Seen Movies Like This℠ U.S. Satellite Broadcasting

©1998 United States Satellite Broadcasting Company, Inc. U.S. Satellite Broadcasting, USSB and Design, and You've Never Seen Movies Like This are service marks of United States Satellite Broadcasting Company, Inc. DSS is a registered trademark of DIRECTV, Inc., a unit of Hughes Electronics Corp. All other logos are trademarks or registered trademarks of their respective owners. All information subject to change.

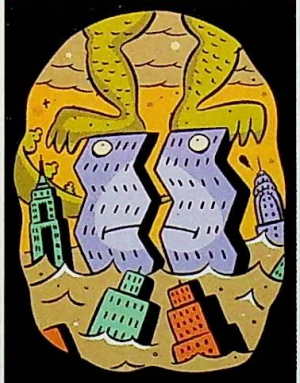
ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CAMPBELL

WINNER OF THE WEEK

MSNBC

Could it be that more people saw the news network depicted in *Deep Impact* last weekend than have ever watched the real channel?

LOSER OF THE WEEK



Manhattan

In 1996, *Independence Day* reduced the Big Apple to applesauce. Now, between *Deep Impact*'s tidal wave and *Godzilla*'s trouncing, New York City appears to be hell on earth.

DANCER, TEXAS POP. 81 *(PG)* Four of the five seniors graduating from this blink-size West Texas town's high school plan to leave for L.A. as soon as the next bus comes in. Dancer is its own little *Last Picture Show*place, and Texas-born writer-director Tim McCanlies has a loving touch. His sketches of the boys, with their contrasting family situations, are sweet and sharp. **B** (#432, May 15) —*LS*

DEEP IMPACT *(PG-13)* Will a massive comet destroy civilization before a restless investigative newswoman (Téa Leoni) can make peace with her divorced parents? Can a handful of astronauts avert planetary disaster by nuking the menace? Meet a new breed of summertime entertainment: the woman's action thriller, in which scenes of speed, suspense, and destruction serve merely as testosterone infusions between the nurturing of relationships. The pace may feel a little weird at first, but director Mimi Leder is doing something nice and so-old-fashioned-it's-new with the genre. **B–** (#432, May 15) —*LS*

A FRIEND OF THE DECEASED *(R)* Tired of scrambling for work and depressed by his wife's unfaithfulness, Anatoli (Alexandre Lazarev), the shambling hero of Vyacheslav Krishtofovich's laconic, engaging Ukrainian comic drama about the coldness that has swept in with capitalism, hires a hitman to do himself in. But his troubles *really* compound when he changes his mind. **A–** (#432, May 15) —*LS*

HE GOT GAME *(R)* In Spike Lee's new movie, Jake Shuttlesworth (Denzel Washington), a convicted murderer, is let out of prison on an unofficial furlough. He has one week to persuade his son, Jesus (Milwaukee Bucks guard Ray Allen), the greatest high school basketball player in the country, to attend college at the New York governor's alma mater. Lee does a dazzling job of evoking the whirlwind of temptation that's buffeting Jesus, and Washington gives a meticulous, implosive performance. **B+** (#431, May 8) —*OG*

HOMEGROWN *(R)* At its best, Stephen Gyllenhaal's dark hemp comedy recalls the shaggy-druggie dramas of the '70s. At its worst, it's *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* as remade by the editors of *High Times*. In a solid middleweight cast, Billy Bob Thornton stands out as an easy-going pot plantation overseer forced to become a '90s businessman when boss John Lithgow is murdered by unknown forces. **C+** (#432, May 15) —*Ty Burr*

LES MISERABLES *(PG-13)* Bille August's sobersided interpretation of Victor Hugo's novel covers the plot basics, but it's missing what Hugo would call a "divine and terrible radiance." As the former petty thief Jean Valjean, Liam Neeson never finds the source of Valjean's grace. Geoffrey Rush, though, turns Inspector Javert's obsession with the law into something fascinating. **C+** (#431, May 8) —*LS*

SLIDING DOORS *(R)* One asparagus spear of a girl (Gwyneth Paltrow), two different fates in Peter Howitt's pleasant London-based fantasy, which demonstrates a lovely feeling for the power of chance in romance. The stakes would have been more interesting, though, had Paltrow been able to play a heroine who's really enthusiastic about *any* man. **B** (#429, May 1) —*LS*

>> More reviews in EW Special Edition at www.ew.com <<

BOX OFFICE

MELIS MENOMOUZ

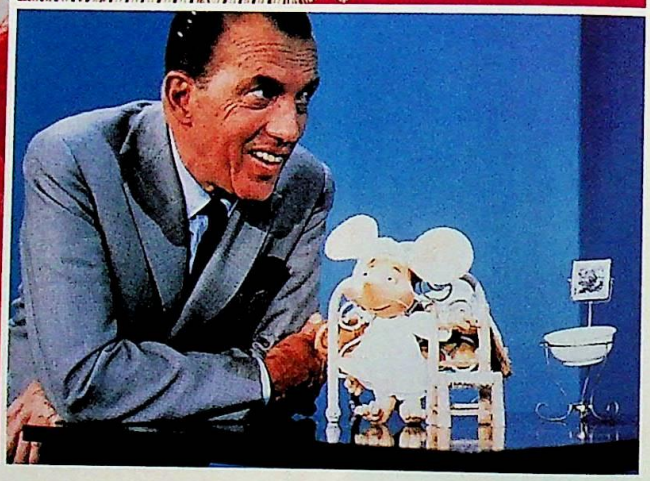
SPACE EXPECTATIONS *Deep Impact*'s Robert Duvall (right) and crew fly high

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

WITH A FORCE unexpected even by Paramount/DreamWorks, the studios' comet-collision epic *Deep Impact* crashed into theaters with a $41.2 million take, leaving its imprint as the highest three-day May opening ever. The previous champ, *Twister*, showcasing a different natural disaster, bowed at $41.1 million in 1996, but at $17,009 had a higher per-screen average. *Deep Impact*, according to Paramount, also had the largest debut for a non-holiday, non-summer weekend and the third-biggest May opening, behind the four-day Memorial Day totals of *The Lost World: Jurassic Park* ($92.7 million in 1997) and *Mission: Impossible* ($56.8 million in 1996). It remains to be seen whether the upcoming *Armageddon*, the sky-is-falling competition, can top *Impact*'s numbers. But if history truly does repeat, this may be unlikely: Last year, *Dante's Peak* registered at $18.5 million its first weekend, while 11 weeks later the similar *Volcano* blew up at only $14.6 million.

TOP 20		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SCREENS †	WEEKEND PER-SCREEN AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	**DEEP IMPACT** *Paramount/DreamWorks*	$41.2	3,156	$13,039	1	$41.2
2	**CITY OF ANGELS** *Warner Bros.*	$4.7	2,433	$1,939	5	$61.9
3	**HE GOT GAME** *Touchstone*	$3.7	1,322	$2,807	2	$13.2
4	**TITANIC** *Paramount*	$3.2	2,256	$1,409	21	$569.8
5	**LES MISERABLES** *Columbia*	$2.8	1,477	$1,864	2	$9.1
6	**PAULIE** *DreamWorks*	$2.6	1,812	$1,408	4	$18.3
7	**WOO** *New Line*	$2.5	625	$4,028	1	$2.5
8	**THE BIG HIT** *TriStar*	$2.3	2,149	$1,085	3	$23.2
9	**BLACK DOG** *Universal*	$2.3	2,050	$1,115	2	$8.3
10	**THE OBJECT OF MY AFFECTION** *20th Century Fox*	$2.1	1,818	$1,155	4	$24.9
11	**LOST IN SPACE** *New Line*	$1.5	1,769	$846	6	$64.3
12	**SLIDING DOORS** *Miramax/Paramount*	$1.4	519	$2,746	3	$4.7
13	**THE SPANISH PRISONER** *Sony Pictures Classics*	$1.0	296	$3,304	6	$4.2
14	**NEIL SIMON'S THE ODD COUPLE II** *Paramount*	$0.8	1,603	$506	5	$17.4
15	**THE PLAYERS CLUB** *New Line*	$0.8	693	$1,144	5	$20.5
16	**EVEREST** *IMAX*	$0.8	37	$20,895	10	$11.7
17	**GOOD WILL HUNTING** *Miramax*	$0.6	697	$862	23	$135.1
18	**AS GOOD AS IT GETS** *TriStar*	$0.6	1,006	$557	20	$145.6
19	**MERCURY RISING** *Universal*	$0.6	848	$650	6	$30.8
20	**U.S. MARSHALS** *Warner Bros.*	$0.4	706	$568	10	$56.3

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC. WEEKEND OF MAY 8–10 *WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS †INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SCREENS



Golden Eye?

CBS breaks out the best Tiffany to celebrate its 50th anniversary. But while the classic *Ed Sullivan Show* still shines, Cher's oversize ego tarnishes her tribute to Sonny Bono. **by Ken Tucker**

IN ONE OF THOSE SMALL betrayals of the '60s counterculture that have become common, the Smothers Brothers—regularly censored by CBS for anti–Vietnam War jokes during the run of their satirical *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*—rejoin their former network masters to serve as happy hosts of **A Really Big Show: Ed Sullivan's 50th Anniversary**. That show is followed two nights later by **CBS: The First 50 Years** and was preceded on May 4 by *We Were There: CBS News at 50*. (Somewhere among these shows, by the way, Walter Cronkite takes credit away from Ed Sullivan for being the first guy to present the Beatles on American television—not a very collegial moment.)

That the once-radical Tom and Dick (well, Tom, anyway) should join in CBS' ongoing celebration of its own golden anniversary is a tad sad, but hey, aging upstarts have to eat, right? At least *A Really Big Show* is a collection of clips whose entertainment value holds up very well. To my eyes and ears, the high point is not the predictable snippets of the Fab Four, Elvis-above-the-waist, and bits of stand-up from Woody Allen, Richard Pryor, and Flip Wilson. No, I appreciate executive producer Andrew Solt's effort to include rarer sights, such as the Young Rascals doing "A Girl Like You" in what must have been 1967, the year the song was a top 10 hit. Unlike almost every other act on display here, the Rascals don't seem familiar to the point of tedium; coming off his biggest hit earlier that year, "Groovin'," the group's leader keyboardist Felix Cavaliere is in control yet vulnerable, literally sticking his neck out (toward the microphone) to hymn soulfully the praises of his girlfriend. It's these sorts of evanescent pleasures, which Sullivan himself proba-

PUSHING 50 (Clockwise from left) Sonny and Cher, Lucy and Desi, and Sullivan and Topo Gigio

THE SONNY AND CHER COMEDY HOUR, THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW PHOTOFEST; I LOVE LUCY: THE KOBAL COLLECTION

bly didn't fully appreciate, that give his show an enduring pop-culture fizz.

As for *mis*-sung praise, *The First 50 Years* makes an exceedingly unwise association between Walter Cronkite's evening news slogan "And that's the way it is" and Bruce Hornsby's mushy 1986 song "The Way It Is," used as recurring theme music. Over Hornsby's lugubrious pop-jazz keyboards, we see sights ranging from the arrogantly misguided (cohost Carol Burnett digitally replacing Vivian Vance in a classic scene from *I Love Lucy*) to the gratifyingly frank (David Letterman discoursing on how the greatness of CBS is due in part to network founder William Paley's willingness to shell out big bucks to steal away other networks' talent—or the way CBS stole Dave).

60 Minutes honcho Don Hewitt unintentionally points out precisely what's wrong with most broadcast journalism when he lauds Cronkite as "the ultimate television personality" (um, shouldn't a journalist strive to be as anonymous as possible?). Hewitt asserts that after John F. Kennedy was assassinated, all of America said as one, "Father Cronkite, tell us everything is going to be all right." The image of TV personality as clergyman is wrongheaded enough, but to actually approve of the idea that a desired element of hard-news coverage is to provide comfort to the audience is—well, let's just say it's no wonder CBS new hire Howard Stern (gee, why isn't *he* here?) scoffs at the cherished "Tiffany Network" slogan, having remarked that "Tiffany is a stripper's name." (After all, ecdysiasts provide their customers with a kind of comfort too.) One comes away thinking that 50 years on, CBS still knows how to nurture potential-classic sitcoms (in addition to the obvious nods—*I Love Lucy* and *Cosby*—*Everybody Loves Raymond* gets its props), while its news division succumbs to the same softening directionlessness that characterizes its competitors.

In the midst of all this self-congratulation, CBS offers a change of pace: **Sonny & Me: Cher Remembers**, an hour of *Cher* congratulating herself for hooking up with Sonny Bono. Ask yourself: If you were doing a show about the recently deceased California congressman, the writer-producer of such irresistible hits as "I Got You Babe" and "Baby Don't Go," where would you begin? Well, Cher begins by showing us childhood pictures of...Cher. There's a little bit about Sonny's canny apprenticeship with Phil Spector, virtually nothing about his political career, and lots of clips of 1971–74's *The Sonny and Cher Comedy Hour*, in which, you'll recall, Sonny was the stooge and Cher got the good lines.

Hey, I like Cher as much as the next devotee of schlock culture (in fact, solo Cher—"Half Breed" and "Dark Lady" Cher—is my favorite Cher), but sometimes you gotta check your ego at the door, babe. Instead, we get Mother Cher, telling us everything's going to be all right. *A Really Big Show:* **B** *The First 50 Years:* **C+** *Sonny & Me:* **D**

CBS
A Really Big Show: Ed Sullivan's 50th Anniversary
10–11 PM
MAY 18

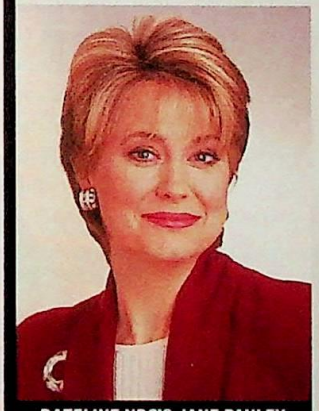
CBS
CBS: The First 50 Years
9–11 PM
MAY 20

CBS
Sonny & Me: Cher Remembers
8–9 PM
MAY 20

ON THE AIR

The latest news from the TV beat by Joe Flint

■ **NEWSWORTHY?** With **NBC** planning another night of *Dateline NBC*, **CBS** wanting a second *60 Minutes*, and **Fox** contemplating a newsmagazine this summer, what does that say about TV's entertainment divisions? Are they creatively bankrupt? Or are net execs simply eager to replace the more expensive dramas and sitcoms with relatively cheap news shows?



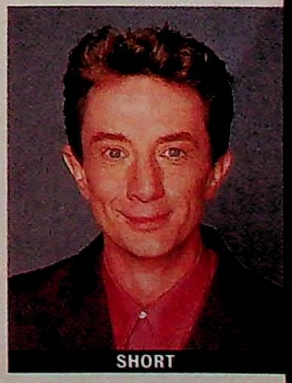
DATELINE NBC'S JANE PAULEY

Both, actually. NBC West Coast prez **Don Ohlmeyer** laments that with six networks and scores of cable channels, the creative community is stretched pretty thin. "The ability to put together good writers and a good cast has been diminished," he says.

Ohlmeyer also maintains that in the end, *Dateline* is no less expensive than a new series. After all, while NBC pays for only 22 to 26 episodes of a single new drama or comedy, it has to produce around 45 episodes of, say, a Monday-night edition of *Dateline*, since newsmags don't fare well in repeats.

Cheaper or not, *Dateline* et al. are loved by execs because that type of programming is perfect for channel surfers. "I think the newsmagazines have tapped into what I call the switcher mentality. It's great to be able to come into a show and get a 15-minute pop on something without committing to it," says CBS TV CEO **Leslie Moonves**.

Meanwhile, the studios will have to grin and bear the nets' newsmag fever. "It's frustrating," says one studio head. "These shows are our enemy, but until we do a better job, we'll just see more."



SHORT

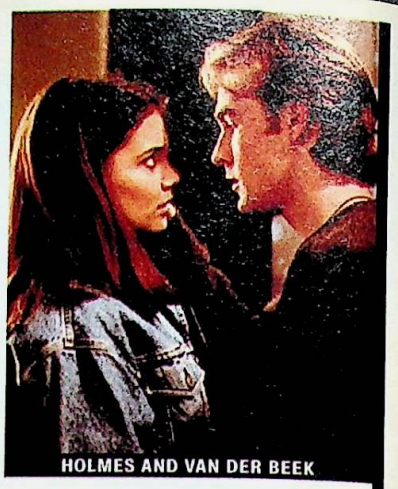
■ **SHORT LIST** **King World**, the company behind **Roseanne**'s new fall talk show, is prepping a daytime talker with **Martin Short**. Just wondering—is Short waiting in the wings in case Roseanne tanks? King World has also tapped ex–*Fox After Breakfast* host Tom Bergeron to emcee its *Hollywood Squares* remake (the one with Whoopi Goldberg as the center square). ■ *(Additional reporting by Dan Snierson)*

SHORT: EDIE BASKIN/OUTLINE

'Dawson' Creaks

The painfully self-aware teen soap gets bogged down by clichés in its too-predictable season finale

WHAT WOULD THE SEASON-ending cliff-hanger of the compulsively self-referential **Dawson's Creek** *(WB, May 19, 9–10 p.m.)* be without an exchange about the lameness of season-ending cliff-hangers? This week, America's favorite tomboy, Joey (Katie Holmes), tells the golden retriever of teenagers, Dawson (James Van Der Beek), that "a cliff-hanger is merely a TV device designed to improve ratings.... They are so predictable—the producers put the characters in contrived situations hoping that the audience will think something will change, but you know it never does." Dawson offers a weak protest (does Dawson ever do anything *not* weakly?), and then the episode proceeds to do exactly what Joey describes. Joey has a chance to go to France—should she? Will the possibility of her leaving move Dawson to realize that he likes Joey on more than a platonic level? Will they—omigod, omigod!—*finally kiss*?



HOLMES AND VAN DER BEEK

Before any of this is addressed, there are subplots. Joey visits her father in jail (she resents him for not "being there" for her—Joey, Joey, the poor guy's *in the pen*, for Pete's sake!). And Jen (Michelle Williams) talks so much to her comatose grandfather (all about herself, of course: "I want you to smile at me and listen to me and magically uncomplicate my life...") that the old fellow finally stirs a little—but not, unfortunately, enough to tell her to put a sock in it. (It's gotten so Pacey is my favorite *Creek*er simply because, now that his sleeping-with-his-teacher subplot has petered out, he's used primarily to make cynical comments about the rest of the characters.)

To think that we have to wait until next fall to see new episodes of these teens (as Joey puts it) "analyzing [their] sad little lives"—well, it makes you look forward to a long summer, doesn't it? **C** —*KT*

BUFFY'S BAD-BOY BEAU DAVID BOREANAZ

TOUCHED BY HELL'S ANGEL

SOME STRUGGLING actors hope they'll get noticed waiting tables, others mail out headshots, but David Boreanaz—*Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s bodacious blood-sucker, Angel—took a slightly more aggressive approach. He chose to trespass on private property.

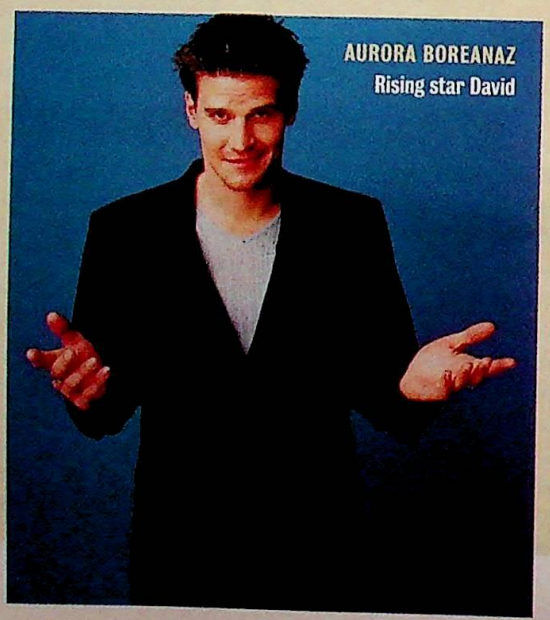
"I'd put on a suit and pretend I was an executive just to get into studio lots. I'd pass out résumés and talk to people," says Boreanaz. "I was in this one agency, and I had security chasing me around the building."

Boreanaz's moxie helped him land a 1993 guest spot (as Kelly Bundy's biker boyfriend) on Fox's *Married... With Children*. But his Big Break came in 1996 when a talent manager spotted him walking his dog and told him he'd make a perfect Angel. The fact that Boreanaz, 27, had only *Married* and a few commercial appearances to his name actually worked in his favor. "We didn't have a lot of money, and he didn't have a lot of credits, so we were able to get him for cheap," says *Buffy* creator Joss Whedon. "And, after the audition, all the women were shaking. We were lucky in that he also turned out to be an incredibly talented actor."

Indeed, Angel's recent transformation from a glum guy who lurks in the shadows to a terrible tormentor who's currently trying to conjure up an earth-swallowing demon is finally giving Boreanaz something to do besides look *really* good. "What's a blessing about this character is I can really exercise my chops," he says. "I don't know if I want him to stay bad. I want him to be well-balanced. It's almost like he's a recovering alcoholic, [who sometimes] goes off the wagon."

WITH GELLAR

While he has yet to be smothered with movie offers like his WB brethren—*Buffy*'s Sarah Michelle Gellar, and *Dawson's Creek*'s James Van Der Beek and Katie Holmes—Boreanaz has an ardent fan base, evidenced by websites like Angel's Shrine of Drool. "It's freaky sometimes," he says of the cybertributes, which flourish despite the actor's being officially taken (he recently married longtime girlfriend Ingrid). But will the crush-worthy star crush his fans by being reduced to Angel dust? "There will be no stake going through this boy's heart," he promises. Unless those security guards catch up to him. —*Kristen Baldwin*



AURORA BOREANAZ
Rising star David

DAWSON'S CREEK: FRED NORRIS. BOREANAZ'S STYLING: DANA MARASCA FOR VISAGE. GROOMING: NATALIE MACGOWAN SPENCER FOR BIANCA BLYTH BEAUTY. CLOTHES: JOHN BARTLETT. BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER: RICHARD CARTWRIGHT

PHOTOGRAPH BY NATHANIEL WELCH

ELPH Sightings

Chic Canon Cameras appearing everywhere.

focus on style

ELPH struts stuff at Milan fashion splash.
Italy's elite previewed the latest designs, while the newest ELPH stole the show. The ELPH 370Z flamboyantly paraded its 3X zoom to the delight of all.

ELPH noted at Manhattan Jazz Club. The ELPH Jr. was caught catching the cool crowd at one of the city's hottest night spots. Jr. was up 'til the wee hours.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE ELPHS?

ELPH SPOTTED WITH NAPOLEON IN PARIS CAFE. The très chic ELPH 490Z shows off its flip-up flash. Even sporting a formidable 4X zoom, it's still shorter than Napoleon. Vive la ELPH!

ELPH SEEN ON THE L.A. SCENE.

Looking quite at home, the original ELPH, the star of the Advanced Photo System maintains its sought-after status. Only those little gold statues are in greater demand.

ADVANCED PHOTO SYSTEM

Canon
So advanced...it's simple

©1998 Canon U.S.A., Inc. For more information call 1-800-OK-CANON or visit us at http://www.usa.canon.com on the web.

REMOTEPATROL

Keeping a watch on TV by Bruce Fretts

EW's Prime-Time Exchange Program puts the same old faces in exciting new places

LAST YEAR IN THIS column, I proposed prime-time term limits, a law that would prohibit series from running for more than five years (the point at which most shows start to lose their freshness). As Congress hasn't yet passed this legislation, I'm now putting forth a proposal designed to give a burst of new life to aging series: the Prime-Time Exchange Program (PTEP).

LOWELL

FORBES

Under PTEP, cast members would be able to move between series, freed of pesky contractual obligations. We've seen how a revolving-door cast policy has kept shows like NBC's **Law & Order** and **Homicide: Life on the Street** from growing stale, but this program would allow departing actors to take their characters to other shows.

For example, *Law & Order*'s Carey Lowell (who's leaving at the end of this season) could relocate single mom Jamie Ross to Baltimore and become *Homicide*'s assistant district attorney. Her beguiling charms would certainly help Kyle Secor's Det. Tim Bayliss straighten out all those questions he's had lately about his sexuality. In return, *Homicide* could send recent evacuee Michelle Forbes to *L&O*; her hard-drinking medical examiner might entice Sam Waterston's teetotaling assistant DA to fall off the wagon. Hey, if baseball teams can trade players, why not crime dramas?

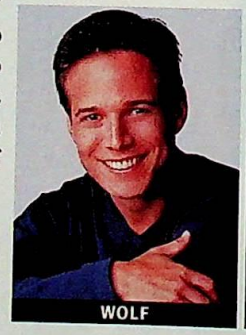
HOME IMPROVEMENT

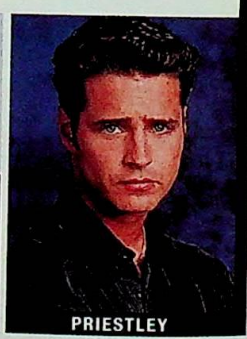
RAYMOND

ABC's **Home Improvement** and CBS' **Everybody Loves Raymond** might benefit from a bit of wife swapping. Patricia Richardson deserves a reward for enduring seven mediocre seasons of *Improvement*, and she'd be able to hold her own with *Raymond*'s crack ensemble. Meanwhile, Patricia Heaton's superb comic timing could provide a much-needed spark for *Improvement*.

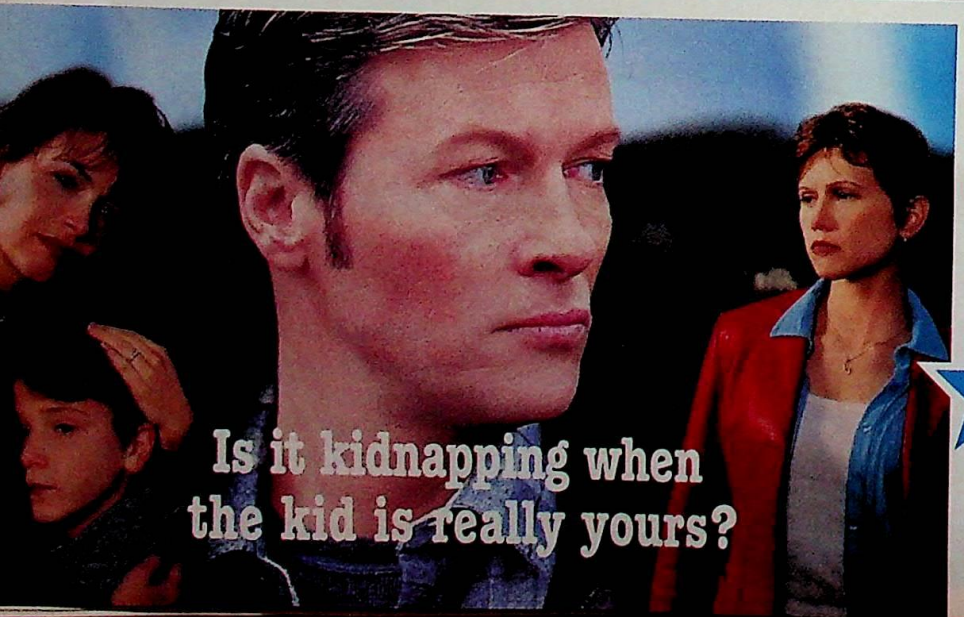
Perhaps Fox's soaps would have the most to gain from PTEP. Does anyone care about **Beverly Hills, 90210** or **Melrose Place** anymore? Not me—but I might if **Party of Five**'s Scott Wolf and Matthew Fox joined their rosters. Wolf could help make up for the diminished presence of Jason **Michael Hayes**' David Caruso could return to *Blue*, but that would require a peace accord of Netanyahu/Arafat proportions.

Sitcoms could also take advantage of PTEP.


WOLF


PRIESTLEY

HOME IMPROVEMENT: CRAIG SJODIN. EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND: MONTY BRINTON; LOWELL: STEPHEN DANELIAN; FORBES: DAVE BJERKE; WOLF: ANDREW ECCLES; PRIESTLEY: FROOZ ZAHEDI



JACK WAGNER
TRACEY GOLD
"DIRTY LITTLE SECRET"
A woman desperately searches for her son who was kidnapped by his mother. Also starring Mary Page Keller. ANOTHER USA PICTURES ORIGINAL. ONLY ON USA NETWORK.
USA NETWORK
The cure for the common show.®
Wed, May 20 at 9PM/8C
www.usanetwork.com

Priestley on *90210* next season (he'll appear in only a handful of episodes), and Fox could teach Thomas Calabro and the other *Melrose* himbos a thing or two about acting. In Fox and Wolf's absence, Neve Campbell and Jennifer Love Hewitt could keep the *Party* going (if they can carry big-time movies, they can shoulder a little prime-time serial).

Finally, PTEP would ensure that **Seinfeld**'s supporting players remain a part of NBC's Must See Thursday lineup. Think of it: Julia Louis-Dreyfus' Elaine dumps Puddy for a dumber guy—**Friends**' Joey (Matt LeBlanc)! Michael Richards' Kramer becomes David Spade's lanky sidekick on **Just Shoot Me**! And Jason Alexander's George checks into **ER** with a different ailment every week!

Like any good legislation, PTEP has a loophole. One character would be exempt: After **Family Matters** finishes its CBS run, Urkel would be banned from TV forever.

>> Talk about your favorite TV shows at www.ew.com <<

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CAMPBELL

WINNER OF THE WEEK

Larry King

CNN's titan of talk will have plenty of suspender money thanks to his new four-year contract, reportedly in the neighborhood of $7 million per year.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

Jerry Springer

The tables were turned on the *Too Hot for TV!* sleaze peddler, who was secretly videotaped doing way more than just talking with two female guests.

SOUND BITES

"Showtime executives consider the acquisition of the controversial film *Lolita* to be an enormous coup for the network, but admitted that a *real* coup would be getting a job at HBO."
CRAIG KILBORN on *The Daily Show*

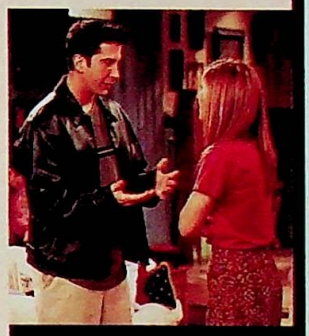
"In order for *Godzilla* to make money, it's going to have to bring in over $240 million. After hearing this, the producers said, 'Did we mention the guy inside the Godzilla suit is Leonardo DiCaprio?'"
CONAN O'BRIEN on *Late Night*

"Tomorrow night on *PrimeTime Live*, Anne Heche and Ellen DeGeneres will be announcing they're getting married...and they hope to have a child.... Man, that Viagra's really something."
DAVID LETTERMAN on *Late Show*

"Bill Gates paid $30 million for a Winslow Homer painting of a seascape. However, he will continue to pay four bucks for a haircut."
COLIN QUINN on *Saturday Night Live*

THE RATINGS

BLOODY GOOD SHOWING



JUST *FRIENDS*? David Schwimmer and Jennifer Aniston

VIEWERS RSVP'd en masse to *Friends*' (3rd) London-based wedding cliff-hanger, making for the sitcom's biggest season-finale audience ever. The hoopla surrounding *Seinfeld*'s (1st) exit helped its penultimate episode nab the series' best numbers in *its* history, while the *PrimeTime Live* (11th) interview with Ellen DeGeneres gave ABC a sweeps boost. On the Mob front, part 2 of CBS' *The Last Don II* (21st) took a bit of a dive, while NBC's *Witness to the Mob* (9th) knocked 'em dead. *Homicide: Life on the Street* (33rd) capped the season with killer numbers, and viewers happily followed the yellow brick road to CBS' final network airing of *The Wizard of Oz* (19th).

TOP 30

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	38.8	SEINFELD NBC, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	2
2	33.8	ER NBC, *Thursday, 10 p.m.*	3
3	31.6	FRIENDS NBC, *Thursday, 8 p.m.*	5
4	27.2	VERONICA'S CLOSET NBC, *Thursday, 9:30 p.m.*	4
5	19.9	TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL CBS, *Sunday, 8 p.m.*	7
6	17.6	THE X-FILES Fox, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	9
7	16.8	DATELINE NBC NBC, *Monday, 10 p.m.*	—
8	16.7	FRASIER NBC, *Tuesday, 9 p.m.*	8
9	16.4	60 MINUTES CBS, *Sunday, 7 p.m.*	11
	16.4	MOVIE: WITNESS TO THE MOB, PART 1 NBC, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	—
11	15.8	PRIMETIME LIVE ABC, *Wednesday, 10 p.m.*	19
12	15.0	20/20 ABC, *Friday, 10 p.m.*	17
13	14.9	ALLY McBEAL Fox, *Monday, 9 p.m.*	33
14	14.6	JUST SHOOT ME NBC, *Tuesday, 9:30 p.m.*	—
15	14.4	NYPD BLUE ABC, *Tuesday, 10 p.m.*	18
16	14.3	KING OF THE HILL Fox, *Sunday, 8:30 p.m.*	14
	14.3	LAW & ORDER NBC, *Wednesday, 10 p.m.*	19
	14.3	MOVIE: ONLY LOVE, PART 1 CBS, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	—
19	14.1	MOVIE: THE WIZARD OF OZ CBS, *Friday, 8:30 p.m.*	—
20	13.7	HOME IMPROVEMENT ABC, *Tuesday, 9 p.m.*	26
21	13.6	THE DREW CAREY SHOW ABC, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	16
	13.6	MOVIE: MARIO PUZO'S THE LAST DON II, PART 2 CBS, *Tuesday, 9 p.m.*	—
23	13.5	CBS: 50 YEARS OF FUNNY FLUBS AND SCREW UPS CBS, *Wednesday, 9 p.m.*	—
24	13.4	DIAGNOSIS MURDER CBS, *Thursday, 9 p.m.*	27
25	13.2	DATELINE NBC NBC, *Tuesday, 10 p.m.*	12
26	13.1	MOVIE: BROKEN ARROW ABC, *Sunday, 9 p.m.*	—
27	13.0	THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF DISNEY: THE LION KING (R) ABC, *Sunday, 7 p.m.*	—
28	12.9	THE SIMPSONS Fox, *Sunday, 8 p.m.*	16
29	12.6	JAG CBS, *Tuesday, 8 p.m.*	21
30	12.5	THE PRACTICE ABC, *Monday, 10 p.m.*	24
	12.5	WALKER, TEXAS RANGER CBS, *Saturday, 10 p.m.*	28

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF MAY 4–10, 1998 (R) RERUN SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

GARY NULL

SEASON PREMIERE

VH1

BEHIND THE MUSIC

54 54

The velvet rope kept you out.
Sunday night we let you in.

studio 54

The true story of Studio 54

SUNDAY 9PM/ET

VH1 MUSIC FIRST

WHAT to WATCH

A day-to-day guide to notable programs. Times are Eastern daylight and are subject to change. by Mike Flaherty

MONDAY May 18

SEASON FINALE

8–9PM
SUDDENLY SUSAN (NBC, TV-PG) A double wedding (for Vicki and Pete) and double the stunt casts, as Joan Rivers, Tom Smothers, and Susan Ruttan guest-star as trouble-making parents.

SEASON FINALE

9–10PM
CAROLINE IN THE CITY (NBC, TV-PG) Julia and Richard agree to spend the summer apart, till a tip from Caroline has him chasing his *muchacha* to Spain—just in time for the running of the bulls.

SERIES FINALE

9–10PM
MURPHY BROWN (CBS, TV-14-DL) "Murphy was the best character to spend 10 years with," says Candice Bergen. "She was feisty and fierce and she allowed me to come to work every day and laugh." The all-star send-off (cameos include Bette Midler [above, with Bergen] and Julia Roberts) finds the veteran newshound ready to quit her *FYI* gig. Says Bergen, "I'll miss Murphy's company, but I won't miss learning her lines." —*Shawna Malcom*

EPIX/NATIONAL/CBS

9–11PM
THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST SEA CREATURES (ABC, TV-14-V) Ex-*Jaws* star Roy Scheider narrates a series of terrifying encounters with aquatic predators.

SEASON FINALE

9–10PM
ALLY McBEAL (Fox, TV-PG-DS) Bobby Donnell returns to seek Ally's advice, and the Biscuit gets the hots for Renee in the dramedy's first-season cap-off.

11–11:30PM
THE DAILY SHOW (Comedy Central, TV-PG) "Spelling Week" sports interviews with *Melrose* habitués Rob Estes, Jack Wagner, and Doug Savant, and *90210* sex bomb Tiffani Amber-Thiessen.

TUESDAY May 19

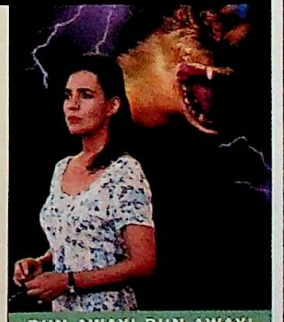
SEASON FINALES ALL

8–9PM
BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER (The WB, TV-PG-LV) Facing a murder rap, Buffy battles Angel and Drusilla to save Giles and Sunnydale.

8:30–9PM
MAD ABOUT YOU (NBC, TV-PG) Paul signs on to direct the making of "The Making of *Titanic*" and meets director James Cameron; Ellen DeGeneres guest-stars.

9–10PM
FRASIER (NBC, TV-PG) Two episodes: First Frasier is stymied in his pursuit of a hot new woman; then a cliff-hanger that dangles the possibility of the radio shrink losing his job.

9:30–11PM
NYPD BLUE (ABC, TV-14) Simone and Russell baby-talk their way closer to marriage; Andy stresses out over his latest cancer test.



RUN AWAY! RUN AWAY!

8–10PM
GARGANTUA (Fox, TV-PG-LV) Maybe it went like this: "Hey, let's glom onto this *Godzilla* mania and make a TV movie about a mutant lizard that rises from the sea to wreak all kinds of havoc!" Whatever cynicism or chutzpah was driving the suits at Fox, they have wrought a frightful mess: a trite, tedious schlockfest populated with deserved no-names and a family of "creatures" that looks like they came shrink-wrapped from Toys "R" Us. Cubic zirconium cinema at its most appalling. **F**

20TH CENTURY FOX

The Guest List

Look Who's on The Couch This Week
(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

DREW CAREY

THE VIEW **Monday** Faith Ford **Tuesday** Musical guest Jewel **Thursday** Conan O'Brien **Friday** Peter MacNicol (*Ally McBeal*)

ROSIE O'DONNELL **Monday** Cher, Jack Wagner (*Melrose Place*), musical guests the B-52's **Tuesday** Paul Reiser, Kristen Johnston, musical guest Natalie Merchant **Wednesday** Sandra Bullock, Harry Connick Jr., Forest Whitaker, Mae Whitman (*Hope Floats*) **Thursday** Matthew Broderick, Vivica A. Fox, Peter MacNicol **Friday** Jeff Foxworthy, comedian Reno, musical guest Lena Horne

JAY LENO **Tuesday** Cher, Bob Costas, musical guests Dave Matthews Band **Wednesday** Lisa Kudrow **Thursday** Bill Paxton, Carmen Electra, musical guests Fastball **Friday** Matthew Broderick, Christina Ricci, musical guest Björk

CHARLIE ROSE **Monday** Cokie Roberts, Jewel **Wednesday** Forest Whitaker **Thursday** Author Richard Price

DAVID LETTERMAN **Monday** Matthew Broderick, Mae Whitman, musical guest Natalie Merchant **Tuesday** Sandra Bullock, Jeff Foxworthy **Wednesday** Drew Carey, Scarlett Johansson (*The Horse Whisperer*), musical guests Soul Asylum **Thursday** Ted Danson, musical guests Flatlanders **Friday** Harry Connick Jr., Hank Azaria

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COWLES

WHAT TO WATCH

WEDNESDAY May 20

8–9*
IN THE WILD: ORANGUTANS WITH JULIA ROBERTS (PBS) The starlet embraces her endangered simian friends with a visit to the jungles of Borneo, Indonesia.
*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

SEASON FINALE

8–9PM
THE SENTINEL (UPN) *Voyager*'s Jeri Ryan displays her superhuman assets as a female Sentinel discovered by Blair.

SEASON FINALE

8–8:30PM
SPIN CITY (ABC, TV-PG) A scheduling conflict forces Paul and Claudia's nuptials to compete for church time with a funeral.

SEASON FINALE

8–10PM
BEVERLY HILLS 90210 (Fox, TV-PG) Brandon and Kelly finally get to the altar; Valerie goes for an AIDS test after a one-night stand.

SEASON FINALE

9–9:30PM
3RD ROCK FROM THE SUN (NBC, TV-14) Big Giant Head puts the kibosh on Dick & Mary and Don & Sally and Harry & Vicki's plans for a romantic get-together. Jan Hooks and Phil Hartman guest-star.

9–11PM
DIRTY LITTLE SECRET (USA, TV-14-V) Jack Wagner, Tracey Gold, and the USA Network make for three on a match, as the TV movie—about kidnapping, tortured love, and overacting—is bound to be a gooey, guilty pleasure.

SEASON FINALE

9–9:30PM
THE DREW CAREY SHOW (ABC, TV-PG-L) Oy, another wedding! Kate's feet get cold as hers nears—and downright arctic once she meets Oswald's mom. And, in a sitcom first, Daffy Duck guest-stars.

SEASON FINALE

10–11PM
LAW & ORDER (NBC, TV-PG) Carey Lowell's Ross bids adieu while Van Buren's internecine lawsuit and Schiff's embattled reelection bid complicate the team's probe of a young girl's murder.

SEASON FINALE

8:30–9PM
DHARMA & GREG (ABC, TV-PG) After a red-hot debut, *D&G* lost some steam. In addition to a season full of uneven episodes and being regularly overshadowed by various *Carey* stunts and Ellen's ongoing imbroglio, costar Jenna Elfman (above, third from left) suddenly found herself the *second*-quirkiest female lead on TV, thanks to Ally McBeal. Good news, then, that it's ending the year on a high point, as Dharma's befriending of Greg's regular-guy poker buddies turns them into a mewling bunch of touchy-feely '90s men. B

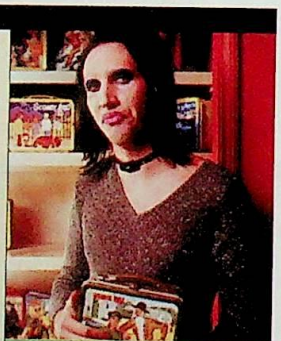
THURSDAY May 21

SYNDICATED*
SMOKING: TRUTH OR DARE? (TV-PG) Arnold Shapiro, the man behind the anticrime agitprop classic *Scared Straight*, applies his *cinéma intimidé* style to youthful tobacco use.
*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

8–10PM
1998 ESSENCE AWARDS (Fox, TV-PG) The Artist, Will Smith, and Patti LaBelle are honored, Bill Cosby, Chris Rock, and Whitney Houston present, and Mariah Carey, Puff Daddy, and Michael Bolton perform at the festivities.

10–11PM
48 HOURS (CBS) A trip back to Dallas' grassy knoll is part of this look at the reliability of eyewitness testimony.

10–11PM
THAT'S JAZZ (Bravo, TV-G) Tracing the New Orleans origins of that most quintessential of American musical genres, the documentary features performances by Duke Ellington, Doc Cheatham, and Herbie Hancock.



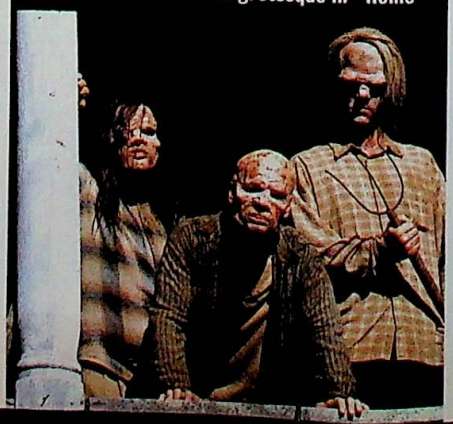
GATHERING MOSS

9–11PM
WHERE IT'S AT: THE ROLLING STONE STATE OF THE UNION (ABC, TV-14-DL) After spending most of its 30 years straining to reassure a boomer readership of their hipness, *Rolling Stone* and *where it's at* have become somewhat incompatible terms. As such, *RS*'s survey of the zeitgeist circa 1998 seems less a heartfelt pulse-taking and more a videotaped direct-mail appeal—a labored attempt to be down with the kids. The special combines twentysomethings spouting off about careers, sex, values, identity, and of course, music, with insights by standard-bearers Beck, Puff Daddy, Marilyn Manson (above), and the Beastie Boys. But it more honestly hits its mark in segments with long-in-the-tooth darlings Keith Richards and Bruce Springsteen. Sad, but true. C

Choice Reruns

SANDWICHED BETWEEN THE CLIFFhanger finale and the upcoming feature film, **The X-Files: Declassified** *(FX, May 18–22, 8 p.m.–midnight)* is a revisiting of *X*'s most darkly brilliant moments. Eschewing conspiracy plots, the theme week instead zeros in on 20 standalone classics, including the rarely aired "Home," on May 19 at 10 p.m. The 1996 chiller finds Mulder and Scully investigating the Peacock family, a clan of incestuous, homicidal rednecks. Y'all come back now, hear?

ALL IN THE FAMILY The Peacock brothers fashion a *real* Southern grotesque in "Home"



sandra BULLOCK harry CONNICK, JR. gena ROWLANDS

when life fell apart love fell into place

HOPE FLOATS

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX PRESENTS A LYNDA OBST PRODUCTION
IN ASSOCIATION WITH FORTIS FILMS A FOREST WHITAKER FILM
SANDRA BULLOCK HARRY CONNICK, JR. GENA ROWLANDS "HOPE FLOATS"
MAE WHITMAN MUSIC BY DAVE GRUSIN SOUNDTRACK PRODUCERS DON WAS AND FOREST WHITAKER
FILM EDITOR RICHARD CHEW PRODUCTION DESIGNER LARRY FULTON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY CALEB DESCHANEL, A.S.C.
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS MARY McLAGLEN SANDRA BULLOCK WRITTEN BY STEVEN ROGERS
PRODUCED BY LYNDA OBST DIRECTED BY FOREST WHITAKER SCORE SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON RCA VICTOR

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED — Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13 | DOLBY DIGITAL | SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON Capitol CDS AND CASSETTES | 20th CENTURY FOX

WATCH VH1 FOR THE HOPE FLOATS SPECIALS STARTING MAY 23rd AT 7PM EST/PST
VH1 Music First

MAY 29 ONLY IN THEATERS

© 1998 Kraft Foods, Inc.

GENERAL FOODS INTERNATIONAL COFFEES

We're about to go through a cold spell.

INTRODUCING CAPPUCCINO COOLERS.
JUST ADD MILK AND ICE FOR A REJUVENATING EXPERIENCE.

WHAT TO WATCH

FRIDAY May 22

SEASON FINALE

8:30–9PM
CANDID CAMERA (CBS, TV-G) Suzanne Somers and Peter Funt take a cackling look back at this year's most mortifying gotchas.

9–9:30PM
BOY MEETS WORLD (ABC, TV-PG) The stalwart TGIF sitcom gets a new time slot and takes on an old issue: While trying to get a heartbroken Cory to stop drinking, Shawn starts hitting the bottle too. (R)

9:30–10PM
TEEN ANGEL (ABC, TV-G) The Alphabet net resurrects the not-bad sitcom in time for rerun season: Marty materializes as the school hottie on a date with pal Steve. (R)

1–3AM
BOB ROBERTS (USA, TV-PG) Tim Robbins' tale of a reactionary folksinger-turned-politician features a costarring stint by one Gore Vidal.

THE LUNCHBOX HAS LANDED

PAY-PER-VIEW
THE FULL MONTY (R) C'mon, it's a holiday weekend! Break down and shell out for an eyeful of last year's charming, disarming sleeper hit.

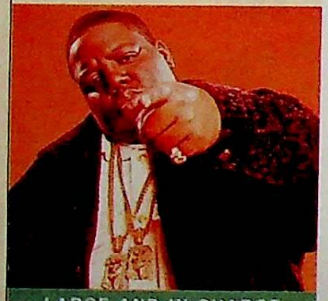
SATURDAY May 23

NOON
OPERATION TNT: MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND MOVIE MARATHON (TNT, TV-PG) What better way to honor America's war dead than a parade of classic movies—including *Midway* (1976), *The Guns of Navarone* (1961), *The Bridge at Remagen* (1969), and *The Great Escape* (1963)—depicting the high price of patriotism. (Airs through May 25.)

8–10PM
JURY DUTY (ABC, TV-14) The most recent film in the Pauly Shore ouevre (1995) has his whiny burnout trying to make a career out of holding out on the rest of his empaneled peers.

9–11PM
ADDICTED TO LOVE (HBO, R) Griffin Dunne's 1997 romantic comedy stars Matthew Broderick as a jilted boyfriend who gets involved with kindred spirit Meg Ryan.

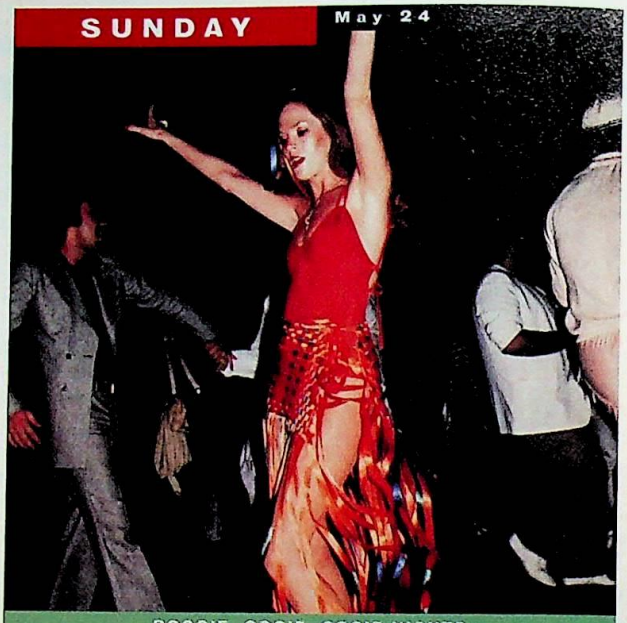
9–10PM
EARLY EDITION (CBS, TV-G) Marissa uses her newly restored sense of sight to interpret a mysterious symbol, save Chuck's life, and, presumably, read the newspaper.



LARGE AND IN CHARGE

10AM–8PM
MTV'S LIVE SUMMER SHARE '90S COUNTDOWN (MTV) Nirvana, Madonna, the late Notorious B.I. G. (above), and Beck are among the aspirants in the sun-drenched retrospective, live from Seaside Heights, N.J.

SUNDAY May 24



BOOGIE, OOGIE, OOGIE NIGHTS

6PM–2AM
STARRING DUSTIN HOFFMAN (Cinemax) The eclectic, if erratic, roster that makes up the tribute opens with 1992's *Hero*, followed by *The Graduate* (1967), *Marathon Man* (1976), and *Family Business* (1989).

8–8:30PM
THE SIMPSONS (Fox, TV-PG-L) Skinner's unmasked as a fraud when a Vietnam vet doppelgänger from his past (voiced by Martin Sheen) turns up in Springfield. (R)

8–9:30PM*
NATIONAL MEMORIAL DAY CONCERT (PBS) Richard Dreyfuss, Christine Lahti, Charles Durning, and Colin Powell assist the National Symphony Orchestra in the annual festivities.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

8–10PM
THE WALL (Showtime, TV-14) Not the Pink Floyd-inspired rock opera but an original flick, made up of three tales inspired by D.C.'s Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Edward James Olmos, Frank Whaley, and Ruby Dee star.

8:30–9PM
KING OF THE HILL (Fox, TV-PG) Neo-punk rockers Green Day make an appearance as a garage band (called Cane and the Stubborn Stains) whose annoying racket earns them a grudge paintball match against Hank and the boys. (R)

9–10:30PM
STUDIO 54: BEHIND THE MUSIC (VH1, TV-14-D) Thus far, VH1's documentary series has been more incisive and levelheaded than we had any reason to expect. This installment—the first salvo in a summerlong '70s assault, with *The Last Days of Disco* and *54* set to hit a multiplex near you—is no exception. The ascendance of the chic mecca and its nosedive into infamy are recalled in talking-head remembrances from staffers, celebs, even a pathetic trio of guys who never made it past its velvet rope. Ultimately, though, it's a refreshing look back at a time when hedonism was the biggest star of all. **B**

9–10PM
THE X-FILES (TV-PG-V) In part one of *last* year's season-ending trilogy, Mulder accepts the discovery of a corpse in the Yukon as irrefutable proof of alien life. (R)

TOM HILTON

ORDER Entertainment WEEKLY TODAY!

(Tear Here)

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

Certificate of Savings

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY is proud to offer you guaranteed savings on the one weekly entertainment magazine that gives you the very best in movies, TV, music, books, & more.

68% OFF*

6 Months

For Only **$19.75**

(25 issues)

NAME (Please print)

ADDRESS

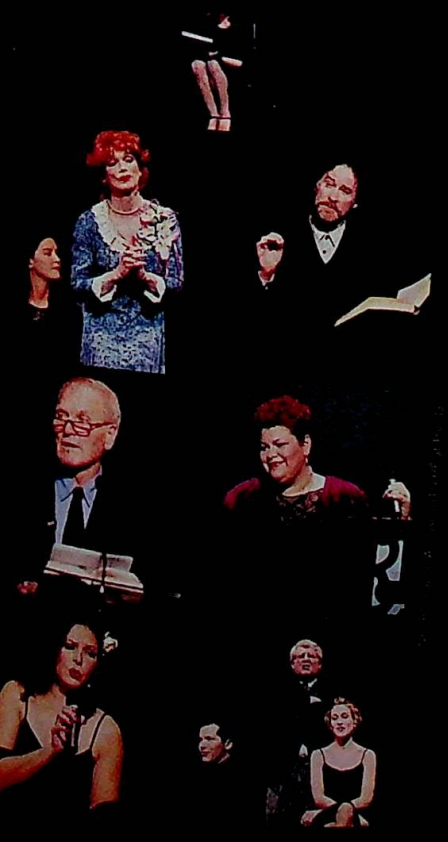
CITY STATE ZIP EWA8FA6

☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.

Entertainment WEEKLY

*Off the $2.50 cover price. Rate good in U.S. only. ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY is published weekly, except for two issues combined periodically into one and occasional extra or expanded issues.

5IEWA6 Printed on recycled paper.



...ION
...UNITY
...MENT
...ARTISAN
...RTS AND
...NG AND
...SUES.

...ANKS
...S AND
...OF THE

...O

...ARKER

...N

...EVE*

...D ROSS
...RVEY PIERSTEIN — ANDRES SERRANO
MARTIN GARBUS — PHOEBE SNOW
RON HOWARD — MARLO THOMAS*
ELIZABETH HUBBARD — ROBIN WILLIAMS

*INDICATES BOARD MEMBERS OF THE CREATIVE COALITION

SPONSORED BY: RENÉ LEZARD, HBO, NBC, RAY BAN, ABC, INC., ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE, THE NEW YORK OBSERVER, PLAYBILL, THE TOWN HALL HELPING HANDS PROGRAM

DIRECTED BY: MARTIN CHARNIN
WRITTEN BY: LISA BIRNBACH & SEAN KELLY
PRODUCED BY: MICHAEL BENNAHUM & LISA BIRNBACH

CALL OR WRITE TO US TO FIND OUT HOW YOU CAN MAKE A DONATION OR BECOME A MEMBER:

THE CREATIVE COALITION
1100 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS NYC 10036
212.512.5501 FAX 212.512.5895

ORDER
Entertainment WEEKLY
TODAY!

(Tear Here)

WWW.EW.COM
- your daily dose
of entertainment

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 22 TAMPA FL

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

Entertainment WEEKLY
PO BOX 61890
TAMPA FL 33661-1890

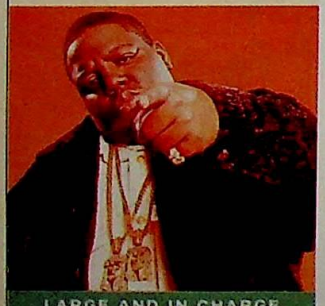
TOM HILTON

honor America's war[illegible] than a parade of classic movies—including *Midway* (1976), *The Guns of Navarone* (1961), *The Bridge at Remagen* (1969), and *The Great Escape* (1963)—depicting the high price of patriotism. (Airs through May 25.)

8–10PM
JURY DUTY (ABC, TV-14) The most recent film in the Pauly Shore ouevre (1995) has his whiny burnout trying to make a career out of holding out on the rest of his empaneled peers.

9–11PM
ADDICTED TO LOVE (HBO, R) Griffin Dunne's 1997 romantic comedy stars Matthew Broderick as a jilted boyfriend who gets involved with kindred spirit Meg Ryan.

presum[illegible] paper.



LARGE AND IN CHARGE

10AM–8PM
MTV'S LIVE SUMMER SHARE '90S COUNTDOWN (MTV) Nirvana, Madonna, the late Notorious B.I. G. (above), and Beck are among the aspirants in the sun-drenched retrospective, live from Seaside Heights, N.J.

8–9:30PM
NATIONAL MEMORIAL DAY CONCERT (PBS) Richard Dreyfuss, Christine Lahti, Charles Durning, and Colin Powell assist the National Symphony Orchestra in the annual festivities.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

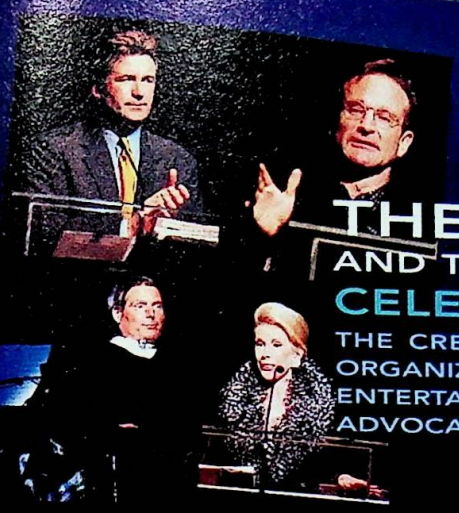
8–10PM
THE WALL (Showtime, TV-14) Not the Pink Floyd–inspired rock opera but an original flick, made up of three tales inspired by D.C.'s Vietnam Veterans Memorial. Edward James Olmos, Frank Whaley, and Ruby Dee star.

8:30–9PM
KING OF THE HILL (Fox, TV-PG) Neo-punk rockers Green Day make an appearance as a garage band (called Cane and the Stubborn Stains) whose annoying racket earns them a grudge paintball match against Hank and the boys. (R)

9–10PM
THE X-FILES (TV-PG-V) In part one of *last* year's season-ending trilogy, Mulder accepts the discovery of a corpse in the Yukon as irrefutable proof of alien life. (R)

[illegible] starlers, celebs, even a pathetic trio of guys who never made it past its velvet rope. Ultimately, though, it's a refreshing look back at a time when hedonism was the biggest star of all. B

AD ©WEINSTEIN CSI



THE CREATIVE COALITION
AND THE ENTERTAINMENT/ARTS COMMUNITY
CELEBRATE THE FIRST AMENDMENT

THE CREATIVE COALITION IS A NON-PROFIT, NON-PARTISAN ORGANIZATION COMPRISED OF MEMBERS OF THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT COMMUNITY DEDICATED TO EDUCATING AND ADVOCATING ON BEHALF OF SOCIAL AND POLITICAL ISSUES.

THE CREATIVE COALITION THANKS THE FOLLOWING PARTICIPANTS AND SPONSORS FOR THEIR SUPPORT OF THE FIRST AMENDMENT:

ALEC BALDWIN*	KEVIN KLINE
WILLIAM BALDWIN*	JOSEPH KOSUTH
CARL BERNSTEIN	JOHN LEGUIZAMO
WALTER BERNSTEIN	LONETTE MCKEE
ROY BLOUNT, JR.	BEBE NEUWIRTH
JUDY BLUME	PAUL NEWMAN
CHARLES BUSCH	SARAH JESSICA PARKER
PHOEBE CATES	GLORIA PIPKIN
PEGGY CHARREN	NATALIE PORTMAN
WALTER CRONKITE	LOU REED
CHUCK D	CHRISTOPHER REEVE*
PHIL DONAHUE	JOAN RIVERS
JULES FEIFFER	DAVID ROSS
HARVEY FIERSTEIN	ANDRES SERRANO
MARTIN GARBUS	PHOEBE SNOW
RON HOWARD	MARLO THOMAS*
ELIZABETH HUBBARD	ROBIN WILLIAMS

*INDICATES BOARD MEMBERS OF THE CREATIVE COALITION

SPONSORED BY: RENÉ LEZARD, HBO, NBC, RAY BAN, ABC, INC., ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE, THE NEW YORK OBSERVER, PLAYBILL, THE TOWN HALL HELPING HANDS PROGRAM

DIRECTED BY: MARTIN CHARNIN
WRITTEN BY: LISA BIRNBACH & SEAN KELLY
PRODUCED BY: MICHAEL BENNAHUM & LISA BIRNBACH

CALL OR WRITE TO US TO FIND OUT HOW YOU CAN MAKE A DONATION OR BECOME A MEMBER:

THE CREATIVE COALITION
1100 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS NYC 10036
212.512.5501 FAX 212.512.5895

Race to the Finish

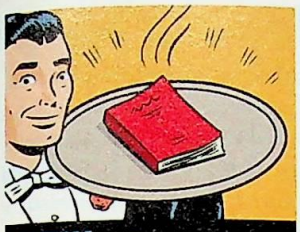
Richard Price's brutal novel *Clockers* cut to the heart of gritty urban life. In his latest inner-city drama, *Freedomland*, he turns a racially charged kidnapping into a graphic, riveting tale. by Tom De Haven

BY THE LATE 1980S, Richard Price's success as a Hollywood screenwriter (*The Color of Money*, *Sea of Love*) had virtually eclipsed his earlier reputation as a novelist—but then, in 1992, came *Clockers*, that huge, grim, brutally authentic tale of crack dealing, murder, and salvation at a cost. *Clockers* felt like one of those books that illuminates a moment in our national life so perfectly, evoking its major themes and texture with such unerring precision, that you knew it would be read well into the future as much for its social history as for its compelling story. Price's electrifying new novel, **Freedomland** (film rights to which were acquired by Paramount for producer Scott Rudin), gives off the same vibe, only stronger.

On a muggy night late in June, a young woman emerges from a half-acre park adjacent to a low-income city housing project (we're back in fictitious Dempsy, N.J., the setting for *Clockers*). Dazed and bleeding, Brenda Martin claims she was yanked from behind the wheel of her Toyota Camry, and that her unknown assailant then sped off with her 4-year-old son, Cody, still asleep on the rear seat. And because Brenda is white and the carjacker, she tells police, was an African-American male, the accidental kidnapping assumes an ugly racial edge. Eventually, the projects are sealed off, the residents are penned in, the press corps gathers, and tension mounts. Hot time, summer in the city.

But is Brenda, whose troubled history includes drug abuse and emotional instability, telling the truth? That's up

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAFAEL FUCHS



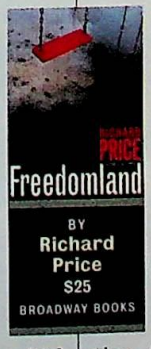
NEW in Paperback

Invisible Republic: Bob Dylan's Basement Tapes Greil Marcus *(Owl, $12.95, first published in 1997)* **Enthralling meditation on the 1967 recording sessions by Bob Dylan and the Band now known as the Basement Tapes.**

The Passion Dream Book Whitney Otto *(Harper-Perennial, $13, 1997)* **Two schoolmates open a photo studio during the Harlem Renaissance. Oddly ethereal yet satisfying novel.**

Without a Doubt Marcia Clark, cowritten with Teresa Carpenter *(Viking, $13.95, 1997)* **Clark's erratic take on the Simpson trial is strengthened by a candid account of sexism in the judicial system.**

to Det. Lorenzo ("Big Daddy") Council to determine. A weary, asthmatic cop with the tough-love instincts of a community patriarch, Lorenzo feels increasingly torn between sympathy and professional skepticism. (According to his partner, "Sixty-five percent of all children reported missing have been abducted, or done away with, by the adult who came in to report the kid missing in the first place.") While Brenda drifts in and out of leaden silence, hints darkly about suicide, and listens constantly to vintage R&B songs through headphones, Lorenzo struggles to get at the truth. Why, he wonders with growing dread, is the woman so positive that her son will never be found?

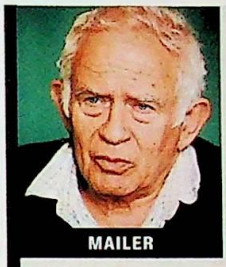


Meanwhile, a cynical street reporter for the *Dempsy Register* has insinuated herself into the story. Till now strictly a "stick-and-move artist...living off the police scanner," Jesse Haus discovers, to her surprise and alarm, that she's become emotionally connected to Brenda Martin. Like Lorenzo, though, Jesse is stymied in her attempts to learn whether Brenda is a victim or a cunning liar or both—until a group of amateur, and spookily zealous, child finders volunteers its services. And as the search for Cody Martin shifts from the turbulent projects to an abandoned psychiatric hospital and then to a shuttered amusement park in the nearby city of Gannon, *Freedomland* hurtles toward its harrowing, nearly hallucinatory climax.

Although the novel is, finally, too long, Richard Price writes with such energy and vernacular dash, and with such an extraordinary grasp of urban dialects, that it never lapses into sluggishness. (Still, a late-in-the-book protest march that erupts, inevitably, into violence, would've been twice as powerful, I think, at half the length.) Engrossing and memorable, *Freedomland* is also, be warned, a psychically draining work of fiction. And while Price's vision of race relations in America may not be heartening or hopeful, it's undeniably an unflinching one. **A**

BETWEEN THE LINES

The inside scoop on the book world


MAILER

■ **MAILER *TIME*** The fete for **Norman Mailer**'s *The Time of Our Time* really packed a punch. Guest **Muhammad Ali**, rating Mailer "a good writer," signed his own name to copies of the panoramic anthology for fans **Katie Roiphe** and **Colin Harrison**. Meanwhile, **Kurt Vonnegut**'s thoughts turned to mortality as he surveyed the Rainbow Room–ful of literary heavyweights, musing "We all would like to have died as young as **F. Scott Fitzgerald**, but we didn't manage it." Mailer wondered how the 1,286-page tome would sell: "It's a large book, it's a heavy book, and people don't like heavy books."

■ ***WAR* IS HECK** We're into the army now. *The War Journal: The True Story of One Soldier's Daring Escape From the Bataan Death March Across 3,200 Miles of Enemy Held Water to Australia, the Longest Escape in U.S. Military History* (and maybe the longest subtitle) is on the auction block. Author Damon Gause died in an accident during the war and "his manuscript was shipped home and just stayed there for the last 55 years," says the family's agent, Mary Tahan. In other World War II news, **Rob Weisbach**'s imprint at Morrow just paid a rumored half million for a book by 84-year-old Holocaust survivor **Edith Hahn**, whose story of eluding the Nazis by marrying one made waves last December when she auctioned her wartime archive at Sotheby's.

■ ***HORSE* MAJEURE** There's a loose-zippered president in **Charles McCarry**'s new novel, *Lucky Bastard*, and that's inspired Random House to move up publication from fall to July 4. "Aspects of the book are pertinent to things that have been going on in the world," is how Random publicity VP **Carol Schneider** delicately put it. D.C. commuters will see the book plugged on 350,000 metrocards in June. Meanwhile, **Ronald Reagan**'s daughter **Patti Davis** has just finished her own White House novel, *Behold, a Pale Horse*, in which a prez is secretly diagnosed with AIDS. It's due out from Knopf next January. *—Alexandra Jacobs and Matthew Flamm*

***PALE* RIDER** First Daughter Davis

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CUNEO

'OPRAH' FAVE JACQUELYN MITCHARD DREAMS UP A NEW NOVEL

AMERICA'S 'MOST WANTED'

YOUR AVERAGE neurotic writer, watching her first novel kick off Oprah Winfrey's Book Club, catapult to the top of the best-seller lists, and turn into a starring vehicle for Michelle Pfeiffer, would do one of two things: buy a small South Seas island and call it a day, or suffer a meltdown worrying that her next novel could never be a worthy follow-up to her debut—in this case, *The Deep End of the Ocean*, the tale of a kidnapping that forever altered one family's life.

But Jacquelyn Mitchard is far from average. She passed on all purchases except five pairs of cowboy boots ("very Yoko Ono") and continued a whirlwind publicity tour for *Ocean*. One night, exhausted from hours of interviews and book signings, she fell asleep and dreamed about a beautiful 14-year-old Texan who falls in love with a convict. And when she woke up, Mitchard knew she had discovered her next novel: *The Most Wanted*, which would be told from the point of view of the girl, Arley, and her 39-year-old attorney, Annie.

"The dreams I've had in my life about outlaws and pretty girls are in the single digits," the 45-year-old author says modestly, sitting in the Madison, Wis., home where she's single-handedly raising five children, who range in age from 2 to 22. "My 14-year-old son says, 'Hard job. You go to bed, get up, and write it down.'"

Mitchard didn't write her first novel until she was 40. Recently widowed and a new adoptive mother, the author was working as a newspaper columnist when Viking paid $500,000 for *Ocean* and her next, as-yet-unwritten book. *Ocean* was published in June 1996 and sold well, even appearing at the bottom of some best-seller lists, but when Winfrey plugged the book in September 1996, hardcover sales leaped from 100,000 to close to one million. Viking expressed its gratitude by requesting that Mitchard's second novel be written, edited, and in bookstores in time for 1998 beach reading. "We worked very hard and very fast," admits *Wanted*'s editor, Pam Dorman. "We did three full edits in two months. No one would want to do that again."

Especially not Mitchard. "It made me mental at first," she says. "But I really felt like a one-trick pony. I was mortally curious to find out if I could write another novel, even a bad one. I was listening to those things about the Don McLean phenomenon—how are you going to write another 'American Pie'? Well, you're not."

Indeed, *The Most Wanted*—which goes on sale May 18—shares little with the somber *Deep End of the Ocean* (the movie version of which comes out this fall). *Wanted* "is a melodrama," Mitchard says unapologetically. "I knew I wanted to write a romance, [the kind of] doomed scenario that has been happening since prehistory and will be happening as long as we have skin over our bones."

Mitchard's skin is thin enough that she won't be reading *Wanted*'s reviews, and she's not waiting by the phone to see if the movie rights are sold. She *has* sent the book to Oprah—but only, she insists, as a personal gesture. "People who decide at the age of 40 to become a novelist when they're widows with five children are people who know how to complicate things on their own," Mitchard says. "So I guess nothing that could happen or not happen to this book could be worse or better than I imagine." Or dream, for that matter. —*Rebecca Ascher-Walsh*

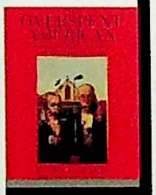
BRANCHING OUT Mitchard, at home in Wisconsin, juggles writing and raising five children

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES SCHNEPF

Shopping Mauled

Has Americans' desire to acquire gotten out of control?

WE, THE PEOPLE, LIKE TO SHOP. We're born to shop. We shop till we drop. We shop, says professor Juliet B. Schor, too much. We are **The Overspent American**, and it's not a pretty picture.

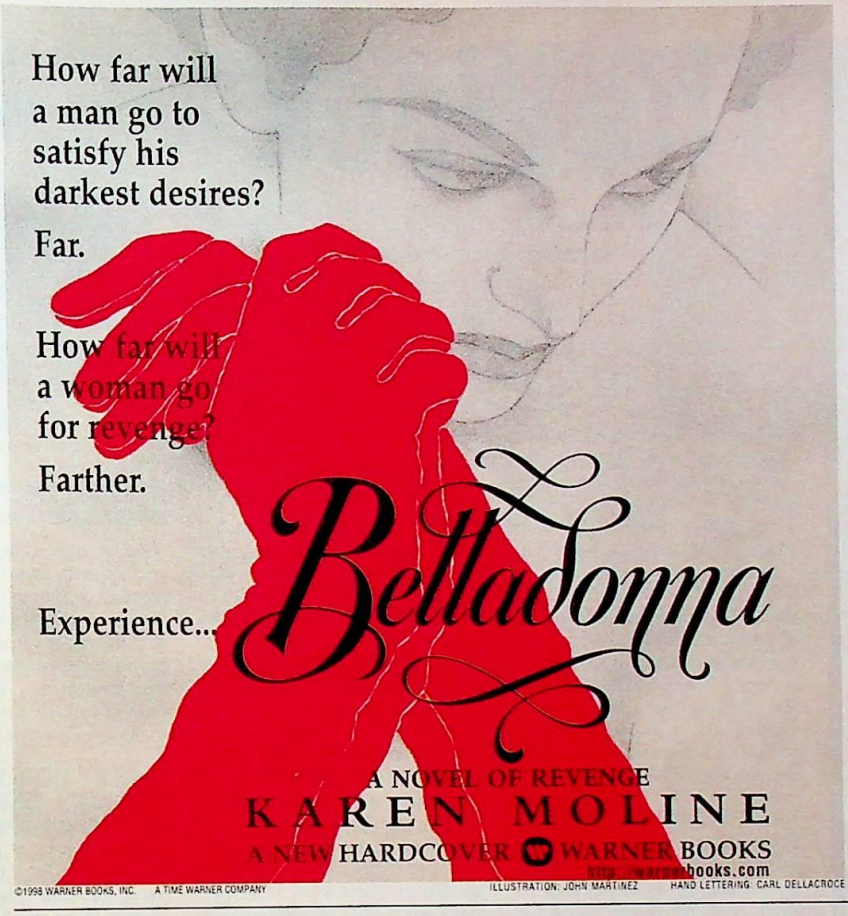


Thick with survey data, less taxing than a saunter through Saks, Schor's study is a scornful indictment of consumerism—which, she argues, has created a nation of debtors but failed to fill a gaping cultural maw. With clipped, unforgiving disdain, she ticks off the contents of an upwardly mobile middle-class household (this is not a book about poor people), a "stock of stuff" that spills, shamefully, over a page. Multiple TVs. Second and third cars. Closetfuls of clothes. Possessions we think we need but often don't even use (Schor's research associates, dispatched to a dump, found a staggering number of usable goods).

Contemplating this inventory is certainly disheartening (and guilt provoking). But wait till you see the fun Schor sucks out of buying designer duds. Has someone told you an item "is you" lately? This author's afraid your subconscious really believes it. Keeping up with the Joneses, it seems, is no longer the only game in town. Now we have to keep up with QVC, Martha Stewart, and the entire cast of *Friends*. No wonder we're exhausted.

Acquiring minds should know that Schor teaches at Harvard, probably the most aggressively branded university in the country, and she acts snotty about *Roseanne*. But there's something endearing about an economist who admits to giving up an expensive makeup habit and who assures us the world won't end if—in the name of buying fewer things—we cut back our working hours a bit. This is the stuff from which revolutions are made.

Borrow this book. **A-** —*AJ*



MOVIES USA
BROADWAYUSA
TELEVISIONUSA
SPORTSUSA
WEBUSA

ENTERTAINMENT USA DIRECTORIES APPEARING IN THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

MOVIES USA

UP-TO-DATE LISTINGS OF CURRENT FILMS IN GENERAL RELEASE

For information about Entertainment USA features appearing in The Wall Street Journal contact Jennifer Walden
phone: (212) 891-7786 • fax: (212) 891-7214 • email:jwalden@tv-usa.com

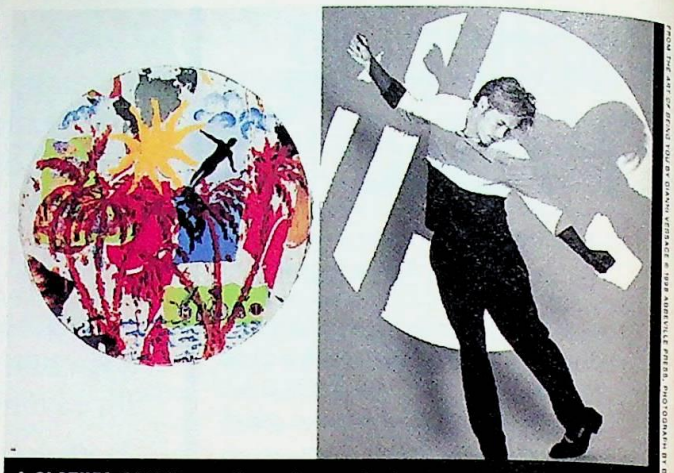
The Week

Nonfiction

THE ART OF BEING YOU Gianni Versace *(Abbeville Press, $75)* More than an excuse to show half-naked models, this coffee-table book—completed just before the designer's death—poses a subtle question: Just where do art and fashion meet? Versace shows how his favorite paintings inspired his designs and fashion photography, creating some illuminating juxtapositions. For example, a fantastical garden scene by Frank Moore gives way to a dreamy ivy-covered dress. Some parallels are ridiculous. A bas-relief of a man intently carving himself out of marble is demeaned by the carefree hunk sitting on a pile of rocks on the opposite page. But the overall effect testifies to the deeper vision behind what is too often seen as a shallow endeavor. **B+** *—Degen Pener*

WE ARE OUR MOTHERS' DAUGHTERS Cokie Roberts *(Morrow, $19.95)* Stitched together from personal reflections, professional experiences, and historical anecdotes about feminist trailblazers, this is a crazy quilt of meditations on women. A veteran news analyst for ABC and NPR, Roberts says that for the past 30 years, her primary identity has been as a mother, but notes, "I was a better mother because I worked." She profiles consumer advocate Esther Peterson, describes uphill battles of maverick newswomen of the '60s, and discusses her sister's death from cancer. Roberts' just-plain-folks writing style verges on just plain dreadful (she mentions "the hugs and humor, the closeness and Kleenex" of female friendships), but her insights about women's changing roles in society often redeem the terminally perky prose. **B** *—Margot Mifflin*

SPEAKING WITH STRANGERS Mary Cantwell *(Houghton Mifflin, $23)* The author was formerly a member of *The New York Times'* editorial board and managing editor of *Mademoiselle*, but she is best known as a memoirist, chronicler of her own interior life from childhood through middle age. This book, her third, describes her life in New York after her marriage ended and her penchant for travel, "the only true cure I had for loneliness." From Siberia to Ankara Cantwell goes; the constant motion and anonymity, coupled with an affair with a famous, married novelist, are tonic for her soul. Cantwell is occasionally critical of others, but she is even more so of herself, and it's her unstinting honesty that makes her such a powerful writer. **A–** *—Vanessa V. Friedman*



A CLOTHES CALL Versace's posthumous book juxtaposes *Art* and fashion

FREEDOM'S CHILD: THE LIFE OF A CONFEDERATE GENERAL'S BLACK DAUGHTER Carrie Allen McCray *(Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, $23.95)* In 1875, Malinda Rice, a black teenager working in the household of retired Virginia brigadier general John R. Jones, gave birth to his daughter, Mary. Surprisingly, in what became quite the local scandal, the married general bucked Southern tradition by not only publicly acknowledging Mary but also financing her college education. In *Freedom's Child*, author McCray, Malinda's 84-year-old granddaughter, unearths her family's long-buried secrets in a quest to understand her mother's rich, tumultuous life as a teacher, housewife, and civil rights activist. McCray is neither historian nor biographer, and it shows. But what her writing lacks in professional polish, it makes up for in emotion. **B** *—Nancy Bilyeau*

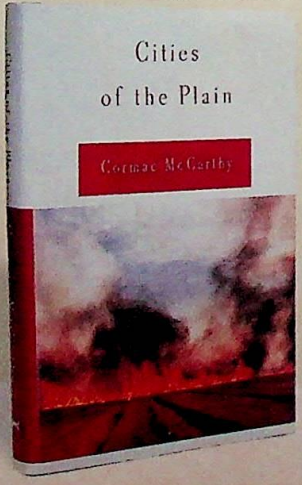
OTHER PEOPLE'S DIRT: A HOUSEKEEPER'S CURIOUS ADVENTURES Louise Rafkin *(Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, $17.95)* Cleaning was never so steeped in meaning as it is in Rafkin's scintillating reflection on her profession of the past eight years. She reveals what objects on a bedside table say about a marriage (dueling remotes: a bad sign) and tells all after being fired for leaving two Cheerios in the sink. She joins a Japanese cleaning commune, visits a Messies Anonymous meeting, and interviews various "exotic" (as in naked) housecleaners, a woman who cleaned for Hearsts and Rockefellers, and an expert in scrubbing up crime scenes (who recommends vacuuming, not wiping up, maggots). Rafkin delivers the dirt on cleaning with investigative zeal and remarkable depth. **A** *—MM*

BOUND FOR GLORY

CITIES OF THE PLAIN Cormac McCarthy *(Knopf, $24)* Throughout much of his career, Cormac McCarthy has been the kind of novelist lionized for his genius by graduate writing programs, but little known to the reading public. All that changed with the 1992 publication of *All the Pretty Horses*, the first volume of McCarthy's "Border Trilogy."

Spare and almost allegorical in its storytelling, *All the Pretty Horses* combined intensely lyrical prose with the laconic wit of its cowboy protagonists. The result was a kind of *Huckleberry Finn* on horseback: the tragicomic journey of three wisecracking Texas teenagers into the Mexican outback, fleeing the encroachments of paved roads and barbed wire in search of adventure and romance. The novel won the National Book Award and the National Book Critics Circle Award and became an instant classic. (It's also set to be filmed, with Matt Damon in the leading role.) Darker in tone, its sequel, *The Crossing*, sent two young brothers on a quest that plunged them into the bloody maelstrom of Mexican politics. With *Cities of the Plain*, McCarthy brings the series to a triumphant conclusion.

The time is 1952, the place a cattle ranch in New Mexico. Chastened but not defeated by their youthful misadventures, John Grady Cole of *All the Pretty Horses* and Billy Parham of *The Crossing* have become blood brothers of a sort, clinging stubbornly to a vanishing way of life. With the U.S. Army proposing to turn their employer's ranch into a military base, the two fantasize about owning a little spread in the mountains, where they might run a few cattle and hunt their own meat. But then John Grady falls in love with a teenage prostitute in a fancy brothel across the Rio Grande. "There's a son of a bitch owns her outright that I guarangoddamntee you will kill you graveyard dead if you mess with him," Billy warns him. "Son, aint there no girls on this side of the damn river?"



Alas, for John Grady there are not. His stubborn idealism sets in motion a chain of events as raw and emotionally shattering as they are inevitable. Combining McCarthy's somberly romantic vision and near-mesmerizing style, "The Border Trilogy" comprises a body of work as compelling as any in recent American fiction. **A** *—Gene Lyons*

Fiction

GHOST CHILDREN Sue Townsend *(Soho Press, $22)* How two deeply flawed couples undone by secrets, lies, and tragic attempts at parenthood find their lives intertwined and ultimately redeemed is the subject of this daring, unsettling, darkly compas-

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CAMPBELL

PUNGENT PR PLUG OF THE WEEK

'The Unexpected Salami'

Algonquin Books practically forced us to take notice of this first novel by Laurie Gwen Shapiro by sending along...a big, fat, fragrant sausage. Quite possibly the wurst surprise we've ever gotten.

sionate novel. Parents don't come any worse than Satan-worshipping, crack-addicted Crackle and his illiterate girlfriend, Tamara. With their severely neglected infant daughter in tow, they cross paths with Christopher Moore, a kind, newly unemployed man still haunted by his baby's death many years earlier. British novelist Townsend delves into the horrors of child abuse and the complexities of love with astonishing psychological scope for such a spare, clockwork-precise tale. **A–** *—Megan Harlan*

MITZ: THE MARMOSET OF BLOOMSBURY Sigrid Nunez *(HarperFlamingo, $18)* With this slim fictional biography of Leonard and Virginia Woolf's marmoset, Nunez pays amusing homage to Virginia, whose 1933 *Flush* was a biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's cocker spaniel. The tiny monkey, Mitz, is adopted by the Woolfs (or Woolves, as they were known among their friends) and quickly becomes one of the family, gamboling with such luminaries as T.S. Eliot and E.M. Forster, and accompanying the couple on vacations. Though it's factually based on diaries, letters, and memoirs, Nunez's light volume still offers a slice of pure whimsy. **B+** *—Daneet Steffens*

THE STUDENT BODY Jane Harvard *(Villard, $23)* A Harvard education may do a lot for you, but one thing it doesn't do is guarantee good writing, as this thriller by four ex-Harvardians proves. It was inspired by the stories a few years ago of a student escort service at Brown University. Transpose that idea to Cambridge and add the heroine Toni Isaacs, intrepid African-American school-newspaper reporter. When Toni stumbles across a student sex-for-sale ring, her reportorial curiosity is piqued; digging deeper, she discovers evidence of university corruption at the highest levels. The trustees will do anything to shut her up, even expel her! Of course, given the amount of time she spends in class, she might flunk out before they get the chance. The authors should stick to their day jobs. **D** *—VVF*

>> More reviews in EW Special Edition at www.ew.com <<

THE BROWSER

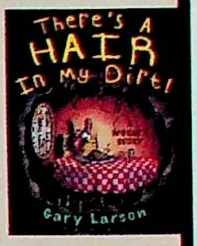
Opening lines from recently published books

"Three miniskirted business girls flitted around Ernie like butterflies bothering a bear." From MARTIN LIMON's new novel, ***Buddha's Money*** (Bantam, $22.95)

"In 1905, or thereabouts, Marion Barbara Carstairs was thrown off a bolting camel at London Zoo. She was knocked unconscious; raw steaks were applied to her bruised head; and when she came round she had earned herself a new name, 'Tuffy.'" From *The Queen of Whale Cay*, KATE SUMMERSCALE's biography of Carstairs (Viking, $21.95)

BEST-SELLERS

'HAIR' RAISING



EVERYONE'S DISHING the dirt these days—and we don't mean Kitty Kelley. No, it's actual *soil* that's messing with publishers' heads. Besides domestic engineer Louise Rafkin's tell-all (see review), smut-curious readers can inhale *Biting the Dust*, the spanking new history of housework from St. Martin's Press, or perchance sweep through *Dirt & Grime*, Scholastic's extreme close-up for kids. So far, however, the only one of these tracts to brush the charts is *Far Side* creator Gary Larson's eco-fable *There's a Hair in My Dirt!* (260,000 copies in print), in which a family of worms confront, among other issues, the viscosity of their mucus. Filthy stuff...but it's cleaning up.

FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	**N IS FOR NOOSE** Sue Grafton, *Henry Holt, $25*	2
2	**YOU BELONG TO ME** Mary Higgins Clark, *Simon & Schuster, $25*	3
3	**MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE** Nicholas Sparks, *Warner, $20*	4
4	**BLACK AND BLUE** Anna Quindlen, *Random House, $23*	14
5	**THE STREET LAWYER** John Grisham, *Doubleday, $27.95*	13
6	**PANDORA** Anne Rice, *Knopf, $19.95*	8
7	**A WIDOW FOR ONE YEAR** John Irving, *Random House, $27.95*	1
8	**THE LONG ROAD HOME** Danielle Steel, *Delacorte, $25.95*	5
9	**A PATCHWORK PLANET** Anne Tyler, *Knopf, $24*	4
10	**COLD MOUNTAIN** Charles Frazier, *Atlantic Monthly, $24*	45

NONFICTION

1	**TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE** Mitch Albom, *Doubleday, $19.95*	27
2	**THE MILLIONAIRE NEXT DOOR** Thomas J. Stanley and William D. Danko, *Longstreet, $22*	43
3	**SIMPLE ABUNDANCE** Sarah Ban Breathnach, *Warner, $20*	109
4	**ANGELA'S ASHES** Frank McCourt, *Scribner, $24*	84
5	**THE 9 STEPS TO FINANCIAL FREEDOM** Suze Orman, *Crown, $23*	7
6	**TALKING TO HEAVEN** James Van Praagh, *Dutton, $22.95*	17
7	**TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE** Daniel Petrocelli, *Crown, $25.95*	1
8	**WE ARE OUR MOTHERS' DAUGHTERS** Cokie Roberts, *Morrow, $19.95*	1
9	**THE GIFTS OF THE JEWS** Thomas Cahill, *Nan A. Talese, $23.50*	5
10	**THERE'S A HAIR IN MY DIRT!** Gary Larson, *HarperCollins, $15.95*	1

MASS-MARKET PAPERBACKS

1	**PRETEND YOU DON'T SEE HER** Mary Higgins Clark, *Pocket, $7.99*	4
2	**THE HORSE WHISPERER** Nicholas Evans, *Dell, $7.50*	29
3	**INTO THIN AIR** Jon Krakauer, *Anchor, $7.99*	4
4	**DR. ATKINS' NEW DIET REVOLUTION** Robert C. Atkins, M.D., *Avon, $6.50*	67
5	**TOM CLANCY'S OP-CENTER: BALANCE OF POWER** Tom Clancy and Steve R. Pieczenik, *Berkley, $7.50*	3
6	**PLUM ISLAND** Nelson DeMille, *Warner, $7.99*	4
7	**SANCTUARY** Nora Roberts, *Jove, $7.50*	4
8	**LONDON** Edward Rutherfurd, *Fawcett Crest, $7.99*	4
9	**A THIN DARK LINE** Tami Hoag, *Bantam, $6.99*	5
10	**THE NOTEBOOK** Nicholas Sparks, *Warner, $6.99*	17

SOURCE: *PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*

Child's Play

Like father, like son? Not if you ask Rufus Wainwright and Sean Lennon, who march to very different beats from their parents'. by David Browne

THE NOTION OF CHILDREN rebelling against their parents may be as newsworthy as the revelation that George Michael is gay. But how does rebellion manifest itself when it comes to rock & roll progeny? Judging by the wave of classic-rock offspring descending upon us, here's one possibility: The children will revolt by killing their parents' music.

Granted, some heirs, like Jakob Dylan and Chris Stills, adhere dogmatically to the guidelines set by their parents. For them, rock is a *tradition*, like the blues. But in the surest sign yet that rock & roll may be turning into a form of the past, an endangered musical species, an equal number of sonic youths are blatantly rejecting its rules and clichés. Nowhere is that trend more apparent than on the debuts of Sean Lennon and Rufus Wainwright, two second-generation musicians who aren't simply dancing to a different drum but to a different samba beat or orchestral flourish.

Unlike his tragic-prince half brother Julian, Sean Lennon isn't a vocal ringer for his father. Nor does he aim for the young-adult-contemporary pop of Julian's albums. With Sean playing many of the lo-fi instruments himself, **Into the Sun** is a willfully small-scale work that has more in common with indie-rock miniaturists like East River Pipe and Smog than with anything John or Julian ever created. Lennon appears happy just to noodle around on old-school analog synthesizers (the space-rock instrumental "Photosynthesis") or coo bossa nova ditties to his girlfriend, Cibo Matto's Yuka Honda. He's in no particular hurry to hone his musical voice, and in even less of a hurry to do much of anything else. When he's not serenading Honda (who produced the album and to whom it is dedicated), Lennon is lamenting the time he spends taking baths or watching too many TV talk shows. If you were an heir to Beatle money, you'd be a slacker too.

Into the Sun is all lemon-meringue pop, light and frothy, down to Lennon's disarming, unaffected voice. Even when he cranks up some scuzz-rock guitars, as in "Mystery Juice," the music is never less than winsome, almost intentionally marginal. A dose of his father's (or mother's) primal screams would have been welcome. But perhaps all Sean needs is love, sweet love. The album's cuddly, kitsch-pop sensibility could easily be compensating for (or masking) his feelings of loss and longing for his assassinated father. In "Breeze," one of several songs that may be about John, he sings, "Maybe I'm just like you said I'd be/And maybe I'm just like I thought you'd be." When Sean ends the album with a recording of his dad

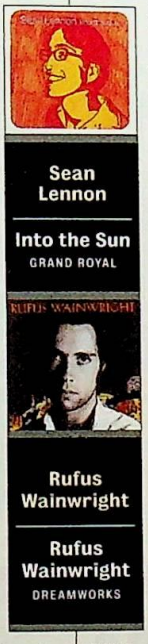
SON VOLTAGE Lennon evokes his dad—without imitating him

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTON CORBIJN

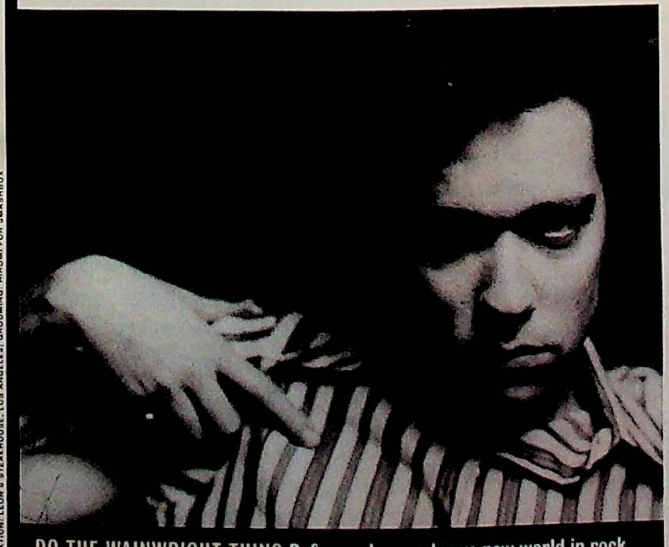
wishing him a good night, the effect isn't exploitive but steeped in pathos.

Sean Lennon may be a secret wimp, but Rufus Wainwright makes no bones about it. The son of sardonic folkie Loudon Wainwright III and rueful Canadian folkie Kate McGarrigle, Wainwright has, based on his eponymous debut, inherited a number of genetic traits. From his dad, he knows how to fashion cuts-like-a-knife lyric phrases; from his mother, a way to craft warm-and-fuzzy art folk. His engaging voice, cocky yet vulnerable, theatrical yet plaintive, owes a little to each parent.

All similarities end there, however. "I think Callas sang a lovely 'Norma'/You prefer Robeson in 'Deep River,'" the opera-raised Wainwright sings to his earthy mother in "Beauty Mark." He means it, too. Steeped in European cabaret and Gershwin-style romanticism, **Rufus Wainwright** often feels like the soundtrack to a never-released film from the '30s. With its languid, lost-weekend dreaminess and lines about taxicabs, Barcelona, and a "grand hotel," the album taps effortlessly into a distant, pre-rock era. (Each copy should come with its own straw hat.) Wainwright's keyboard work has a rollicking, player-piano feel, while Van Dyke Parks' opulent orchestrations feel born of ballroom dances.



The execution is a little disconcerting. If Lennon's album seems at times too focused on minutiae, *Rufus Wainwright* doesn't feel grounded in any particular reality circa 1998. (The closest it comes are subtle references to Wainwright's gay lifestyle and the magical-mystery-lure romp of the first single, "April Fools.") Still, the album is utterly charming, and Wainwright has managed to avoid the hokey, wax-museum tendencies of a Michael Feinstein. Roll over, Chuck Berry, and tell Irving Berlin the news. *Into the Sun:* **B** *Rufus Wainwright:* **A–**



DO THE WAINWRIGHT THING Rufus explores a brave new world in rock

LOCATION: LEON'S STEAKHOUSE, LOS ANGELES; GROOMING: HIROMI FOR SMASHBOX

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALISON DYER

HEAR AND NOW

This week on the music beat

■ **LOVE MEANS NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY** If her recent behavior is any indication, neo-glamour girl **Courtney Love** is getting back to her roots—namely, stripping and raising hell. Sporting a new black dye job, she showed up at the West Hollywood dance club Cherry on May 1 and got the DJ to play a song from the long-delayed, much-anticipated new **Hole** album (tentatively scheduled for a fall release), exhorting the crowd to scream and holler if they liked it. Ever a gal to know how to stack a deck, Love crawled up on the console and flashed one breast while lip-synching to the track. (One unimpressed listener reportedly shouted, "It sucked," to which Love replied, "F---you. I'm gonna kick your f---in' a--.") A week earlier, the feisty Love reportedly hit a former *L.A. Weekly* gossip columnist for taking her picture. Looks like the album promo campaign is well under way.

■ **SLOWHAND ON THE DOWN LOW** **The Tony Rich Project**'s forthcoming album, *Birdseye* (due Aug. 11), will feature a hefty helping of slide and electric guitar work from **Eric Clapton** on about half the tracks, but Rich says he plans to omit Clapton's name from the album credits. The reason? "I'm catching a lot of flak from [Clapton's label, Duck/Reprise] for him being on the album," says Rich, who served as a credited guest star on the guitar hero's current album, *Pilgrim*. "They think I'm trying to use his name to promote the album, but it's not like that. Eric and I were just exchanging favors because we like each other. I might just put 'guitar by E' on the sleeve." Duck/Reprise spokesperson Bob Merlis insists that the label is not trying to prevent Rich from crediting Clapton as a "contributor," only from "implying that [Clapton] was a duet partner" with Rich (curious, considering that Clapton's last duet, with Rich mentor **Babyface** on 1996's "Change the World," did great things for both artists' bank accounts). Deadpans Merlis: "We're not mean. We're fair." —*Tom Sinclair*

FOR YOUR EARS ONLY: E.C. on the QT

The Week

Singles

NEXT "Too Close" *(Arista)* This breezy slice of funk lite from the Minneapolis trio features the requisite melismatic vocal acrobatics and buttery harmonies but has little to distinguish it from the current crop of Boyz II Men-esque love paeans. Well, maybe one thing: Its bass line is filched from Queen's "Another One Bites the Dust." **B** —*Marc Weingarten*

Pop/Rock

10 SPEED 10 Speed *(A&M)* Los Angeles-based 10 Speed suck up the '70s with ease and cheekiness, but there's more than just the ghost of T-Rex and early David Bowie afoot. The saving grace: Leader Hutch Walker knows how to use his voice and play a feisty guitar, and tunes like "Space Queen" and "When Your Lips Are Blue" make musical sense beneath the smart-alecky theatricality and Me Decade fetishism. **B** —*Josef Woodard*

MITCHELL FROOM Dopamine *(Atlantic)* As art-porn soundtracker, Latin Playboy, and producer (Richard Thompson, Bonnie Raitt, etc.), Froom brings a creaky, freaky, polyglot Americana to all his projects. Debuting as auteur here with archaic keyboards in tow, he creates oddball sound scenarios for various songwriting pals. Soul Coughing's M. Doughty plays Dada-noir detective, Sheryl Crow plays wild banshee, and wife Suzanne Vega plays drug pusher. Yet in the end, Froom's backdrops upstage almost everyone. **B+** —*Will Hermes*

JOSH WHITE Free and Equal Blues *(Smithsonian/Folkways)* Until he sang for Joseph McCarthy in 1950, this silky-smooth folk balladeer was the toast of Manhattan's leftwing intelligentsia. White's burnished voice and mellow guitar are underrepresented on CD, so this 26-song collection from his '40s heyday is welcome. Unfortunately, it has more than its share of forgettable antiwar tunes and Popular Front agitprop. There's better material out there—some of White's mid-'40s Decca albums. Let's have it. **B** —*Tony Scherman*

DAN BERN Fifty Eggs *(Work)* A sort of male Ani DiFranco (who produces here), Bern is an amphetamine folkie with a provocateur's wit. Planning an orgy for "the day they find a cure for AIDS," paying vaguely incestuous tribute to his big sister, or staring down the rift between black and white culture, he's so over-the-

CHARLES PETERSON/ARCHIVE

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION *Jazz Singers* **includes a set with Fitzgerald**

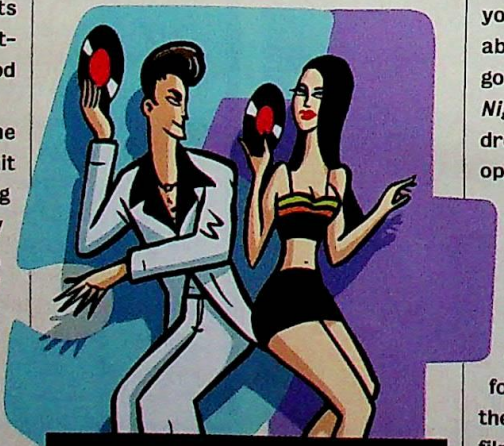
WORKING HARD FOR THE MUSIC TO '54' AND 'LAST DAYS'

A FIGHT FOR THE RIGHTS TO...DISCO

IF DISCO IS STAYIN' alive anywhere, it's on movie screens. Following last fall's *Boogie Nights* comes this month's *The Last Days of Disco*—not so prophetically titled, with *54* (as in Studio 54) yet to come in August. With only so many disco classics to go around among competing projects (and soundtracks), when it comes to fighting over song rights there must be blood on the dance floor, right?

Actually, no one had to resort to the hustle, literally or figuratively. "With Whit Stillman's film [*The Last Days...*] coming at the same time, there was definitely mutual respect," says Susan Jacobs, music supervisor for *54*. "A couple of times, if there was something that they really wanted, we sort of did tradeoffs, via publishers." (Hey, I'll swap you my "I'm Coming Out" for your "It's Raining Men.")

Harder than avoiding duplication between disco flicks was avoiding obviousness. "We're trying as much as possible in this film not to go with disco cliché and a campy view of things," says director Stillman. "We actually tried to have an R&B through line.... And we *were* concerned about overexposure." For *Last Days'* 27 disco cues, that meant eschewing *Saturday Night Fever*, Village People, and Donna Summer in favor of Evelyn "Champagne" King, Cheryl Lynn, and Chic, Chic, Chic. Another no-no: any recent ad-campaign linchpin. Laments Jacobs, "If you ask 20-year-olds what they think about when they hear 'Ring My Bell,' they go 'Taco Bell!'" (Even early starter *Boogie Nights* wasn't immune to overlap syndrome; Paul Thomas Anderson planned to open with "Got to Be Real," but, realizing it'd been used in *Carlito's Way*, opted for "Best of My Love" instead.)



DISCO INFERNO Enough hot stuff to go around?

The good news is, *Boogie*'s, *Days*', and *54*'s noncompetitive tracks prove the canon runs deeper even than the Bee Gees' love. "I think there's enough disco for all of us," says Jacobs. Oh? Tell it to the producers of another just-announced film, *Disco Blood Bath*. —*Chris Willman*

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRISTOPH HITZ

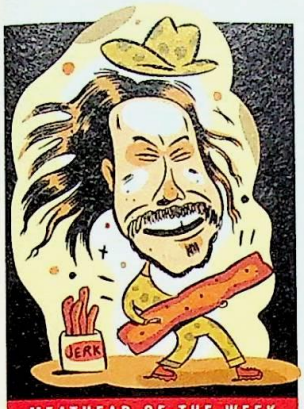


ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CAMPBELL

MEATHEAD OF THE WEEK

Ted Nugent

The beefy rocker is kicking off a line of dried meat products ("gonzo meat" he calls it, but it looks like beef jerky to us). No, the Nuge won't be contributing his own bow-hunting bounty. He does, however, "test-drive all meat." Mmm.

top he usually lands right in your backyard. His alien-meets-primate explanation of humanity is pretty catchy too. **B+** —*WH*

THIS PERFECT DAY C-60 *(550)* The surging power-pop melodies on this Swedish quintet's debut (recalling Cheap Trick, Green Day, and Gary Numan) are consistently undercut by its inane, often secondhand lyrics. "Write some stupid words," is one example—advice the band would be wise to forget. More than style over substance, *This Perfect Day* embodies style without substance. **C+** —*Steven Mirkin*

Reissues

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE Live at Fillmore East *(RCA)* The Airplane were one of the most ferocious live bands of the classic-rock era. Further proof: this 1968 recording highlighted by never-before-released performances, including "Watch Her Ride," "Wild Thyme," and "Star Track." Any similarity between this walloping band and the ersatz Jefferson Starship is purely semantic. **B** —*Steve Futterman*

JOHN FAHEY America *(Takoma)* Fahey's visionary steel-string guitar work has always said more in between notes than most instrumentalists can express with the notes themselves. Conceived and recorded as a two-LP opus, *America* was for commercial reasons released as a single LP in 1971. Restored to full scope, this set of chamber blues projects a sweeping panorama, combining epic originals with fractal readings of Skip James, Dvořák, and even "Amazing Grace." A new cornerstone in a towering oeuvre. **A** —*WH*

Country

HAL KETCHUM I Saw the Light *(MCG/Curb)* Ketchum, who brought a poetic tension and silky sensuality to country with his first records, returns after a long absence with a collection of pop songs about romance. Problem is, it's a pieced-together mess consisting of gritty tracks recorded in Austin and flaccid songs from later Nashville sessions. Little here to recommend. **C–** —*Alanna Nash*

DON WALSER Down at the Sky-Vue Drive-In *(Sire/Watermelon)* Walser, a rotund, 63-year-old National Guard retiree, is the kind of honky-tonk singer radio programmers abhor. Their loss: His booming baritone is positively spine-chilling on Hank Locklin's "Please Help Me I'm Falling," and he makes yodeling sexy on "The Devil's Great Grandson." If you think country music's ailing, here's the antidote. **A** —*Bob Cannon*

Jazz

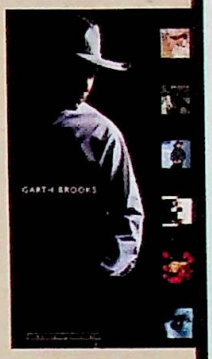
VARIOUS ARTISTS The Jazz Singers: The Smithsonian Collection *(Smithsonian)* By touching on all the usual suspects (Fitzgerald, Holiday, Eckstine, Armstrong) and creating manageable, if nonchronological, group headings, this five-CD set is a fine place for a neophyte to delve into one of our great art forms. The addition of both contemporary and lesser-known names (Cassandra Wilson, Lorez Alexandria, Earl Coleman) and offbeat novelty items delightfully widens the scope of this ambitious project, but the paucity of tracks by the pioneering Bing Crosby seriously imperils its overall credibility. **A–** —*SF*

YUSEF LATEEF The Man With the Big Front Yard *(32 Jazz)* Saxist-flutist Lateef has functioned just far enough outside convention to avoid much limelight. Here, four Atlantic albums from the late '60s and early '70s have been assembled on these three CDs, and the mostly soul-jazz direction—with splashes of psychedelia, gospel, and world music asides—resonates nicely in retrospect. **B** —*JW*

>> More reviews in EW Special Edition at www.ew.com <<

THE CHARTS

'LIMITED' APPEAL



CUSTOMERS SNAPPED up Garth Brooks' *The Limited Series* as if it were going out of print—which it is. Capitol planned to manufacture only 2 million copies of the six-disc set but has since upped it to 2.5 mil. Even without the cap, *Limited* might've gone through the roof, with many of its 372,000 first-week copies sold at retail as a loss leader (for around $28). LeAnn Rimes picked the wrong occasion to title an album *Sittin' on Top of the World*, as this 156,000 seller had to settle for fourth place. The sleeper was Vonda Shepard's *Songs From Ally McBeal*, at No. 7 with 143,000 sold—roughly the total of Shepard's three previous albums combined.

POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK			WEEKS ON CHART
1	—	GARTH BROOKS *The Limited Series*, Capitol	1
2	1	DAVE MATTHEWS BAND *Before These Crowded Streets*, RCA	2
3	2	SOUNDTRACK *City of Angels*, Warner Sunset/Reprise	6
4	—	LEANN RIMES *Sittin' on Top of the World*, Curb	1
5	—	TORI AMOS *from the choirgirl hotel*, Atlantic	1
6	3	SOUNDTRACK *Titanic*, Sony Classical	22
7	—	VONDA SHEPARD *Songs From Ally McBeal*, 550 Music	1
8	—	FIEND *There's One in Every Family*, No Limit/Priority	1
9	6	CELINE DION *Let's Talk About Love*, 550 Music	25
10	7	BACKSTREET BOYS *Backstreet Boys*, Jive	39

COUNTRY ALBUMS

1	—	GARTH BROOKS *The Limited Series*, Capitol	1
2	—	LEANN RIMES *Sittin' on Top of the World*, Curb	1
3	1	GEORGE STRAIT *One Step at a Time*, MCA Nashville	3
4	3	SHANIA TWAIN *Come On Over*, Mercury	27
5	2	FAITH HILL *Faith*, Warner Bros.	3
6	4	GARTH BROOKS *Sevens*, Capitol	24
7	5	TIM McGRAW *Everywhere*, Curb	49
8	8	LEANN RIMES *You Light Up My Life*, Curb	35
9	6	STEVE WARINER *Burnin' the Roadhouse Down*, Capitol Nashville	3
10	9	TRISHA YEARWOOD *(songbook) a collection of hits*, MCA Nashville	37

BLUES ALBUMS

1	1	KENNY WAYNE SHEPHERD BAND *Trouble Is...*, Revolution	31
2	2	B.B. KING *Deuces Wild*, MCA	27
3	3	JONNY LANG *Lie to Me*, A&M	67
4	4	SOUNDTRACK *Blues Brothers 2000*, Universal	14
5	8	STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN AND DOUBLE TROUBLE *Live at Carnegie Hall*, Epic	41
6	5	PEGGY SCOTT-ADAMS *Contagious*, Miss Butch/Mardi Gras	27
7	7	DELBERT McCLINTON *One of the Fortunate Few*, Curb/Rising Tide	31
8	6	TAJ MAHAL & HULA BLUES BAND *Sacred Island*, Private/Windham Hill	5
9	10	KEB' MO' *Just Like You*, Okeh/Epic	99
10	9	VARIOUS ARTISTS *Essential Women in Blues*, House of Blues	13

©1998 BPI COMMUNICATIONS INC./SOUNDSCAN INC. USED WITH PERMISSION FROM *BILLBOARD*, MAY 23, 1998.

Artful Codgers

Playing career-capping creeps in their latest films, Jack Nicholson and Woody Allen are as bad—and as good—as they get. by Troy Patterson

FOR AGING ACTORS, SCREEN presence rests on screen past. It was Pauline Kael who observed that we greet Cary Grant as "the sum of his most successful roles," and the more idiosyncratic the actor, the weightier the load. So never mind the coincidence that Jack Nicholson and Woody Allen have both just played misanthropic novelists to big acclaim (Jack picking up a third Oscar, Woody wowing the critics), consider instead that we tolerate the jerks only because they're our old friends.

Deconstructing Harry
1997
NEW LINE
$104.99
RATED R

As Good as It Gets
1997
COLUMBIA TRISTAR
$22.99
RATED PG-13

In **As Good as It Gets**, Nicholson turns his character, the racist, sexist, obsessive-compulsive Melvin Udall, into a sympathetic guy by jacking up the Jackness. At 61, with his hairline farther receded, the cinema's most supercilious eyebrows seem to have a larger field in which to misbehave. Jowls jiggling, voice half corroded, Nicholson reinterprets his old antiheroics, evoking a persona that can accommodate the existentially disaffected (the bourgeois dropouts of *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces*), the aggressively pompous (the hotshot ex-astronaut in *Terms of Endearment*, a controlling boor in *Carnal Knowledge*), and the ecstatically malicious (the outsize psychos in *The Shining* and *Batman*).

The performance is sharp enough to distract us from the film at large, in which cold-blooded Melvin warms up to a distressed quartet: Carol (Helen Hunt), the only waitress he can stand; Simon, a brutally mugged neighbor (Greg Kinnear, as a gay painter—a victimized vamp portrayed so broadly that you expect him to play with dolls); Frank, Simon's agent (Cuba Gooding Jr., equally queeny); and Verdell, Simon's pooch, the most fully drawn of them all. The film's set mostly in New York City, but located squarely in Sitcomville, USA.

Yet the problem's not that

ILLUSTRATION BY C.F. PAYNE

Good is a sitcom (and, indeed, Hunt's banality and laugh-track timing are all the more evident on the small screen); it's that the show is so thoroughly phony as to insist not only that Melvin, who has written 62 books, falls for Carol, who has trouble spelling two-syllable words, but also that she reciprocates, nursing a crush on the loutish freak. It's as if the diner waitress in *Five Easy Pieces*, after having been told by Jack—famously—to hold the chicken between her knees, chose to hold him there instead. But then, Carol's unaware that it's *Nicholson* ordering breakfast, while the audience knows Melvin to be the latest installment of a self-made myth.

Where Jack caricatures his alter ego, Woody explores his alter id. Of course, he's played the charming neurotic many times before; in **Deconstructing Harry**, he's stripped to a flailing neuron in black-rimmed glasses. Unlike Melvin, whose belligerence gets chalked up to bad brain chemistry, Allen's Harry Block is irredeemably loathsome—boozing, whoring, cheating, and publishing thinly veiled autobiography to the ire of ex-lovers. He's palatable (and, occasionally, moving) only because of our reservoir of feeling for "the Woody Allen character," the same scared schlemiel who, at the extreme, in *Zelig*, wants to fit in so badly that he turns into a chameleon.

And if you're inclined to dismiss Allen as pretentious and whiny, in *Harry* he gives you—with clarity, virtuosity, and acid wit—a hot, ironic response to the old detractions. Cribbing from the European masters? Harry takes a *Wild Strawberries*-type road trip, then an imaginary visit to a Fellini inferno. Pairing himself with unsuitably girlish girlfriends? Mariel Hemingway—who, as Allen's teen love interest in *Manhattan*, assured him that "not everyone gets corrupted"—pops up as a carping shrew. Obsessive navel gazing? Harry's indulgences provide the finest, funniest scenes as his fictional creations mingle with and dissolve into their "real-life" counterparts. *Harry* is scorching self-parody as comic triumph.

Woody looks less animated than ever, weary of his quests for God and Meaning. In the picture's final fantasy sequence, Harry is applauded by his own characters—a roomful of ghosts ready to love him: a fresh take on a familiar trope. In *Hannah and Her Sisters*, a suicidal Woody discovers a reason to live in the Marx Brothers' *Duck Soup*. In the underrated *Stardust Memories*, Woody—as a despondent director—takes solace in his own happy ending. And here's the lonely day-dreamer again, seeking refuge, finding his self and his salvation in fiction—the movies. *Good:* **C+** *Harry:* **A–**

THE 'BOOGIE' CAST LETS LOOSE

HANGIN' OUT WITH SNARKY MARK

TILL NOW, HOME-video enthusiasts could usually count on deluxe laserdiscs and DVD special editions sharing the same bonuses. But if you want the complete *Boogie Nights*—the digital full monty, if you will—you'll have to pony up for both formats, because the New Line DVD ($24.98) and Criterion laserdisc ($99.95) offer almost completely different commentary tracks. The DVD has writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson going it sober and solo (except for a few remarks from gal pal Fiona Apple), but the limited-edition Criterion disc includes a hilariously revealing commentary track in which the 27-year-old Anderson plies cast members with alcohol in the interest of camaraderie and candor. Thrill as they reveal Burt Reynolds' attempt to endow his porn-director character with an Irish accent! Chill as Mark Wahlberg divulges clinical details of his losing bout with rough sex! Will yourself not to eavesdrop on the gossip at this veritable postproduction kegger!

The distinct commentaries arose "through negotiations between Criterion and New Line," says the director. "But it wasn't like I didn't have the notion of doing two tracks—one where I could be an egomaniac hog, another where I could include the actors," Heather Graham, William H. Macy, and Julianne Moore among them. "I knew that this would be a chance for us to air a lot of laundry one last time."

And how. Reynolds, who didn't participate, is the subject of an unresolved debate over whether he ever "smacked" the director. ("I said to the editor of the Criterion track, 'Be sure we're a little nice to Burt,'" says Anderson. Reynolds' spokesperson says the actor "loved" the laser.) Julianne Moore plays it demure, but Anderson happily goads Wahlberg about whether it was "nice to have Heather naked on top of you." You won't get that on the DVD, which shipped 50,000 units (or on the no-frills, $39.99 New Line laser); Criterion's laser shipped about 2,000—ensuring that the party stays quasi-private, and that thrill-seeking collectors will think twice before abandoning the DVD-besieged format. —*Chris Willman*

THE RAP ON REYNOLDS Wahlberg spoofs Burt's brogue on the *Boogie* laser

D. LEFCOWITZ

The Week

Recent Movies

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN PARIS Tom Everett Scott, Julie Delpy *(1997, Hollywood, R, $103.99)* This sequel to John Landis' 1981 horror hit *An American Werewolf in London* takes itself much less seriously than its moody predecessor—which turns out to be a good thing. While spinning the yarn of a sensitive, shy guy (*That Thing You Do!*'s Scott) who meets an alluring mademoiselle (Delpy) and ends up joining her wolf pack, director Anthony Waller (*Mute Witness*) keeps the pace brisk and the mood light, seasons the action with breathtaking effects, and elicits enthusiastic performances from his stars. (He even reveals the secret to reversing the werewolves' curse—who knew?) Marred only by an obtrusive pop soundtrack and some tedious plot complications toward the end, *Paris* seems designed for video; it's as coolly amused to be telling its tale as we at home so often are in watching one. **B+** —*Caren Weiner*

SHALL WE DANCE? Koji Yakusho, Tamiyo Kusakari *(1997, Miramax, R, $103.99, in Japanese, subtitled)* What makes a conservative Japanese accountant with a house, wife, and child secretly take dance lessons? Could it be the striking, melancholy dance teacher he spies from his commuter train? Set in a country where outward displays of private emotion are scandalous, *Dance* follows the rhythms of its halting hero's midlife crisis and unlikely resolution to sentimental yet hilarious effect, the most reliable comic relief coming any time Naoto Takenaka's Mr. Aoki does his catlike rumba. The only debit to seeing this beautifully shot film on the small screen is that the sweeping dance scenes at Blackpool aren't quite as grand. **A–** —*Eileen Clarke*

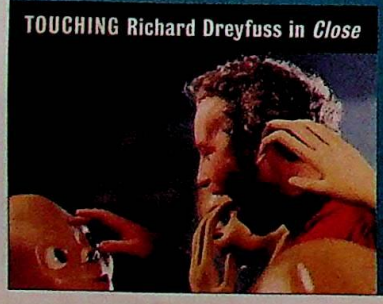
HUGO POOL Alyssa Milano, Patrick Dempsey, Robert Downey Jr., Sean Penn, Malcolm McDowell *(1997, BMG Independents, R, $97.99)* This is one of those comedies so painfully misguided and unfunny that you're liable to strain muscles in your neck from all the wincing. The elder Robert Downey, who directed and cowrote this fiasco, seems to presume that eccentricity is hilarious per se, and so we get McDowell raving incoherently about Penn's tacky shoes and Downey Jr. babbling in an accent of unknown origin. All this plus a girl named Hugo (Milano). So what is it about, you ask? I couldn't tell you with a gun to my head. **F** —*Mike D'Angelo*

NO WORSE FOR THE *WERE* Scott falls for Delpy's leader of the pack

EXCERPT

STEVEN ENCOUNTERED

"Twenty years later I look at my movie and I see a lot of naïveté and I see my youth and I see my blind optimism and I see how I've changed. I see how I'm a little less optimistic the older I get.... I'm now a movie producer as well as a director, whereas in 1975 or '76 I was just a director and was much more idealistic then.... In 1997 I would never have made *Close Encounters* the way I made it in 1977.... I would never drive my family out of house and home and build a papier-mâché mountain in the den and then further leave them to get on a spaceship perhaps never to return to them. I mean, that was just the privileges of youth.... It's the one film I see that dates me."—Steven Spielberg in the featurette "A Look Back," on CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND: THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION *(1998, Columbia TriStar, PG, $19.99)*



TOUCHING Richard Dreyfuss in *Close*

Kids

THE BRAVE LITTLE TOASTER GOES TO MARS Carol Channing, Farrah Fawcett, Wayne Knight *(1998, Walt Disney, unrated, $22.99)* In his second adventure, the little cartoon toaster that could leads his fellow appliances—a mostly vintage crew that lends the animation a charming retro look—on an interplanetary rescue mission when the new baby of the house gets accidentally beamed up to the red planet. This stellar adaptation of science-fiction writer and poet Thomas M. Disch's novella is both delightfully silly (Knight's wisecracking microwave channels a kinder, gentler Newman) and smart (Fawcett spouts off as a...you guessed it). Savvy little consumers can absorb such quaint concepts as loyalty, honor, and the lifetime warranty. And any parent who's ever grappled with a broken labor-saving device will find this imaginative vision of a life more orderly as comforting as watching the Beav snack on cookies and milk in Mrs. Cleaver's kitchen. **A** —*Marion Hart*

Music

THE BAND: THE BAND *(1998, Rhino, unrated, $19.95)* **JIMI HENDRIX: ELECTRIC LADYLAND** *(1998, Rhino, unrated, $19.95)* The latest in Rhino's terrific Classic Albums series (seen on VH1 and PBS) dish up fun facts and frank interviews even as they confirm their subjects' high perch in the rock canon. In *The Band* we learn that the mostly Canadian yet quintessentially American rock group migrated from the immortal Big Pink, its Woodstock-area digs, to a Los Angeles pool house rented from Sammy Davis Jr. to make its second album, and that the year before he wrote "Stage Fright," guitarist Robbie Robertson's own phobia got so bad that a hypnotist was hired to put him under a spell before the group's Winterland gigs. *Ladyland* uses road diaries, performance footage, and bassist Noel Redding's home movies to document the creation of Hendrix's masterful 1968 double album. Viewers expecting a tortured guitar genius will instead find a fun-loving man who may have hated his singing voice yet could shift to harpsichord or comb and cellophane to put the dazzling final touches on a track. Both: **A** —*Mark Bautz*

DVD

CABARET Liza Minnelli, Michael York, Joel Grey *(1972, Warner Bros., PG, $24.98)* Even as the revival of *Cabaret* triumphs on Broadway, this special edition proves that the movie stands the test of time as well as the play, even if the cast members haven't—they all look much the worse for wear in the new documentary included, *Cab-*

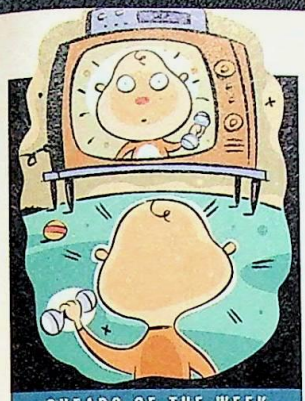


ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY CAMPBELL

CHEAPO OF THE WEEK

'Daycare Live!'

Many kid vids are derided as babysitting tools, but Mother's Helper, Inc., isn't into shame. On the theory that "kids love watching kids," it airs 39 minutes of actual day care. From snacks to naps, it's the whole drooling thang.

aret: A Legend in the Making. The picture seems to have a few more slightly blurred or frozen images than the usual DVD, probably because so much was crammed onto one disc, but only the wonks will notice. New interviews with the stars involve a lot of backpatting, which means that the most shocking revelation here is that a movie that deals in bygone raunch was rated only PG. The movie: **A–** The extras: **B–** *—Michael Giltz*

Also Released

In the programmatically wholesome **GIANT OF THUNDER MOUNTAIN** *(1998, Plaza Entertainment, PG, $19.95)*, precocious frontier rascals befriend a reclusive pituitary case played by Richard Kiel, James Bond baddie Jaws.... If John Huston's 1956 cinematization of *Moby Dick* captures the novel's gothic essence, then USA's recent TV version, **MOBY DICK** *(1998, Hallmark, PG, $19.98)*, starring Patrick Stewart, gets to the heart of its Cliffs Notes—fast, faithful, and soulless.... Of the two new documentaries on high-modernist photographers, **LEE MILLER: THROUGH THE MIRROR** *(1995, Home Vision, unrated, $29.95)*—a bio of the surrealist muse, WWII correspondent, and possessor of "the world's prettiest navel"—offers scope, while **HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON** *(1994, Home Vision, unrated, $29.95)* complements the master's elliptical genius. *—TP*

SLEEPER PATROL

SLAP-HAPPY SHORTS

BRATTY FATTY Arbuckle in "Oh, Doctor!"

IF YOUR IDEA of silent comedy is guys in old-time police hats throwing pies—you're partly right. But what's eye-opening about the first four volumes in Kino's **SLAPSTICK ENCYCLOPEDIA** *($24.95 per tape)* is the broad range of comic styles, from subtle (Sidney Drew's hilariously world-weary husband in 1915's "Fox Trot Finesse," from Vol. 1) to rowdy (Fatty Arbuckle and a startlingly emotive Buster Keaton in Vol. 4's "Oh, Doctor!"). Lovingly restored and featuring new music, these rarely seen shorts continually astonish, with their farcical intricacies (Charley Chase and Vivien Oakland manage to cheat on each other *with* each other in Vol. 3's "Mighty Like a Moose") and revelations of a bygone pop culture (Vol. 1's "A Natural Born Gambler" stars black comic Bert Williams—in blackface). Much of the comedy transcends time, though; if you doubt it, watch any of these with a young child. All tapes: **A–** *—Ty Burr*

CULVER PICTURES

THE CHARTS

MIGHTY 'MOUSE'

PARK LIFE Kenny, Stan, and Kyle make a killing

DISNEY'S ISN'T the only powerful rodent in children's video. DreamWorks' *Mouse Hunt* squeaked out a pair of No. 1 rankings, though it sold only about two-thirds the copies that the Mouse Factory's *Flubber* did in its April debut. Meanwhile, America's hottest cartoon potty-mouths—the *South Park* kids—moved a three-video set. (For the record, their best-selling single tape includes "Volcano" and "Cartman Gets an Anal Probe.") In other gross-out news, the latest *Alien* sequel entered the rental chart at No. 4. But if its immediate predecessor is any indication—*Alien*^{3} debuted at No. 6 before moving to No. 2—*Alien Resurrection* may rise again.

TAPE RENTALS

LAST WEEK			WEEKS ON CHART
1	—	**MOUSE HUNT** Nathan Lane, *DreamWorks*	1
2	2	**THE JACKAL** Bruce Willis, *Universal*	2
3	1	**FLUBBER** Robin Williams, *Walt Disney*	3
4	—	**ALIEN RESURRECTION** Sigourney Weaver, *Fox*	1
5	3	**KISS THE GIRLS** Ashley Judd, *Paramount*	4
6	—	**FOR RICHER OR POORER** Tim Allen, *Universal*	1
7	5	**COP LAND** Sylvester Stallone, *Miramax*	3
8	4	**L.A. CONFIDENTIAL** Guy Pearce, *Warner*	3
9	7	**I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER** Jennifer Love Hewitt, *Columbia TriStar*	7
10	6	**ANASTASIA** Animated, *Fox*	2

TAPE SALES

1	—	**MOUSE HUNT** Nathan Lane, *DreamWorks, $22.99*	1
2	1	**ANASTASIA** Animated, *Fox, $26.98*	2
3	2	**FLUBBER** Robin Williams, *Walt Disney, $22.99*	3
4	—	**SOUTH PARK THREE-PACK** Animated, *Warner, $39.95*	1
5	—	**SOUTH PARK: VOLUME 1** Animated, *Warner, $14.95*	1
6	—	**SOUTH PARK: VOLUME 2** Animated, *Warner, $14.95*	1
7	—	**SOUTH PARK: VOLUME 3** Animated, *Warner, $14.95*	1
8	3	**THE FIFTH ELEMENT** Bruce Willis, *Columbia TriStar, $22.99*	2
9	—	**SPAWN** Michael Jai White, *New Line, $19.98*	1
10	4	**THE LITTLE MERMAID** Animated, *Walt Disney, $26.99*	6

DVD SALES

			SALES INDEX
1	—	**THE JACKAL** Bruce Willis, *Universal, $34.98*	100
2	2	**L.A. CONFIDENTIAL** Guy Pearce, *Warner, $24.98*	74
3	—	**RED CORNER** Richard Gere, *MGM, $24.98*	38
4	2	**G.I. JANE** Demi Moore, *Hollywood, $29.99*	30
5	4	**BOOGIE NIGHTS** Mark Wahlberg, *New Line, $24.98*	29
6	6	**CON AIR** Nicolas Cage, *Touchstone, $29.99*	24
	5	**THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE** Al Pacino, *Warner, $24.98*	24
8	3	**MIMIC** Mira Sorvino, *Dimension, $29.99*	23
9	8	**CONTACT** Jodie Foster, *Warner, $24.99*	21
10	15	**THE FIFTH ELEMENT** Bruce Willis, *Columbia TriStar, $29.95*	20

SOURCE: *VIDEO BUSINESS* FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 10, 1998
DVD DATA: VIDEOSCAN FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 3, 1998. THE SALES INDEX ILLUSTRATES A TITLE'S PERFORMANCE RELATIVE TO THE WEEK'S TOP SELLER. FOR EXAMPLE, FOR EVERY 100 COPIES OF *THE JACKAL*, 74 COPIES OF *L.A. CONFIDENTIAL* WERE SOLD.

Past Blasters

The '80s arcade classics are back, either in newfangled versions or in their gritty pixels-and-all glory. Guess which wins. by David Kushner

THE OTHER WEEK ON *Seinfeld*, George had a bad strain of Pac-Man Fever: After seeing his old winning score on the *Frogger* machine at his high school pizzeria, he bought the vintage arcade game so he'd never be beaten. He's not the only one lured back by those tinny bleeps and boops, however. Over the Net and on CD-ROMs, retro games are on the reboot.

Consider Hasbro Interactive's new *Frogger* disc for PC and Sony PlayStation. With more than $11 million in sales, it's just the prelude to a massive digital nostalgia blitz. Hasbro recently acquired rights to the entire catalog of 1980s Atari video games—more than 75 titles in all—and on the horizon are souped-up versions of all the classics: the fungi-nuking funk of *Centipede* (due in the fall); the apocalyptic zipper bombs of *Missile Command*; the primordial, Mondrianesque *Pong*. Not to miss the trend, Activision recently jumped into the game with '90s-style versions of *Battlezone* and *Pitfall*.

Intrepid Webheads, meanwhile, are way ahead of the retromania curve. For years they've been swapping home-cooked bootleg programs that play the original games on a PC or Mac. Called Multiple Arcade Machine Emulators (MAME), this freeware is readily available (*www.gamepower.com/mame/mame.html*); once you get past an annoyingly complex installment procedure, MAME transforms your desktop into blip-for-blip renditions of such oldies as *Asteroids* and *Defender*.

Yep, there's a zeitgeist thing happening here. The first generation of arcade junkies—those who hit puberty with *Ms. Pac-Man* in the early '80s—are fast approaching their 30s, and predictable longings for youth are setting in. Personally, the nanosecond I booted up the *Crazy Climber* emulator, I could hear Rush blasting from the speakers in my mind, smell the token grease on my hands, and feel the blueberry Slurpee brain freeze.

The problem with commercial companies like Hasbro and Activision, though, is that they're crassly blowing our trip with these so-called new and improved versions: The liner notes describe the new *Frogger* as "Revived, Rebuilt, and Ready to Hop!" Spare me. I don't want to play *Pitfall 3D*; I want to see flat-boy hero Harry swing the jagged pixel vines. The whole point of nostalgia is a return to the past, not a Return to the Past 2.0. It's kind of like a colorized *Casablanca*—or worse, Ugly Kid Joe singing "Cat's in the Cradle."

What the corporations forget is that given the software limitations at the time, the old games were more impressive for their ingenuity. *Pong* was competition distilled: two opponents and a ball. *Burger Time* was genuinely funny, a *Willy Wonka*-ish game in which you're a chef chasing pickles and burgers with lethal shakers of pepper. Right on. If I want something contemporary, I'll boot up *Quake* or *Riven*. If I forgo Hasbro for a real blast from the past, put the blame on MAME. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY J. OTTO SEIBOLD

NEW
This week

GAME//BLASTO *(PlayStation, $45)* Despite one Uranus joke too many, this sci-fi parody offers galactic-size yuks courtesy of *NewsRadio*'s Phil Hartman, who supplies the voice of burly space hero Captain Blasto. Beady-eyed aliens are trying to take over the solar system, and it's up to you (as Blasto) to zap 'em back to the fifth dimension using such weaponry as the "Nuke-o-matic Atomscatter 9000." Take a moment to admire the graphics, which make you feel like you're romping around in a 3-D version of an old *Marvin the Martian* cartoon. A- —*Gary Eng Walk*

WEDDING WISDOM ON THE WEB

Altared States

"IT'S FOR THE POST–EMILY Post generation," says Michael Wolfson, a cofounder and VP of **The Knot** *(www.theknot.com)*, an online prenuptial prepping and fact-finding site. Geared toward cyber-inclined couples ready to take the plunge, *The Knot* offers advice on all aspects of wedding planning, from using male bridesmaids to eloping in Kenya. With the 6,000-gown database and an extensive photographers' network, searching for a wedding dress or a shooter has never been so painless (not to mention mother-in-law free). And for those not walking the

aisle, *The Knot* shares a secret to being a good reception guest: Don't rush the buffet—hit that receiving line first. —*Alexandria Dionne*

Q\A

HANK

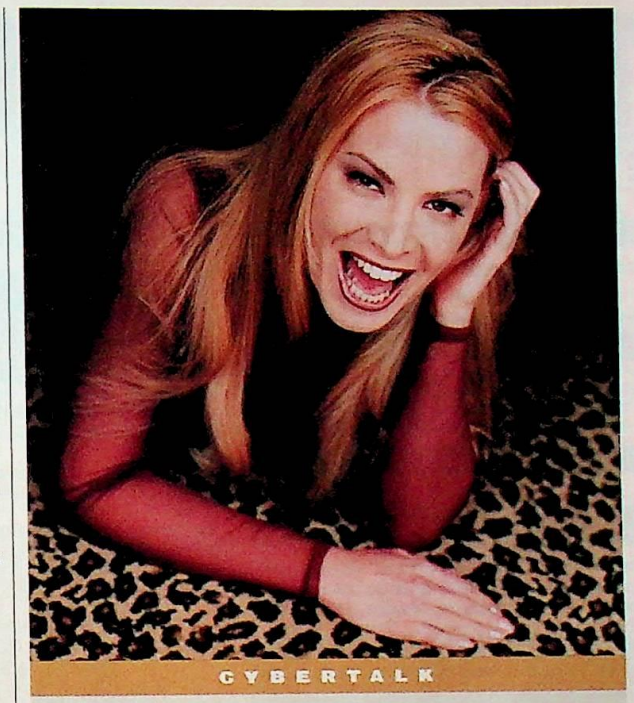
ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY: Do you consider yourself a beautiful person?

HANK: No, I think I'm horrible. I'm a hippie. I've got long hair. Right now I have a beard. I have real radical morals.

—HANK THE ANGRY, DRUNKEN DWARF, *Howard Stern regular and runaway winner of* PEOPLE *Online's "Most Beautiful People" Poll*

>> More From Hank in EW Online at www.ew.com <<

HANK: MITCH GERBER/CORBIS; ILLUSTRATION BY PAMELA HOBBS; MARGOLIS: DANA FINEMAN/SYGMA



CYBERTALK

PITT STOP

▲ **"I met Brad Pitt** at a party!... I was struck silent...nothing. Not one word came out of my mouth...deer caught in the headlights, the whole works. He probably thinks I'm such a geek." —Model CINDY MARGOLIS on Entertainment Tonight Online

"I'm trying to stay out of getting typecast in 'Puddy' roles.... I have been known to space out [though]. That's Puddy-esque." —*Seinfeld*'s PATRICK WARBURTON on America Online

"Being around Vanessa Redgrave and Morgan Freeman and Maximilian Schell, all three of them... It's like a tennis game. If you play with a better partner, your game comes up, or it sure as hell seems to. Maybe it's just because they can hit everything back." —*Deep Impact*'s TEA LEONI on RoughCut Online

"I don't think there will be another *Major League* after this weekend. Unless everybody goes to the movies like NOW." —*Major League: Back to the Minors*' SCOTT BAKULA on AOL

"You know, if you put s--- on TV every night, you get people who watch s---. And if you put anything on a shelf, then some idiot's going to buy it sooner or later. And if you spend enough money marketing it, then a lot of people will buy it at the same time. I don't get [the Spice Girls] myself." —*Sliding Doors*' JOHN HANNAH on RoughCut Online

THE MARKETPLACE

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

ADOPTIONS

CONSIDERING ADOPTION? Adoption Connection has loving, secure families. Plan the kind of adoption you want. Expenses pd. 1-800-972-9225

AUTOMOTIVE

CARS FOR $100
Seized and sold locally. Porsches, BMW's, Chevys, Hondas, More. 1-800-522-2730x2190.

BOOKS & PUBLICATIONS

Bargain Books
Save up to 80% on recent publishers' overstocks. **Save 30% or more** on current books and best sellers! Movies, TV, Music, the Arts, Fiction, Biography, Travel, Crafts—over 60 subject areas. **FREE CATALOG.**
Hamilton 5648 Oak, Falls Village, CT 06031-5005

AUTHORS WANTED
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, juvenile and religious works, etc. New authors welcomed. Send for free 32-page illustrated booklet E-35
Vantage Press, 516 W 34 St., New York, NY 10001

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

EASY WORK! EXCELLENT PAY!
Assemble products at home.
Call Toll Free: 1-800-467-5566, EXT. 11751.

EDUCATION

TERM PAPER ASSISTANCE: 100,000 papers available! **306-Page FREE Catalog.** 1-800-351-0222 or www.research-assistance.com

FINANCIAL

OVERDUE BILLS? 1-800-788-1141 Bad credit's ok. Licensed/Bonded since 1977. Apps to $50,000. Not a loan co. Town & Country Acceptance.

FREE MONEY! Never Repay Grants. Personal Needs, Medical Bills, Education, Business, Debts. Free information package: 1-818-377-4074.

$$$ DEBT CONSOLIDATION FREE! $$$
Cut Monthly Payments up to 50%. Lower interest. Stop collectors. Avoid Bankruptcy. EZ - Fast - Confidential-Non-Profit Lic/Bonded
GENUS 1-888-436-8721. (1044)

FREE CASH GRANTS - NEVER REPAY!
Millions available from foundations for Business, Medical, Debt Consolidation, Education. Call toll free for information: 1-800-368-7386.

DEBT CONSOLIDATION 32 yrs. experience. Cut payments and interest drastically. Stop collectors. Licensed/bonded. Non-profit. Call **1-800-PD-DEBTS** for immediate help.

CONTACT LENSES

SAVE UP TO 75% ON CONTACTS
BAUSCH & LOMB · CooperVision · BARNES-HIND.
CALL IN YOUR ORDER NOW!
CALL: 1-800-780-LENS FAX ORDERS: 1-800-FAX-1552
Contact Lens™ DISCOUNT CENTER
FREE CARE KIT! FREE BROCHURE

FINANCIAL

DEBT CONSOLIDATION
*ONE simple monthly payment
Reduce payments *Eliminate Interest*
*Avoid late charges * *Re-establish credit*
Also available loan referral programs.
Call today to receive a **FREE** Debt Consultation.
1-800-403-3433, EXT. 506
A 501C Not-For-Profit Organization

FREE CASH GRANTS - NEVER REPAY!
Millions available from foundations for Business, Medical, Debt Consolidation, Education.
Call toll free for information: 1-800-368-7386

HEALTH & BEAUTY

TAN at HOME!
For as Low as $20/Month

BUY DIRECT & SAVE
HOME DELIVERY
Commercial Units Available
1-800-842-1324

INVENTIONS WANTED

INVENTORS - FOR A FREE INFORMATION PACKAGE on our customized new product development services call Davison: 1-800-677-6382.

KARAOKE/SINGERS

SINGERS/DJ'S-MAKE $1500/WK PERFORMING SHOWS. FREE REPORT! Karaoke/Sountracks, Box 1106-ED, Bridgeview, IL 60455.

For advertising information, call Carole Harnoff at (212) 522-5336 or fax (212) 467-4058

POSTERS & PHOTOS

MOVIE POSTERS Rick's
FREE ILLUSTRATED CATALOG
When you mention code EW
800-252-0425
Outside U.S.A. - Catalog $6
Call 352-373-7202 or Fax: 352-373-2589
MC / Visa • Rush Orders welcome.
New arrivals added weekly to our website.
www.ricksmovie.com

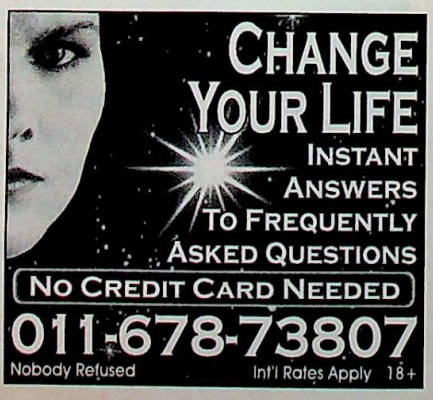
MOVIE PHOTOS AND POSTERS! Rush $5 for our fully illustrated brochures: Movie Star News, Dept. EW, 134 West 18th St, NYC, 10011.

POETRY

NEW POETRY CONTEST!
$48,000.00
in prizes awarded annually
Undiscovered talent welcome.
No entry fee and no purchase required.
POSSIBLE PUBLICATION!
Send *ONLY ONE* original poem, 20 lines or less, any subject, any style to:
The National Library of Poetry
Suite 11540
1 Poetry Plaza
Owings Mills, MD 21117
Or enter online at **www.poetry.com**
©1997 The National Library of Poetry

PSYCHICS

NEW! TOLL FREE PSYCHIC SAMPLES
1-888-300-5623
Adults Over 18 Only



INSTRUCTION

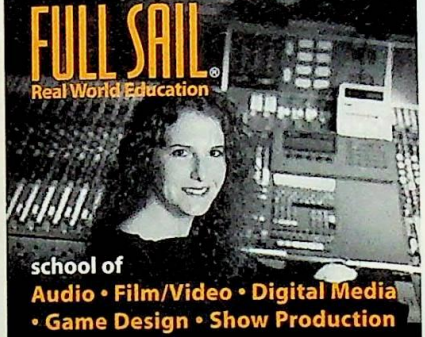
Full Sail is one of the most extraordinary educational experiences in the world, offering hands-on training in thirty-five cutting-edge studios, production suites and computer labs. Students here learn on current gear that is used in making today's interactive games, CD's, movies, annimations, concerts, 3D graphics, sound effects and TV shows. The only thing more impressive than the facilities and equipment is the long list of successes, credits and awards that thousands of Full Sail grads have earned.

800•226•7625

www.fullsail.com

FULL SAIL®

Real World Education



school of

Audio • Film/Video • Digital Media • Game Design • Show Production

3300 University Blvd. Winter Park, FL 32792
Financial aid available to those who qualify. Job placement assistance. Accredited by ACCSCT and Licensed by SBICU.

PSYCHICS

FREE Sample Psychic Reading!

You are just one *free* phone call away from the best psychic reading you've ever had!

Find out how!

1-800-575-3170

18+. For entertainment purposes only First 3 minutes FREE.

Let Our Psychics Give You Answers
For the Heart from the Heart!
1-800-824-7107 V/MC/Amex/Disc $2.45/min

PSYCHIC LOVE LINE
Call for samples **1-800-988-2868**

NEW TOLL FREE
Psychic Samples Line
1-888-708-3863

PSYCHIC SAMPLES LINE
1-800-803-5477

SAMPLE OUR PSYCHICS
Try it toll free **1-888-473-9669**

NEW TOLL FREE PSYCHICS
1-888-800-5844

Adults over 18. Optional paid svc. Entertainment only.

PY-456

PSYCHICS

Find Love & Happiness

Talk Live to the BEST Psychics in Matters of the Heart. Get Answers From Psychics Who Care

The Professionals' Psychic Loreline

NUMEROLOGY • TAROT
ASTROLOGY • CLAIRVOYANT

FREE 2 MIN!

AS LOW AS $1.93/MIN

1-800-416-8348
CREDIT CARD OR CHECK
1-900-370-1132

FIRST 2 MIN FREE $3.99/min. after

24 Hours. 18+. Entertainment purposes only.

AMERICA'S BEST PSYCHIC SOURCE

Astrology · Clairvoyants · Tarot
Numerology

Have the life you always dreamed of with amazing insights from gifted psychics

AS LOW AS $1.93/MIN

1-800-784-9807
CREDIT CARD OR CHECK
1-900-454-6699

FIRST 2 MIN FREE $3.99/min. after

24 Hours. 18+. Entertainment purposes only.

LIVE PERSONAL PSYCHIC

Numerology•Tarot•Astrology•Clairvoyant

First 3 Min. FREE Every Call

LOOK INTO YOUR FUTURE
1-900-288-5505
After 3 Free Min- $3.99/Min

MC/VISA/CHECK/CUSTOMER SERVICE
1-800-303-0295 As low as $1.85 Per Minute

Mile Hi Psychics•Must be 18+•24 Hrs Call Now

Live and learn. Or find out now and live a little better.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

PSYCHIC SOURCE

1-800-220-3494

Major credit cards, checks by phone, Western Union or bill to phone.
For entertainment only. Must be 18 or older to call.

SAMPLE PSYCHIC ADVICE
TRY IT NOW, FIND OUT HOW
Adults over 18. 1-800-207-6475

REAL PSYCHICS

Don't be fooled by imitations. Call the American Association of Professional Psychics®
Registered with the U.S. Government. Guaranteed authentic.

1-800-728-7887

PSYCHICS

PEARL'S PSYCHIC HOTLINE

Live One To One Spiritual Counseling

Call Me Now For Quick, Honest Answers.

GUARANTEED READINGS
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED • NO REFUSALS
011-678-73896
INT'L. RATES APPLY 18+

LUCK•MONEY•POWER
Sample our Psychics now! 1-800-925-3181
Adults over 18 only.

SCRIPTS

1000's OF MOVIE & TV SCRIPTS: $2.00 Catalog. Hollywood Collectibles, 120 S. San Fernando Blvd#446E, Burbank, CA 91502; 818-845-5450

FINAL DRAFT
THE SCREENWRITERS CHOICE

"Final Draft is the only program that works for me. The basic concepts, combined with the relentless improvements and innovations have made me a believer for life. – LONG LIVE FINAL DRAFT."
Lawrence Kasdan
Writer/Director/Producer

★ the # 1 screenwriting software for WINDOWS&MACINTOSH MacOS

(800) 231-4055
www.finaldraft.com

VIDEO

Free Search Service: every film worldwide. Buy•Sell•Trade•Rent•Broker•Auction. 24hrs, 365 days, **1-800-849-7309**, Fax:1-770-227-0873.

Reach

OVER NINE MILLION READERS WHEN YOU ADVERTISE IN

THE MARKETPLACE

For advertising information, call Carole Harnoff at (212) 522-5336 or fax (212) 467-4058

STORMIN' MORMONS True to their Utah roots, the Osmonds handed audiences a family-themed hour in 1976

Bland Ambition

ENCORE Unsullied by the '70s, the squeaky-clean success of *The Donny and Marie Show* ended 19 years ago. **by Carrie Weiner**

SHE WAS A LITTLE BIT COUNTRY, HE WAS a little bit rock & roll, and they were both as wholesome as apple pie. For more than three years during the disco-dancing, free-love late 1970s, Donny and Marie Osmond filled their eponymous ABC show with family-friendly songs, sketches, and skating extravaganzas—and had, for a time, one of the top variety programs on the air.

The demise of *The Donny and Marie Show* (called *The Osmond Family Show* during its last months) on May 27, 1979, coincided with the end of its stars' childhoods. The kids had lived in the spotlight since 1962, when older brothers Merrill, Alan, Wayne, and Jay were a pint-size barbershop quartet on *The Andy Williams Show*. With Donny, the Utah-bred Osmonds went bubblegum, hitting No. 1 with 1971's "One Bad Apple." (Donny's solo singles "Puppy Love" and "Go Away Little Girl" hit Nos. 3 and 1, respectively.) Marie joined them when she was 13 and had her own hit, "Paper Roses," in 1973. In all, the seven Osmonds (including youngest brother Jimmy) would rack up 14 gold albums and 10 gold singles.

On TV in 1976, manifesting their Mormon family values, Donny, 18, and Marie, 16, distanced themselves from '70s decadence, to the point of changing song lyrics like "whiskey and wine" to, winkingly, "milk." Said Donny in 1977: "Some people hear our names and get turned off. But...we don't compromise what we believe in." Even after Marie turned 18, her wardrobe instructions for designer Bob Mackie—"no sleeveless, no plunges, no bare"—kept up her image. In 1978, Donny wounded his female fans by marrying Debra Glenn; a year later the show ended.

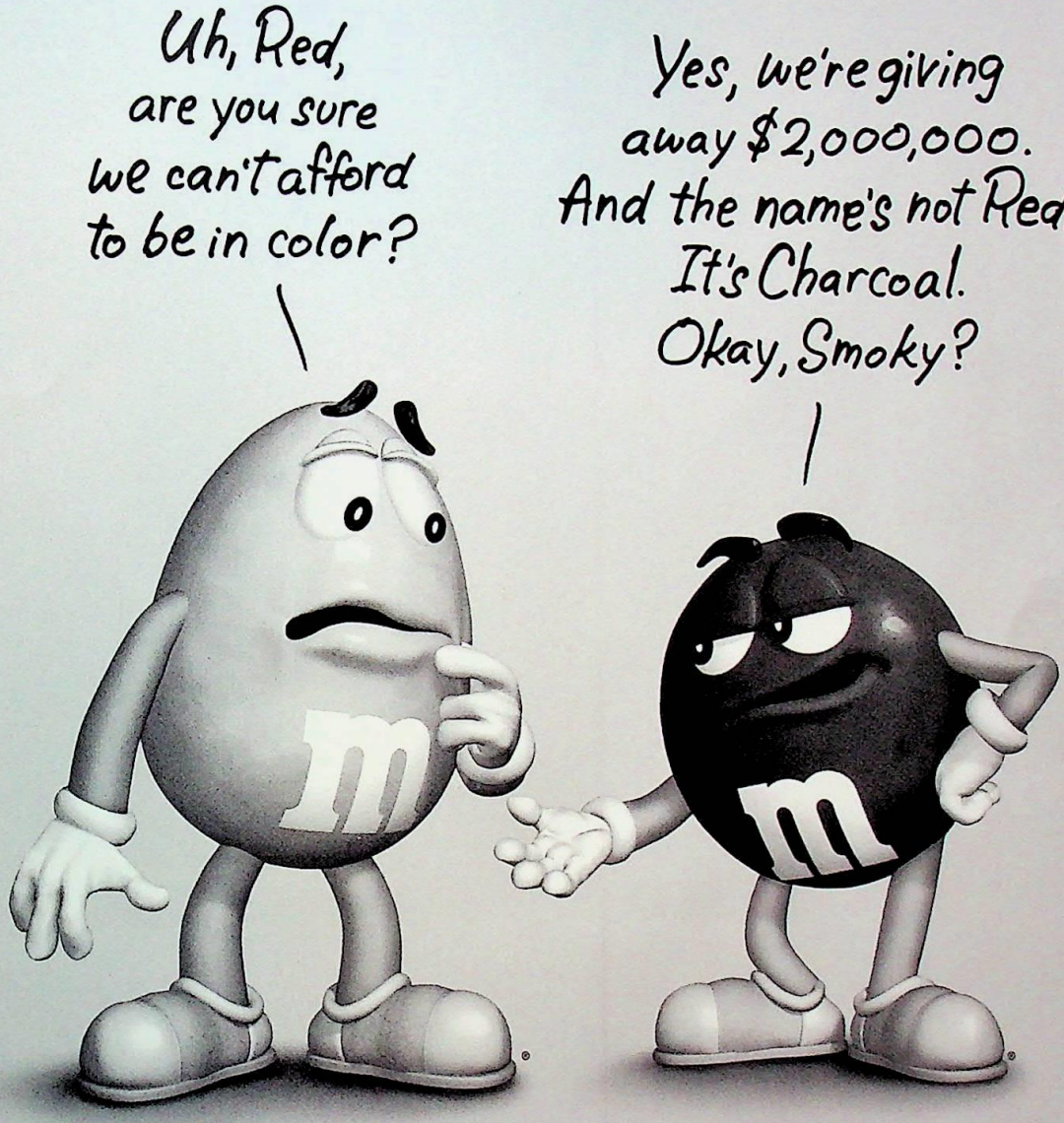
After a fallow decade, a stubblier, grown-up Donny had a comeback hit with 1989's "Soldier of Love," which hit No. 2. In 1992, he toured with *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*, and this summer he'll be the singing voice of Shang in Disney's new animated feature, *Mulan*. Now 40, he still lives in Utah with Debra and their five sons. Marie, 39, married engineer-producer Brian Blosil in 1986; they have six children. She too has taken to musical theater, touring in *The Sound of Music* and *The King and I*. And this fall, after 19 years, the duo will return with a syndicated TV talk show—hoping, no doubt, that bringing back their sibling saccharinity will reprise their '70s success. ■

FAMILY AFFAIR With their brothers in 1979

time capsule / may 27, 1979

AT THE MOVIES, Ridley Scott's *Alien* scares audiences its opening weekend. The outer-space chiller stars film neophyte Sigourney Weaver (right); she will return as Lieut. Ellen Ripley in three sequels, including last year's *Alien Resurrection*. **IN MUSIC,** Peaches & Herb's "Reunited" is the No. 1 single in this summer of disco. However, the duo won't be reunited with the top spot again. **IN BOOKSTORES,** *The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet* is at the top of the nonfiction list. In 1980, its author, Dr. Herman Tarnower, is murdered; a year later, a jury sentences his lover, Jean Harris, to 15 years to life for the killing. **AND IN THE NEWS,** Iran's Moslem leader Ayatollah Khomeini blames the U.S. for an assassination attempt on a top official. On Nov. 4, Iranian militants will storm the U.S. embassy in Tehran, seizing 90 hostages and sparking an international crisis. —*Joe Neumaier*

THE DONNY AND MARIE SHOW: AND: ALTEN EVERETT COLLECTION



The Official Candy of the New Millennium™ presents the Official Game of the New Millennium. Just find the bag of all-red Millennium "M&M's®" (m designed by you-know-who), and you may have the winning wrapper worth $2,000,000. Then you're rich, and Red and Yellow's future outlook is gray.

m FIND THE $2,000,000 MILLENNIUM "M&M'S® BRAND" WRAPPER

www.m-ms.com

Must have winning game message on wrapper to claim prize. No purchase necessary. See official rules in/on specially marked packages of "M&M's®" chocolate candies. Open to US residents incl. PR & USVI. For free official rules/game message, send SASE to: Requests, P.O. Box 5237, Blair, NE 68009-5237. Must be received by 12/4/98. 1 request per envelope. WA/VT residents may omit return postage. Game ends 12/30/98. Void where prohibited. Grand prize awarded as 20-year annuity of $100,000/yr w/o interest. © Mars, Incorporated 1998

We're never sure what's worse: paying for a bridesmaid dress... or wearing it.

VIRGINIA SLIMS

It's a *woman* thing.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1998

8 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.